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LEAFLETS OF MEMORY.

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Amelia D. B. B. B.
1888
Book 10



Original Formation



Fables

of

Minois

1846

LEAFLETS OF MEMORY:

AN ANNUAL

FOR

M D C C C X L V I.

EDITED BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

PHILADELPHIA:

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P R E F A C E.

THE "Leaflets of Memory" made their first appearance in 1845, and the volume was then esteemed by the publishers, as highly creditable to the trade, and to the genius of the artists engaged in the execution of the somewhat unusual class of illustrations which constitute one of the peculiar attractions of the work. The patronage and kindly notice so liberally extended to the undertaking, have shown in the most satisfactory manner, that the public was willing to endorse this favourable opinion. The editor has, therefore, little hesitation in claiming for the Leaflets for 1846, the continuance, if not the increase of that patronage and notice. In ornamental beauty, the volume for the present year outshines its predecessor, and in the character of the contents, the reader will discover the same attention to the chief object of the publication,—the production of a present, not merely gratifying to the eye and taste, but a gift of real value, worthy of preservation.





ILLUSTRATIONS.

Presentation Plate.

Eighteen to Morrow

Illuminated Title Page

Illuminated Illustrations.

Illuminated Stanzas.

May Morning.

The Teacher

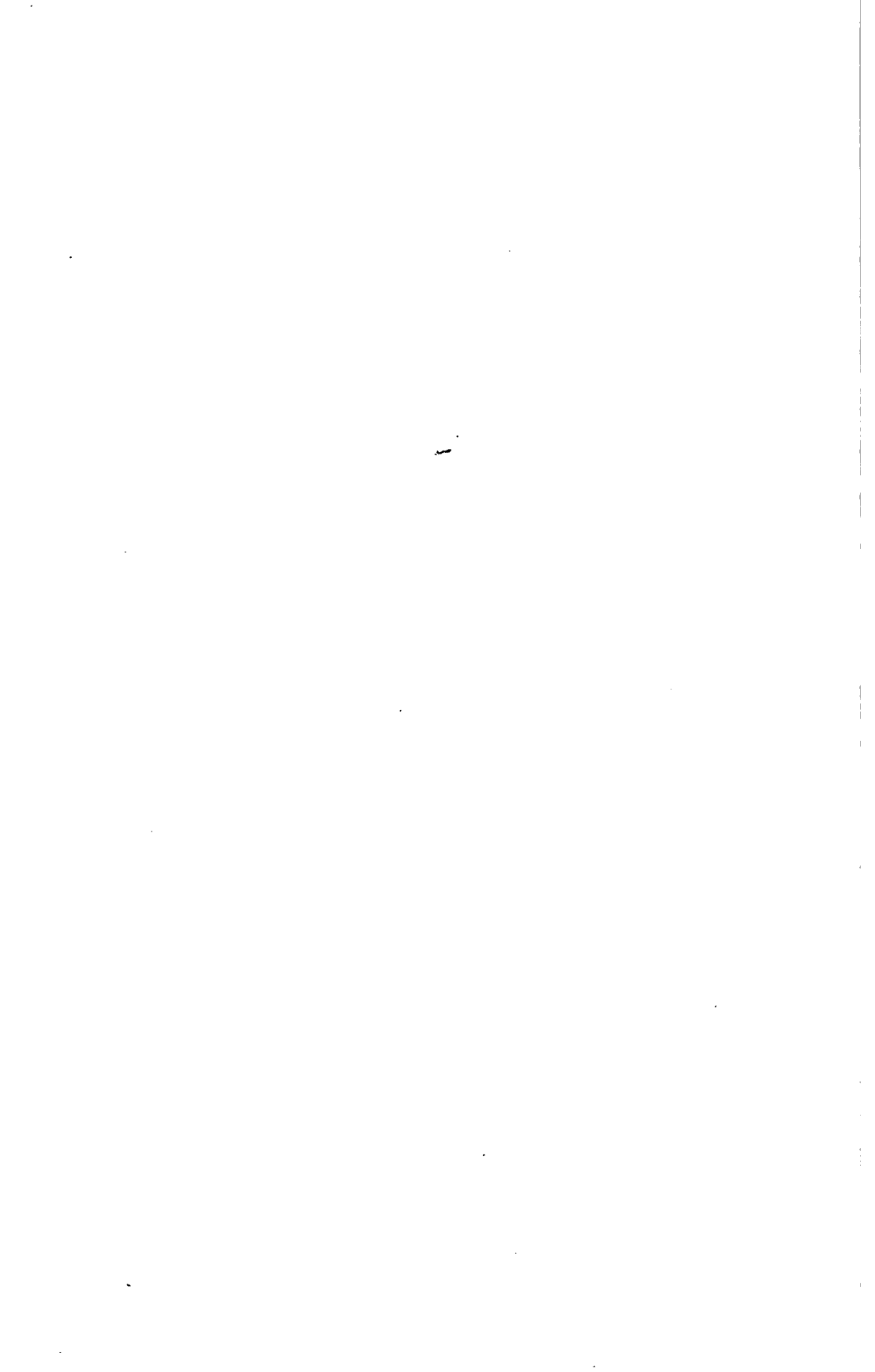
If I were Poor.

If I were Rich.

Funeral of Napoleon

The Sultana

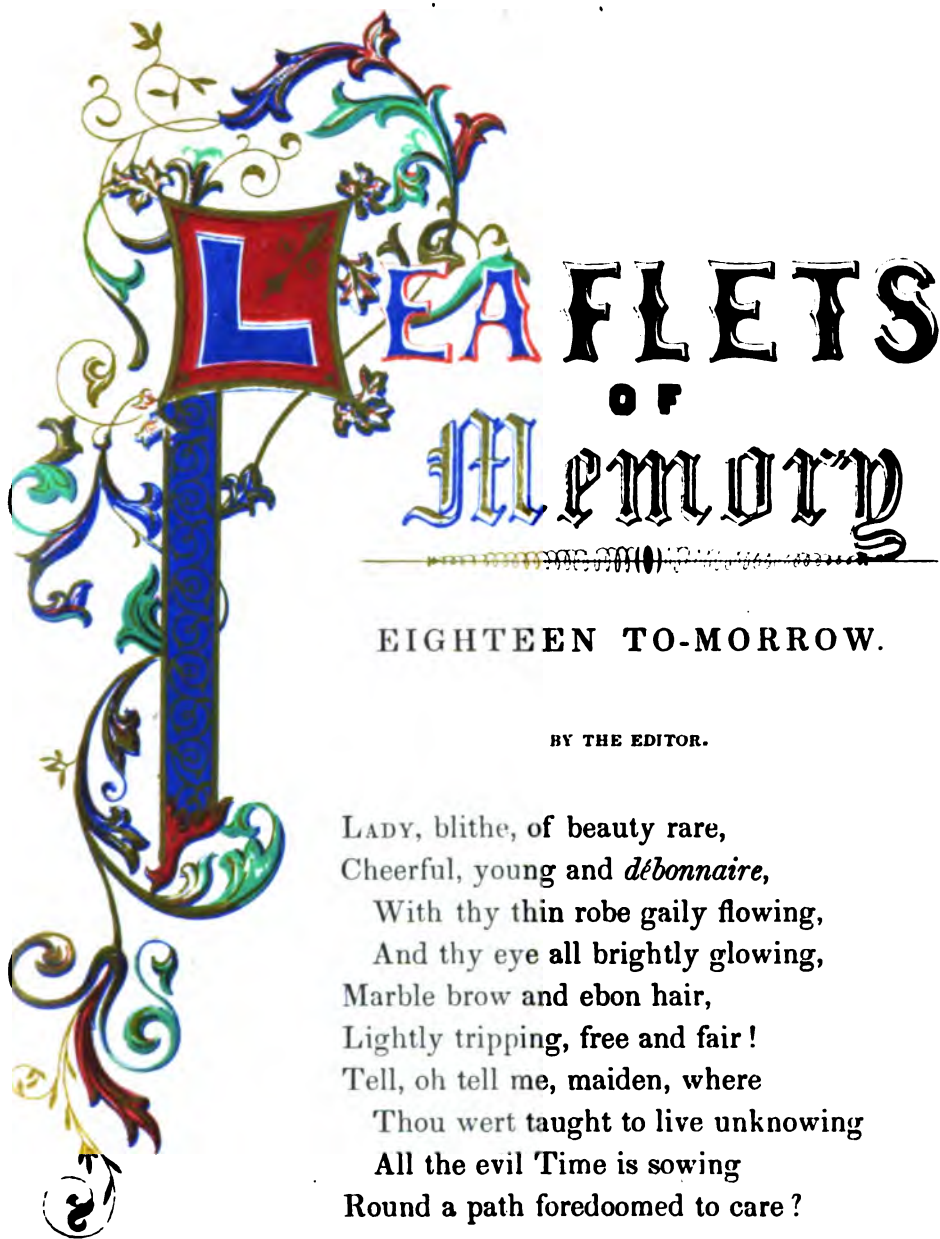
The Castle



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EIGHTEEN TO-MORROW.

BY THE EDITOR.

LADY, blithe, of beauty rare,
Cheerful, young and *débonnaire*,
With thy thin robe gaily flowing,
And thy eye all brightly glowing,
Marble brow and ebon hair,
Lightly tripping, free and fair !
Tell, oh tell me, maiden, where
Thou wert taught to live unknowing
All the evil Time is sowing
Round a path foredoomed to care ?

I am cheered with loving glances,
In my wide ancestral home ;
Visions bright and sparkling fancies,
Crowding on the future, come :
 What have I to do with sorrow ?
 I shall be eighteen to-morrow !

Maiden ! Years thy hope defy !
As he dooms that wreath to die,
 Bending now o'er features brighter
 Than the snow-rift, Time, the blighter,
Soon will dim that hazel eye ;
And the poet with a sigh
Feels that all those charms must fly.
 Glances bright, and visions brighter,
 Fancies light and spirits lighter,
All depart when age is nigh !

Why should spring, his pleasure leaving,
Ponder o'er the falling leaf ?
You will find—if fond of grieving—
Autumn long enough for grief !
 Age may from experience borrow—
 I shall be eighteen to-morrow !

SAUMUR.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

"FRANCE! la belle France! how delightful are thy skies, and how beautiful are thy vine-covered hills!" was the heartfelt exclamation uttered by a young Englishman with all the energy and vivacity of twenty-one, as he sat in the cabriolet of the Orleans *diligence* while it rolled into Saumur over the long and handsome bridge* leading to that town: and no one would reasonably be surprised at the enthusiasm of a youth of ardent mind and feelings on his first visit to France, when beneath his feet the gay and smiling Loire, winding its fertilizing course through the valley of Saumur, sparkled in the beams of an autumnal sun, and reflected in its clear and ample waters some of the loveliest features of nature. The

* This bridge, which was finished in the year 1768, was eight hundred and fifty-two feet in length (French measure), and had twelve arches of sixty feet each in the span. The Loire, by Saumur, is divided into several branches, forming different islets, the communication between which was formerly kept up by as many bridges, of which the one above alluded to was the principal.

diligence stopped at the auberge—I beg pardon—at the *Hotel de l'Epée*, and there unburdened itself of all its animate and inanimate load. Our traveller alighting, deposited a liberal fee in the extended hand of the *conduc-teur*, who repaid him with many gracious compliments and parting salutations. The *Hotel de l'Epée* faces the river, and but a few yards intervene between its door and the agreeable quay, or promenade, shaded by trees, which runs for some distance along the banks of the Loire. Thither the Englishman directed his steps, tempted by the pleasing liveliness of the scene, and somewhat disposed to avoid the confusion of tongues and the incomplete and steaming odours of the kitchen, generally consequent on so striking an event as the arrival of the Orleans *diligence*.

Nothing, perhaps, tends more directly to that delicious state of mental quiescence termed reverie, than the total absence of restraint and occupation; and certain it is, that one of the best and easiest modes of prolonging this temporary happiness, is the act of gazing on sky and water, while the sun shines bright and unclouded. The youth appeared determined to exhibit, in the present instance, an incontestable proof of this position; and it would have been difficult to have calculated how long he might have remained in abstracted contemplation of the flowing Loire, if a gentle tap on the arm, and the shrill address of the *fille* of the hotel—" *Monsieur, on va servir,*" had not reminded him that philosophers who travel have appetites in common with their fellow-mortals.

And who was our traveller? what had led him to visit such an out-of-the-way place as Saumur? and where was he going to? are questions that may naturally arise, and may lawfully require answers, for we are not in the smallest degree desirous of introducing him as the paladin of any romance. Our hero had not ventured into the Touraine with either of the hackneyed purposes of exploring the picturesque, or of purifying his French accent; nor had he been induced by the more ignoble object of speculating on the forthcoming produce of the vineyards surrounding the district of Saumur; nevertheless he had visited France for reasons of the most matter of fact kind.

By the decease and under the will of a maternal uncle, Charles Elliot, a lieutenant in a regiment of the line, with but slender means, became unexpectedly the possessor of a yearly income of fifteen hundred pounds. Amongst other matters bequeathed to him, mention was particularly made in the will, of a debt, amounting to nearly 2000*l.*, which remained due to the testator, with interest, on a bond of some years' standing, from a Monsieur de Rosanne, described as being resident at Saumur. Elliot, who before this important change in his worldly prospects, could hardly boast of enjoying a larger income, in addition to his pay, than the sum of fifteen hundred shillings, soon began to find the depôt station of his regiment at Chatham rather more dull and irksome, under his altered circumstances, than heretofore. He justly conceived that the amount of this bond debt was worth looking after, and, the weather proving singularly inviting, he

obtained a short leave of absence, and with these motives undertook the journey to Saumur.

But we must return to the Hotel de l'Epée, where Elliot having taken his place at the table d'hôte, was disposed to be pleased not only with himself and with every guest present, but also with every dish served up at the dinner, fairly rivalling all his Gallic companions in the incessant and inseparable occupations of eating and talking. The meagre and tasteless *potage*, with its floating islands of stale bread, was pronounced to be excellent; the eternal and unchangeable *fricandeau*, with its pillow of sorrel, was declared to be both novel and capital. The bigoted and antiquated opinions on the degeneracy of the modern French nation, drawled out with all due precision and solemnity, by an old and wrinkled countess, who was on her road to Nantes, and made one of the dinner party, were listened to by Elliot with apparent interest and attention. In short, no trifling matter occurred which did not prove agreeable, and fully imbued with the true *couleur de rose*.

What a charming epoch in human life is the age of twenty-one; and how much more charming when he who has attained it possesses an adequate competence of good fortune, good health, and good spirits! Vivid anticipations all unite then to render the most barren path interesting; the passing day is happier than its predecessor; and fancy cannot possibly define any bounds whatever to its prospects of continual enjoyment. So thought Elliot when, at the close of his amusing repast, he willingly accepted the polite offer of an elderly and

intelligent French gentleman to accompany him in a stroll through the town. Under such guidance, all the lions of Saumur were thoroughly examined and appreciated ; its neat theatre, commodious baths, and extensive promenades, the superb cavalry barracks and manège ;* and having climbed the hill which commands the town, the two explorers proceeded to view the ancient château,† which frowns in so very imposing and warlike an attitude over a country regarded as the garden of France. As the afternoon advanced, his friendly guide was compelled to take leave, when Elliot, nothing fatigued, and easily tempted by the fairness of the evening, prolonged his walk without the limits of the town. Many objects attracted his attention in the course of his ramble, but none so much as a small country villa of the neatest appearance, which, with its green *jalousies* and perfectly white front, stood in the centre of a rich flower-garden laid out in the English style. Our young lieutenant could not refrain from leaning upon the palings surrounding it, to admire the elegant arrangement of the enclosed ground ; and in this he was not intentionally

* The manège was esteemed one of the finest establishments of the kind throughout France.

† This château, the building of which was commenced by King Pepin, was formerly maintained as a fortress, and for a long time served as a state prison. During the revolutionary wars, and in the year 1793, the royalist army of La Vendée obtained possession of it. In later times it has been occupied as a considerable arsenal. As connected with this castle, the attempt and designs of General Berton, some few years back, will no doubt be remembered.

guilty of any rudeness, not a person being visible, though the doors and windows of the house were thrown wide open, as if to invite the entrance of the cool evening breeze. He had not long indulged in his observation, when the full sound of the chords of a harp, struck with brilliancy and skill, came floating upon his ear; and after a short and appropriate symphony, a female voice sang, with perfect taste and feeling, that old but affecting ballad,

“ Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étois près de toi,
Je ne sentis pas ma misère ;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
Tout me paroît triste sur la terre,” &c.

To express that Elliot was charmed with this sudden flow of melody, would be but a cold attempt to describe what he really felt; he remained at the gate in a state of rapture and astonishment: the time of the evening, the serenity of the climate, the unexpected burst of harmony, united to excite mental impressions which at all times were easily kindled. Simple as the incident was, yet his creative fancy was fully prepared to invest it with all the glowing hues of interesting adventure. How eagerly did he wish, that *he himself* could be metamorphosed into and identified with the person of the *Pauvre Jacques*, to whom that touching song had been addressed.—Such a voice and such tenderness of feeling could only form a portion of the endowments of some fair creature, heavenly in person as in soul.

Moonlight may be favourable to the meditations and aspirations of poets and lovers, but in the common scenes

of every-day life, there are many little inconveniences which attend the departure of the sun : for instance, the incipient vigilance of trusty household dogs, when strangers are roaming near to their posts of confidence and honour, is one of no small consideration. Thus, our adventurer's stationary figure did not fail to insure the notice of a captious and well-fed spaniel, who, with many a growl and bark, cantered down from the house door to the extremity of the garden. Elliot, judging that his continued presence might be considered an intrusion by the human tenants of the mansion as well as by its brute inhabitants, abandoned his position with great regret, and very unwillingly turned back to Saumur. On his arrival at the inn he besieged the hostess with a volley of questions, in order to ascertain who inhabited the cottage-villa which he had recently quitted. His description of the same, and of its situation, was necessarily vague and incomplete ; still like every other lively, bustling, French *bourgeoise*, she had so much innate tact and ingenuity of comprehension in these matters, that she appeared competent to favour the enthusiast with the required information. "*Eh bien, monsieur*, you are certain it was a white-fronted house ?"

"Positively so."

"And that there were many beds of carnations and tulips in the garden ?" added the hostess.

"Yes, a profusion of flowers."

"When Monsieur went out of the Saumur gate, did he turn to his right on the Niort Road ?"

"I am almost confident that I turned to the right, but I am ignorant on what road."

Madame, after some little farther cogitation on her own part, and some closer examination into trifling particulars, loudly ejaculated, with that triumphant tone to which the successful exercise of a Frenchwoman's quickness of apprehension always gives birth, "*Ah, mon Dieu!* it must be the country residence of the *notaire*, Monsieur Tireplume!"

"A thousand thanks to you, Madame!" cried Elliot, adding, "What family has Monsieur Tireplume?"

The mistress of the Hotel de l'Epée did not find it an easy task to satisfy her guest's curiosity. The result of her knowledge communicated to him was, that Monsieur Tireplume carried on a considerable business in Saumur as an *avocat* and *notaire*; that he was married, and had a family; and that his office for professional concerns was situated near to the Church of St. Pierre, in the town, where he attended regularly every day, from an early hour in the morning. A bright thought immediately flashed across the sanguine mind of Elliot: he remembered the debt due from Monsieur de Rosanne, the supposed resident at Saumur. Here was a notary and lawyer of considerable experience—why not intrust him at once with the authority to find out this gentleman, and to take all the regular steps for the recovery of the money? This would at the same time infallibly afford an excellent opportunity for an introduction into the white-fronted villa with the green *jalousies* on the Niort

Road, and to the all-attractive though as yet unseen vocalist who dwelt there. On the next day, Elliot, with the bond and requisite papers to substantiate his right and identity, sallied out towards the Church of St. Pierre. He experienced no trouble in finding the office of Monsieur Tireplume—a well-polished brass plate bore, in large characters, the name of Tireplume, *Notaire et Avocat de la Cour Royale, &c.* To a vigorous pull of the bell-handle, an expeditious answer was returned in a very distinct, nasal, and business-like voice.

“*Entrez, s’il vous plait.*”

“Monsieur Tireplume, I believe.”

“Yes, Monsieur, much at your service. May I beg that you will be seated?”

Elliot at first stated accurately the case of the bond debt and of his rights under his late uncle’s will, and having produced his documents, inquired of the man of law if he were acquainted with such a person as Monsieur de Rosanne, and if he lived still in Saumur.

“Acquainted with him! I know that he resides here, but he is an old Bonapartist, a *sacré libéral*, an ill-disposed subject to the government: I would not have any acquaintance with him!” exclaimed Tireplume with vehemence.

Elliot soon perceived that the *Notaire et Avocat* of the *Cour Royale* was a royalist *au bout de ses doigts*, and after judiciously allowing Tireplume’s loyalty and rage to explode and evaporate without opposition, according to all the formula of politeness prescribed by the *ancien régime*, he ventured to ask Monsieur Tireplume if he were

willing, notwithstanding, to undertake the recovery of the bond debt.

“*Volontiers, très volontiers, Monsieur.* Leave me your papers, and in a very little time we will make the old jacobin refund the money.”

Elliot was compelled inwardly to confess, that the notary's eagerness to put this affair in train seemed to proceed as much from his dislike of Rosanne as from his professional pursuits. Having delivered the bond and other documents to his legal adviser, Elliot warily observed,

“What a delightful country residence and garden you have, Monsieur Tireplume!”

“You flatter me, sir. I shall be too happy to see you there.”

“You do me infinite honour: I will not fail to pay my respects to you and Madame Tireplume ere long,” joyfully replied Elliot, as he took his departure from the office, favoured by repeated bows from the lawyer's well-powdered and loyal head.

Delicacy, of course, restrained Elliot from making his visit on the same afternoon. On the following day, it rained, hailed, thundered, and lightened at intervals, to such an extent, that a country excursion being quite out of the question, he had no other resource save that of playing billiards with the *garçon* of the table, and of reading through an odd volume of the “*Contes Moraux*” of Marmontel, which, like an old and solitary hermit, lay, without any companion, in the corner of his apartment, appearing much the worse for age and wear.

When the returning fine weather enabled him, Elliot bounded like a greyhound along the town of Saumur, and, hastening through the gates, found himself, as it were by instinct, and without the necessity of making a single inquiry, on the road to the little white villa. A short space of time sufficed to bring him to the place of his destination; mustering up a stock of resolution (for Elliot, though a lieutenant of infantry, was a diffident youth), he boldly opened the wicket-gate, and, marching up the garden, advanced to the house-door. A female servant appeared, who, looking rather surprised at the stranger's visit, informed him, in reply to his question, that the family were within. On being ushered into the saloon, Elliot turned his eyes inquiringly round. A harp, a piano-forte, and sundry books and implements of drawing caught his attention. For two or three minutes he remained alone in the apartment, before a gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, joined him. The latter, slightly courtesying, requested him to be seated. Elliot was astonished at the appearance of the parties: but, before we proceed with our narrative, let us endeavour to portray them. The gentleman was tall and erect in stature, though evidently bearing the marks of advanced years; his hair was white as snow; he was entirely blind, and was supported or rather led into the room by his fair and youthful companion. But the lady!—what language can faithfully impart the impression produced by her grace and beauty! She could not have passed her eighteenth year, for the loveliness of her person was even

yet ripening and budding into perfection. Ringlets of the lightest shade of chestnut, falling to her shoulders, clustered, without design or the assistance of art, round a face of the clearest and most transparent complexion and texture; that face again was lighted by eyes of unmixed blue, replete with innocence and tenderness; while a mouth and nose of regular symmetry added both sweetness and dignity to her countenance. Her figure was slight and elegant, and had attained a height a little above that which is generally allotted to the stature of females. The graceful and unaffected manner in which, with her arms gently clasped through those of her infirm companion, she carefully guided him to a sofa, like some fragrant and beauteous honeysuckle entwining around a venerable but decaying oak, would have commanded the reverence of the most iron-hearted stoic. Elliot felt a sentiment of awe and admiration at the first glance of so much loveliness: he did not dare afterwards to fix his gaze upon her; but, confused by the singularity of his situation, he, in rather unintelligible accents, asked if *Madame Tireplume* was at home, observing, that, of course, he knew *Monsieur le Notaire* was engaged in his usual legal avocations at Saumur.

This imperfect and unlucky sentence had scarcely passed the lips of the speaker, when the old gentleman and the young lady, rising from their seats, exclaimed simultaneously, with surprise and indignation, "Tireplume!" and the former, elevating his still commanding though feeble frame to its greatest height, added, in a

voice rendered more tremulous by indignation than by age, "What new insult does he now propose to offer to an impotent and defenceless man?"

"Hush! *mon cher père!*" was the instantaneous interruption of the lovely girl, conveyed in a voice of the most soothing tones. "It is evident that this stranger is an Englishman, and some error must have occurred." Then turning towards Elliot, and addressing him in good English with a slight foreign accent, she courteously requested an explanation.

Poor Elliot, if he was confused before, was now overwhelmed by a sense of the ridiculous and almost humiliating situation in which he was placed. He replied in a sorrowful and disheartened manner, that he had, upon the invitation of Monsieur Tireplume, walked from Saumur to visit his family; that, by some unaccountable mistake in the description, he had been led to believe that the house into which he had so unwarrantably intruded had been the country residence of the notary's family: offering his most sincere apologies, he begged permission to ask the name of the tenant of the villa.

"Monsieur de Rosanne," replied the young lady, who, together with her venerable relative, appeared to be satisfied with the lieutenant's candid statement.

"Monsieur de Rosanne!" repeated Elliot, starting from his chair in unaffected astonishment and dismay. "What would I not have done, what sacrifice would I not have made, could I have foreseen, could I have prevented, this unfortunate *contretemps!*"

"What in the name of Heaven does all this mean, my

dear child?" said Monsieur de Rosanne calmly. "Is this gentleman at all connected with the business which has so fatally disturbed the tranquillity of our retirement? Pray tell him, my dear Adèle, the whole matter: it cannot remain a secret."

Adèle de Rosanne, addressing herself to Elliot, who, though he could not raise his eyes from the ground, listened with breathless attention to every syllable, proceeded to relate, that, many years back, Monsieur de Rosanne, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of a near and dear relative, who had embarked in some commercial speculations in England, had, with a view to render him assistance, bound himself in a debt upon a bond to a large amount to a merchant of London; that, till lately, he had always supposed the original debt had been satisfied or compromised by the relation on whose behalf he had been implicated in the transaction; but that, within the last two days, he had been suddenly threatened by Monsieur Tireplume with instant legal process, for the recovery of the principal and interest, at the suit of a client, a Lieutenant Elliot, who was said to have arrived in Saumur. The lovely girl, with an unrepressed tear, further added, that her revered parent was a man of known probity and honour, but that in his worldly circumstances he was straitened; that, after a life past with distinction in fighting the battles of his country, he had, some years back, retired to the neighbourhood of Saumur, with the rank of colonel and the decoration of the Legion of Honour, to enjoy the declining portion of his existence in that peace and comfort which the eco-

nomical and prudent management of a moderate income and pension had hitherto secured ; finally remarking, that Monsieur de Tireplume, who had been a *girouette* in the complete sense of the word—"every thing by turns, and nothing long"—had displayed, on all opportunities, a petty and persevering enmity against her parent, for no other reason, but that he had always been consistent in his political conduct and principles.

Ashamed and humbled as Elliot felt, at having so unintentionally become the invader, as it were, of the abode of integrity and domestic happiness, the sentiments of honour and generosity, at all times the inmates of his heart, inspired him with confidence and self-possession ; and, without the slightest hesitation or delay, he avowed to Monsieur de Rosanne and Adèle who he was, the circumstances under which he had applied to Tireplume for advice, his total ignorance of all the transactions leading to the bond debt, and he concluded by emphatically declaring, that no consideration upon earth would have induced him, had he been aware of the actual state of matters, to have claimed the debt.

In vain Adèle and her aged relative attempted to interrupt him, by their protestations against his announced determination : he would not listen to their disinterested remonstrances ; he shrunk from their grateful and impressive acknowledgments ; and, with renewed apologies for the anxiety he had occasioned, Elliot took a hurried leave, and flew back to Saumur to the notary's office.

Our readers will anticipate what passed upon his

arrival at Monsieur Tireplume's. Elliot very briefly observed, that he had abandoned all intention of proceeding for the recovery of his bond debt. The notary, with an expressive "*Bah!*" replied, that Monsieur was pleased to joke. The lieutenant not only affirmed he was serious, but demanded the return of the bond and of the other papers. The man of law demurred, and muttered that it was now impossible:—expenses had been incurred, &c. The man of war, offering to be answerable for all just costs, sternly repeated his demand; and the result was, that, after the migration of some glittering napoleons from the pocket of the lieutenant to the canvass bag of the lawyer, Elliot returned to the Hotel de l'Epée, with the bond and documents in his own safe custody.

Although eager to revisit the family of De Rosanne, without any unnecessary procrastination, yet Elliot, smarting under the fresh recollection of his annoying mistake, contrived to commence a quarrel with his landlady for having misled and misdirected him so untowardly by her erroneous information.

"*Eh, mon Dieu!* did I not ask you, if the house you described was on the Niort Road?" said the indignant female; "*est il possible*, that you could have taken the road to Bourbon-Vendée, instead of that to Niort?"

"Madame," replied Elliot petulantly, "how am I to be supposed acquainted with the geography and topography of this country? Why did you not tell me that all the houses without the barrières of Saumur had white fronts and green blinds?"

However, Elliot prudently withdrew from a continua-

tion of the controversy; and engaging a conveyance, soon found himself again at the dwelling of Monsieur de Rosanne.

He entered without ceremony, and was received as an old acquaintance. Drawing the bond from his pocket, he tore it with vehemence in twenty pieces before the astonished Adèle; and though Monsieur de Rosanne was debarred from the pleasure of seeing this exemplification of the generous conduct of the young Englishman, he could clearly understand what was passing, and his heart fully estimated the kind and noble action of his creditor.

It would be needless to relate, that Elliot was pressed to pass the remainder of the day at the cottage, and that he gladly accepted the proffered invitation of visiting Monsieur de Rosanne and Adèle whenever he liked, on the welcome terms of one of the family. And Elliot did not omit to avail himself of this friendly invitation. Monsieur de Rosanne professed a strong regard and esteem for the British nation, and entertained the highest confidence in the honourable bearing and principles of an English officer. Adèle and Elliot were thus, perhaps imprudently, left too often to the enjoyment of their mutual society. Adèle felt sincerely gratified in complying with Elliot's requests: her harp was constantly resorted to, and "Pauvre Jacques," with many other equally sweet airs, was warbled by the lovely songstress over and over again, to her enraptured auditor and admirer. And the voice of Adèle was, even in ordinary conversation, so touching, soft, and insinuating, that in the utterance of any sentiment, it would penetrate both

the ears and the souls of all who could boast of the smallest pretensions to taste and feeling. And Adèle's heart was so good, so innocent: her thoughts were pure as the first blush of morning; and her submission and attention to Monsieur de Rosanne in his heavy infirmity were the natural and uncorrupted fruits of well-regulated affections, and of strictly pious and moral principles. Many were the delicious hours during which Elliot and Adèle rambled along the verdant banks of the Loire, or lingered in the luxuriant shades of the groves and orchards of the islands which adorned that splendid river. They became inseparable companions. On Sundays and holidays, Elliot accompanied the old man and Adèle to mass, out of compliment to them; and Elliot's admiration of Adèle was still more enhanced by the belief that no extravagant bigotry stained her holy devotions. Indeed, one morning, when, in the church of Nôtre Dame des Ardilliers, Elliot chanced to remark upon the celebrated inscription* round the cupola, relative to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Adèle did not attempt to reprove him, but, pressing her finger upon her lips, seemed only to deprecate discussion.

In the nature of things, it could not be possible, that Elliot, a young man of warm disposition and feelings, day after day becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the excellent and sterling qualities of so fascinating a

* This inscription was in Latin: its purport was, that "Louis the Fourteenth, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre, has driven heresy entirely out of his kingdom, and has put to flight the professors of the same by land and by sea."

girl as Adèle, could have preserved his heart and affections. In fact, they had long since been tacitly surrendered without any reserve; and of this, she needed no direct avowal. Adèle had, for some time, (without having received any open or declared confession,) assured herself, that the Englishman was her sincere and devoted admirer. She was no hypocrite; and though feminine delicacy and innocence restrained her tongue, her eyes too plainly betrayed deep and genuine feelings of attachment towards her lover. Elliot was a youth of enthusiastic and impetuous motives, but of strictly generous and honourable purpose; and when he had arrived at the conviction that he was the first and entire possessor of Adèle's virgin and virtuous affections, it would be naturally supposed that his delight and joy would have been manifest and exuberant. But strange to relate, the moment he had satisfied himself that he was beloved by Adèle, though his respect and devotion to her were as marked and as constant as ever, his buoyancy of spirits left him, and he became depressed, thoughtful, and melancholy. When rallied upon this, by Adèle and Monsieur de Rosanne, Elliot always with sighs answered, that his leave of absence was on the eve of expiring; that some time must elapse before he could arrange matters in England to solicit a farther leave and to return again to France.

Time has wings, and so has love: which flies the faster, we cannot pretend to assert; and when they both fly together, we are certain that the united powers of

Archimedes and Newton could not have discovered the accelerated ratio of their velocity. Alas! Elliot had delayed too long at Saumur; and it became a question whether he would be enabled to reach England in time to save his leave of absence. Sad was the parting between Adèle and her lover, and indeed between the aged De Rosanne and his friend: locks of hair were silently and solemnly interchanged; tears, sighs, vows, and wishes were intermingled in real sorrow and sincerity. Elliot promised to write immediately after his arrival in his quarters, and Adèle faithfully and earnestly bound herself to return answers speedily.

Although Elliot journeyed with all possible haste to Calais, yet before he reached that port, his term of absence had expired; and this was of no trifling moment, as he had every reason to expect that the company to which he was attached might already have received its orders for foreign service, and he had no solid excuse to offer for his neglect. In a desponding frame of mind, he arrived at his quarters in Chatham, which were not at all enlivened by an intimation received from the adjutant, that he was to consider himself as under arrest, and confined to his room.

"I have made a pretty expedition," said Elliot to a friend who visited him: "I have lost my heart, I have lost my two thousand pounds, and I suppose I shall next lose my commission."

Faithful to his promise, and in perfect obedience to his own inclination, Elliot wrote to his beloved Adèle as soon

as he was settled in the barracks ; and, as his letter will throw some light on this narrative, we will venture to insert it without abbreviation.

“ MY DEAREST ADELE,

“ I will not describe to you the grief and agony which I have endured, since our unfortunate separation. To add to my troubles, I exceeded my leave of absence, and have now to submit to the decision of a court of inquiry. But these vexations are trifles when compared with the load of sorrow which depressed me so continually, as you must have observed, when at Saumur, and which now irritates and oppresses my feelings and reflections. I will communicate to you the true and only cause. Know, then, that, by the will of my uncle, it is declared to be a *positive* and *absolute condition*, that the *whole* of the property bequeathed to me shall be *forfeited* in the event of my marriage with a *Catholic* or a *foreigner*. I should remain with a mere beggar's portion, if I were deprived of the provision left to me by this will. For myself, I would care little ; but the bare thought of exposing you or your parent to privation or poverty would embitter every source of happiness. I now deeply feel the cruelty of this testamentary condition, imposed by one who was a slave to absurd and inveterate prejudices. Write to me at once, for Heaven's sake ! best-beloved Adèle ! Endeavour, with your father's counsel, to suggest any and every thing. I would not willingly link you to want and misfortune ; but no power shall compel me to resign you, if you do not fear to unite our destinies ! I will acquaint

you with the result of the court of inquiry as early as possible. God bless you, my dearest girl! prays your ever-devoted

“ELLIOT.”

With minute and repeated injunctions of care, Elliot delivered this letter to his servant, not being himself able, on account of his arrest, to put it into the post office.

The court of inquiry was shortly afterwards held. The lieutenant's offence was not a very heavy one, and his well-known gentlemanly and officer-like conduct proved his best advocate. He escaped with a slight reprimand. Anxiety and fatigue had, however, so mastered the energies of Elliot that he became seriously ill, and for some days unable to dictate any correspondence; but as soon as he was able to maintain a conversation, he directed his servant to write a few lines to Mademoiselle de Rosanne, to inform her of the termination of the court of inquiry and of his illness, and desired him to address the letter to her, at La Plaisance, Saumur.

Days succeeded days. Elliot, now convalescent, anxiously watched the arrival of every post for the expected treasure and consolation of the handwriting of his dear Adèle; but although more than double the portion of time necessary to bring back an answer to both epistles had elapsed, Elliot was doomed to new disappointment and unavailing regret.

The dépôt companies of his regiment were under orders to embark for Gibraltar; the transports were in the river; and before going on board, Elliot wrote one other letter

to Adèle, which he himself safely deposited in the post-office.

Upwards of three years were passed by Elliot on a foreign station; and verily, they were years of misery. During that time, not a line, nor any information whatever, was received from Adèle. The blue waters of the Mediterranean and the unclouded skies of Africa had no attractions for him: the thought, the angry thought, that so fair and lovely a creature could have proved faithless and worldly, gnawed the innermost recesses of his bosom, and the once gay youth became inert and hypochondriac. At last, his health being completely enfeebled, his medical friends advised a change of climate; and there being every prospect of a continued and universal peace, he determined on leaving the army, and, having made the necessary arrangements, took passage for England.

Upon his arrival in London, Elliot, after effecting the sale of his commission, proceeded with precipitation and in utter despair to France. He did not linger a single day in Paris, but directly, and without any deviation whatever, travelled on to Saumur. Taking up his quarters at his old inn, where the landlady did not remember him at all, so much had his person been altered by grief and illness, and so studiously did he endeavour to avoid all chance of recognition, Elliot, with great exertion, considering his reduced strength, and with considerable command over his agitated mind, commenced his well-known walk in the direction of the road to Bourbon-Vendée. It was with difficulty that he could suppress a flood of tears, or prevent himself from fainting, when he

again beheld the neatly whitened front of *La Plaisance*, and its gaily enamelled garden. After four years' absence, one glance of his eye convinced him, that *there*, at least, no change had taken place. As with a beating heart he approached the garden-railing, he saw the well-remembered form of Adèle slowly walking towards the gate. But, gracious Heaven! no aged and feeble parent now required her pious and attentive care. Adèle's arm was passed closely through that of a dark and handsome man in the prime of life, of bold and military exterior and carriage. She was smiling with pleasure at some remark which her companion had addressed to her; and the eyes of both were directed with lively gratification to a child of little more than two years old, who crawled along the gravel walk at their side. An icy chill ran rapidly through the whole current of Elliot's blood: he shuddered—his brain became disturbed—all his worst suspicions were confirmed—his hopes were for ever blasted—Adèle was married!—that paragon of beauty and gentleness was false as the most worthless of her sex; and his affections, his constancy, his heart, were outraged and insulted at the sight of Adèle's infant! Elliot, recovering himself a little, was on the point of turning away for ever, when his resolution yielded to the last fond thought of stealing one parting glance, and one only, of his cruel Adèle. By that glance, Elliot flattered his not yet expiring passion, that he had discovered traces of severe suffering and illness in her lovely face. To what results this discovery would have led, it is needless to conjecture; for a shriek from Adèle, on recognising her former

admirer, gave renewed vigour to the invalid, who, springing into the garden, found himself at her side, she having fainted. Her dark and military-looking companion advanced towards Elliot with an aspect of threatening import, and with the apparent intent of demanding a peremptory explanation of his extraordinary intrusion. But Adèle happily regaining her senses, threw her arms round Elliot, and interposing between the two gentlemen, to the astonishment of both, addressed her old lover in the terms of the most affectionate endearment. An *eclaircissement* speedily followed. The stranger who had so unseasonably aggravated Elliot's suspicions and regrets, was no other than the uncle of Adèle. Many years of varied warlike adventure in South America, had long estranged him from his family: and from that quarter of the world he had returned, a widower with one child, the infant then playing amidst the group, unconscious of all their joys and sorrows. It was with sincere and manly grief that Elliot listened to the information of the death of Monsieur de Rosanne, and of a long and dangerous illness which Adèle had suffered. "And now, my dear, dear Adèle! pray tell me why you never replied to the two letters which I first sent you from Chatham?" eagerly asked Elliot.

"Believe me, Charles, that I never received them." This was strictly true, for the servant who delivered the first into the post-office, appropriated to his own use the vulgar sum of fourteen pence, which he had to pay for the postage, consequently the epistle remained in the dead-letter department; and the second letter, written by

the said accomplished rogue during his master's illness, was addressed by him to *Samer, France*; and very probably after it had reached *Samer, near Boulogne*, it had no farther ambulatory propensities.

"But, Adèle, the letter which I wrote to you at the period of my embarkation for Gibraltar, and in which I again repeated all the disastrous consequences of the hard provisions of my uncle's will, must have reached you."

"Yes, my dear Elliot, I not only received it, but it was answered by me, as I hoped, to your perfect satisfaction. This and many other letters were addressed by me to you to the post-office, Chatham; but I never was gratified by the receipt of a single line from you afterwards."

Elliot now confessed and lamented his error in having omitted, during his short sojourn in England, to inquire at Chatham for any letters that might still be lying there: however, with a cheerful countenance, he thus addressed Adèle: "My beloved girl! I have been enabled to save a few hundreds: their product, added to the yearly pittance which I can strictly call my own, will allow us to live in this country, in honourable independence, in spite of my uncle's ridiculous and tantalizing will, if you can submit to share love, labour, and economy with me."

"Dear Charles!" replied Adèle, with true love and real exultation, "I almost heartily regret that I cannot prove to you how readily I would embrace your offer, were it necessary."

"What can you mean?—You alarm me."

"Do not be so easily alarmed," Adèle archly retorted, "for we shall be married, and rich, moreover. Of my

little history you are still ignorant. Monsieur de Rosanne was my grandfather : his daughter (my mother), having been espoused to my father, who was an Englishman. I was born in London. My mother died, leaving me an infant ; and my father was unfortunate in the commercial affairs in which he had engaged. Upon his death, which happened when I was very young, I was cast an orphan upon the kindness and protection of my revered grandfather. He adopted me, and I assumed his name. My father was a Protestant. I was brought up in, and have always professed the doctrines of the reformed religion ; although, during the life of Monsieur de Rosanne, out of compliment to his feelings, and as his companion under his afflicting deprivation of sight, I was in the habit of attending divine worship with him, believing that, however our tenets might differ, I could not be guilty of any heinous crime in worshipping the God of all Christians, in fervour and in faith, in any temple erected to his name, when I had not the power nor the means of resorting to a Protestant chapel. Therefore you will allow, Elliot, that the condition of your uncle's will cannot apply to you, as I am certainly neither a Catholic nor a foreigner."

In a very short time after this singular meeting and explanation, Charles Elliot and Adèle de Rosanne were united to each other. No pair of faithful votaries ever crossed the slippery and perilous porch of Hymen with more certain anticipations and prospects of happiness ; and we feel an honest satisfaction in recording, that as yet, these anticipations and prospects have been fully realized.

SERENADE.

BY JOSEPH P. HORNOR, ESQ.

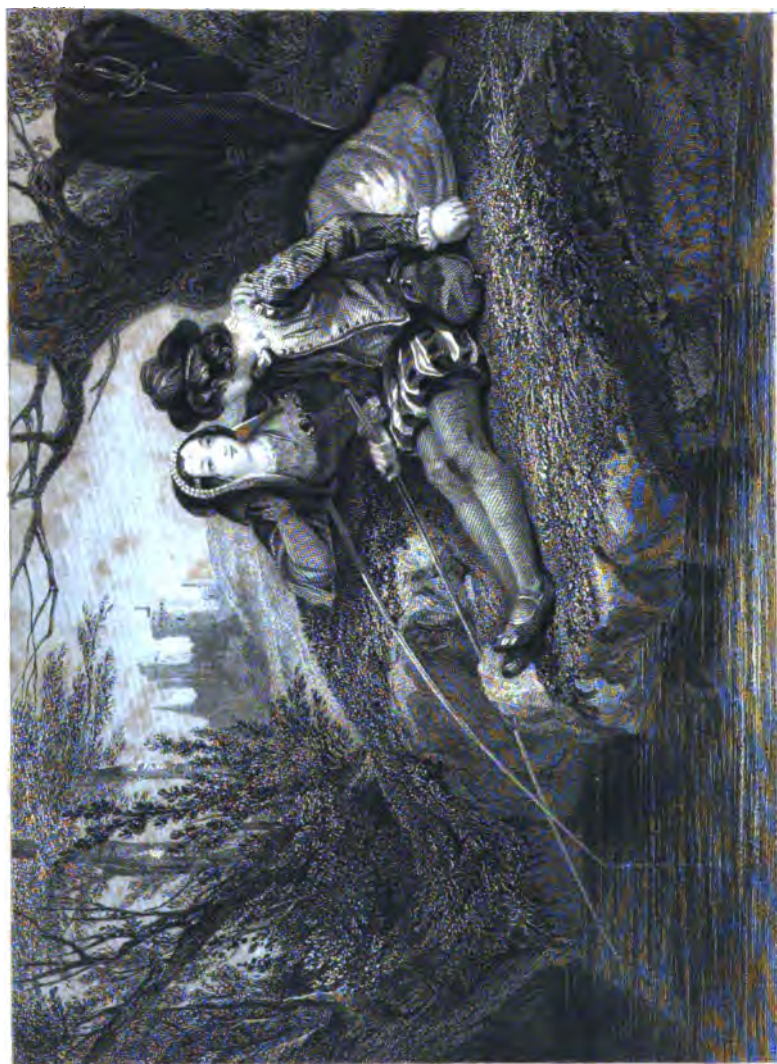
AROUSE thee, my lady-love! Look on the night!
The stars smile so sweetly, the moon shines so bright!
Their leaves in the dew the young rose-buds are steeping;
All Nature awakens! Oh, why art thou sleeping?

Look out on the night, love! Look out on the night!

The zephyr is wooing each bud and each flower,
And caressing the blossoms that gem thy own bower;
The moonbeams the lake's lovely bosom are waking,
And chasing the tiny waves, sparkling and breaking.

Look out on the night, love! Look on the night!

And hark! how the rivulet murmurs alone,—
E'en the bay of the watch-dog has mellowed its tone;
All Nature in glory her night-watch is keeping:
Oh! list, her still music, love! Why art thou sleeping?
Look out on the night, love! Oh, look on the night!



MAY MORNING.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE first of May! Where beats the heart that has not bounded with delight on the approach of that grand festival of love and young romance? Is it not the season of the bright green leaf and gently-budding flower—fit representatives of youthful promise and the blushing dawn of sweet emotions, trembling in the newly-awakened consciousness of their own importance, as the wild-wood blossom trembles with the first breath of the warm breeze of spring? Bards, from the dawn of song in the dark groves of the Druids, to the present brilliant age of speculation and investment, steam and six-per-cents, have hymned the glories of the first of May; for not even the silver sunshine of the almighty dollar can dissipate entirely the mist of the imagination which softens into beauty the harshest outlines of the real landscape, as a thin veil softens into still more touching loveliness the beauty of the fairest countenance.

It would appear that something like hereditary memory of the dark forest shade and bubbling brook, where Nature reigns with quiet Contemplation, dwells even in the

bosom of the artisan,—that slave of modern civilization,—born, reared, and chained for life within the hot brick walls of cities.

“Come, Jane,” he says to the weary but uncomplaining partner of his daily and rarely intermitted cares, “the lilacs are blooming again and the grass is green. Leave the little one with your mother, spruce up Billy and Mary, and let us away to Hoboken. You remember the moonlight, how sweetly it fell and slept upon the gravel walks just fifteen years ago, as we stood under the shadow of the trees in the Park, and looked, and sighed, and could not speak: you remember it, do you not? Ah, many’s the trouble we’ve seen since then, Jane! But come! Here is a bright May morning once more, so put away your work, child, and let us be off to the gardens.”

But if the witchery of the season can thus reawaken the dream of early love in the toil-worn and time-seared bosom; if it can clothe the barren sands, the sickly, trampled sward, and the few stunted willows of a suburban building-lot, miscalled a garden, with all the attributes of rural beauty; if it can cause the well-spring of affection to bubble brightly upward to the day, through the rude rubbish with which relentless poverty, and the vile weeds of metropolitan vice, have choked its source, who shall describe its influence on the young and ardent, the free and happy, the soul, unconscious of the cares of life, breathing the air of poetry, beneath the flushing beams of the sunrise of emotion!

Gonsalez and Margueritta were cousins. They had been companions from their infancy, and the closeness of

relationship removed the restraints upon their intercourse usually imposed upon the young by the rigour and suspiciousness of the Spanish social code. When the stern old don, the father of the lady, looked doubtingly upon their solitary rambles or the ardent gaze and intonation of the youth, the sage duenna gravely combated his implied objections by this philosophical reflection. "He is her cousin, only two degrees removed: surely you would not have me to play the spy upon the actions of two mere children, who have sported together almost from the cradle! Besides, they are too young to love."

Our immediate attendants are generally the last to perceive the changes wrought by time in the development or decay of human nature. The child never becomes a man in the estimation of his mother, the mother never declines to the eye of an affectionate child, and the wife of our bosom never grows old. Thus was it with the young playmates who roved unchecked around the ancestral castle by the arrowy Guadalquiver, destined one day for the inheritance of Margueritta. Though children in the eyes of those who had formed, for each, high projects of aggrandizement, when years should ripen them into fitting subjects for matrimonial diplomacy, Time had been the deeper plotter; the blush was already spread on the sunny side of the peach; there were tremblings, sighs, and longings, the love of shady rambles and reveries of shadowy thought; and a strange humility of hope mocked the loftiest aspirations of the youth, while a still less accountable yearning after sympathy and protection in the midst of wealth and friends, oppressed the once

light bosom of the maiden. All these unusual symptoms of a moody spirit assuredly meant something, though that meaning totally escaped the keenness of the don and the duenna. The latter, it is true, had frequently detected Margueritta in tears, but as the perfectly truthful response to every inquiry into the cause of these outpourings was uniformly "Nothing—at least I do not know," the venerable guardian quietly attributed them to "nervousness," and wisely recommended rambles in the open air. "How happy you are," she would say, "in having Gonsalez to attend you! Many a Spanish maid is pining for want of proper exercise, because her parents and attendants are too old to bear her company; but you have always a cousin at command, sprightly enough for your age, and so nearly connected as to be above suspicion." The old man, too, had been surprised of late at the neglect of the habitual studies of Gonsalez; whose juvenile recreations had ever been adapted to the tone of the age when Spain, near the zenith of her military glory, bestrid the wide Atlantic, waving in her colossal arms the banners of two worlds, and cheered her heroes on to the work of slaughter in tongues as various as those of Shinar, when assembled mankind trembled and scattered before the thunder of Omnipotence. The fear of any resistance to his matrimonial plans, from the close intimacy of the children, was now effectually quieted, for the former frank and ardent bearing of Gonsalez, when in company with Margueritta, had been exchanged for a reserve not always free from petulance, and varied with alternate paroxysms of abstraction. Those who had been inseparable companions in

childhood, now seemed to shun and even dread each other's presence. Canst thou divine the reason, reader? I am old, and the impress of such feelings fades apace; but I remember that the heart has its April, as well as its May.

"This will never do, Gonzalez!" exclaimed the old don, one morning after breakfast. "Margueritta is the heiress of a vast estate—that is, if she obey my will in marrying the man I have selected to wear the honours of our house, in the absence of male heirs, which Providence denies; but you, child of my sister's daughter, must carve your way to fortune. Isabella honours the brave—the Western Indies and the infidel opposers of the cross invite the swords of all Spain's hardy progeny, who would win glory with their own right hands. Thou art approaching manhood—younger warriors have often fleshed the sword. Go, scion of an ancient line! Go carve thyself a name, and fearlessly demand thy station. I have fixed upon a noble mate for thee, but she weds not with the untitled younger branch of any race, however lofty in its lineage. Go, then; shake from thy escutcheon the footless birds, and from thy destiny the inheritance of a younger son!"

"I will never ask a bride to make for me what she esteems a sacrifice," replied Gonzalez, proudly. "But what if Margueritta should refuse to second your designs? She holds an independent income from her mother."

The eye of the old man flashed, and his lip compressed his teeth, as he bent a searching glance upon his ward, but the youth was playing in half unconscious, innocent

abstraction, with his sword-knot; and the cloud passed away from the brow of the don, as, heaving a deep expiration, he proceeded—

“I am pleased with thy forethought, young man! I believe that my daughter has been trained to obedience, and have confidence in the watchfulness of her duenna. I am no tyrant; and cannot say that I approve the harshness of our national customs, which justify the parent in compelling the unwilling child to choose between compulsory marriage or compulsory seclusion within the gloomy walls of our conventual prisons; but should the Virgin Mother, for the crimes of my unguarded youth, permit that I be punished, by the ingratitude of my child, in the destruction of the dearest object of my hopes in age, one remedy remains, and I will take it: I will bury the memory of her sainted mother; I will take another to my bosom; the child of my affections shall tread my halls no more; and my title and estates shall descend to the offspring of another mother, or merge in a collateral and hostile line!” He paused; then turning suddenly, exclaimed, “Be it thine, Gonsalez, to aid in rendering impossible an accident so terrible that it would bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! Thou hast influence with Margueritta, and feeling for the honour of our house; speak thou to her ambition. I have not named to her my views, for she is yet too young; but shouldst thou in thy speech portray the grandeur of the house of Calatrava, and the great virtues of its noble master, it shall not mar thy fortunes.” And thus they parted.

It was a May morning: not cold and fitful, as often happens in our broad forest-land, or in our sea-girt father-land, but warm and clear—ringing with the melody of birds, and loaded with the perfume of the orange and the myrtle. Dark with the shadows of overhanging trees, while now and then a sunbeam struggled through the swaying branches, waking a bright smile upon its cheek, a little brook went murmuring onward towards the broad, deep Guadalquiver, here wooing a downy grass-bank in coquettish whispers, there, laughing merrily as it danced over a shallow rapid, carpeted with gemmy pebbles, and again chiding in louder tones the jutting rocks that rudely checked its course.

Beneath an oak, whose nearest branch was burdened with the doublet and the sword of a cavalier, sat a youth in the habiliments of a wealthy Spaniard. He was angling; and on the smooth moss beside him lay the half-reclining form of one of the loveliest of the land. The long dark hair was Spanish, but the clear blue eye and the pale skin, through which the sunshine penetrated to return in a halo of blushing light from the life-current concealed beneath, bespoke the origin of her maternal ancestor, a love-guided exile from the lowlands,

“Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.”

She also was attended by the reed and line, but it was cast idly aside. While the youth sat apparently contemplating his light red cork, utterly regardless of the struggles of the tiny prey which caused it to describe

continual gyrations upon the surface, with frequent plunges far beneath the wave, the maiden, scarcely less abstracted, seized flower after flower from the blooming turf, and carelessly scattered its disparted petals on the stream. Occasionally her brow underwent a momentary contraction, her lip was slightly bitten, her little foot described a scarcely appreciable fluttering motion, terminating with a sudden tossing of the shoulders; but, though they were fishing from the same pool, with their lines inextricably intertangled through their own neglect, neither of the parties seemed conscious of the presence of the other

At length the youth broke silence, speaking in a profound reverie, by interrupted phrases, and addressing his discourse ostensibly to the little buoy that continued circling above the hook, among the eddies of the stream.

"I know not why it is:—the influence of the season, I suppose, but I cannot shake it off." The lady smiled, but was silent. "The Marquis of Calatrava—old enough to be her father!" She opened her large eyes in wonder, but still she spoke not. "My foolish uncle! Can he suppose that all his wealth and power could purchase happiness for one as gentle as he is savage—as unpresuming as he is fierce? The lamb and the wolf—that were indeed a fitting match!"

No longer an amused and playful listener to the disconnected fragments of a waking dream, the lady turned cautiously towards the speaker. Not a loud breath was drawn, not a leaf was stirred, but leaning on her elbow where she might watch unseen the workings of his

features, eye, lip, and figure spoke the agony of attention! The youth continued:

“But what is this to me? I dare not raise my eyes to one whose fortune would melt like a snow-wreath at the first touch of my sacrilegious hands. Did he not say he would disinherit her? Did he not say he would marry again? He bids me carve myself a name with my sword; he promises me a noble bride. Yes! I might win such bloody laurels as deck the brows of many a wholesale murderer of inoffensive savages. Led on by the degrading love of gold, I might teach the swarthy millions of yet undiscovered realms to curse the names of Spain and Isabella: then, perhaps, I might bow down before the throne and claim of royalty the sacrifice of some unwilling hand. I *might*—Columbus was returned in chains!

“Grant this great end accomplished! What follows then? An old man, worn with the turmoil of a hundred battles, and weakened by the fevers of a hundred fens, comes tottering with the load of royal favour, supported by the unloving victim of his pride, decked out in sordid jewels to conceal the longing for that gem which is not bought—the heliotrope of the young heart’s affection. He comes once more to view the bowery Guadalquiver—the scenes for which his parched soul thirsts, as thirsts the desert wanderer for the fountain where his infant lips first tasted from a mother’s hands the pure wave of the well. He comes! A dark-haired girl is sporting by the brook where once *she* sported. He starts—and asks her

name. The answer! quick, the answer! 'Calatrava!' There is madness in the thought!"

The angler clasped his forehead with his hand, as if he would shut out the harrowing vision; but who shall describe the contending emotions playing upon the features of the lady, while young Gonsalez, in this strange abstraction, betrayed the secret workings of his mind, unconscious of her presence? The veil was torn from her eyes, and she knew for the first time that she loved—that she had long loved, ardently, though all unwittingly; but in that thrilling moment, which stamps the fate of woman for weal or wo, she started at the gulf which yawned before her. The name of Calatrava, associated with herself, explained at once a thousand hitherto inexplicable circumstances in the conduct of her father and her vigilant duenna. She trembled to think of the inflexible and iron will of the stern old man, whose deep affection, she well knew, was second to his pride.

The threat of disinherittance, once uttered, she felt would never be recalled; but the whole energy of her nature seemed concentrated into hate of the unfortunate noble, who, ignorant, perhaps, of her existence, was brought, by long-established custom and the claims of parental authority, to stand between her and the image which had suddenly become the polar star of her being. To cast aside a rich inheritance appeared as nothing when compared with the alternative of sharing even wealth and honour with that heroic heir of heroes, shunned, though unseen, and hated, though unknown! She knew not Calatrava.

He might be adorned with all that virtue, station, and the charms of person can yield to tempt the heart of beauty; but the soul of woman cherishes but one. That one was now before her; the portals of affection stood open to receive him; but Calatrava dared to bar his entrance. The gloom of the convent, which had been the terror of her girlish dreams, now rose upon the dim perspective of her thoughts, tinged, like the clouds of evening, with the calm hues of heaven. Her bright eye flashed—her hand was firmly clenched—the red lip curled and blanched with strong compression;—her resolve was taken. The convent rather than the arms of Calatrava!

“But is there then no hope?” she mentally ejaculated, as the strange hints conveyed by the articulate thoughts of her companion poured upon her ear. “So, then, I have a separate inheritance! I knew not this. But what avails it to an unprotected female? My father’s halls will be for ever closed against the footsteps of my mother’s child! With *him* I should be happy in a cottage—with him how idle were the pageant of yon princely halls! Without him—welcome the convent and the withering heart! Would that he spoke of love!”

She leaned upon her hand, and drooped like the lily, surcharged with dew; the eyelid was heavy with moisture, yet it would not fall! But when the raver drew, in words of fire, the picture of the time-worn warrior’s return, and the child—her child—sporting in merry gambols along the silvery Guadalquivir, the smothered tenderness burst forth. She started—blushed—turned pale, and in dread silence clasped her trembling hands. “He

loves!" It was the soul that spoke—her lips were motionless. Three bright drops fell gently on the grass beside her, and the relaxing countenance beamed forth as beam the heavens when smiling through the tears of a light summer shower.

Still buried in his thoughts, Gonzalez remained silent for some minutes, tossing an occasional pebble at the last of the scattered flower-leaves that floated upon the pool before him, as if bewildered with the whirling of the current, and uncertain of its destined path. At length he struck the leaflet, and it sunk. "Thus perish all my hopes!" he exclaimed. "Yes! they shall have blood and glory! Spain shall ring with the prowess of Gonzalez—the feathered people of the West shall tremble at the name! I would not mar her fortunes—I would not bring upon her gentleness the anger of my uncle's frown. I will bow to my fate, and when, in after years, I bring once more to this delightful solitude, a broken heart encased in useless gold—a withered form bedecked with glowing gems—I'll school my stubborn soul to bless her still—to bless the object of my blighted love—to bless the happy wife of Calatrava!"

"Never!" breathed a whisper, so low that it seemed but the dream of sound, and yet so clear—so full of feeling—that it rang through the deep chambers of his heart, till his frame trembled to the thrilling tone as the fair hand of the speaker fell on his shoulder.

"Ha! have I spoken!" he exclaimed, as he quickly turned, awaking from his reverie. He read the answer on that placid face, where Happiness sat throned in its

calm dignity, unshadowed by a doubt. Before the quiet of those gentle eyes, steeped in their liquid brightness beneath their half-closed lids, the sadness floated from his soul as the mist floats from the valleys when sober morning looks from the mountain tops athwart their grassy slopes. No word was spoken. He gazed into the well-like depth of those bright orbs, which were the windows of his heaven of love, and saw more than the tongue could utter! They rose. His arm slowly encircled her form, and as they walked away—her head reclining on his shoulder—there was silence still!

What! Did he not propose? Did he not stop for his sword and doublet? exclaims my fair young reader. History tells us not; but this, at least, is known: the glory of Spain has departed; her conquests are the prey of other races of mankind; the thunderbolts of war have levelled with the dust those ancient towers; the ploughshare has passed over their ruins, and the golden harvest waves above the undistinguished grave of their last noble owner. Yet still the old oak overhangs the stream, and village lovers say, when they would *pop the question*, "Speak! Will you angle with me by the trysting-tree next May-day morning?"

A TALE OF THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE NORMAN.

It was on a July morning, in the year 183—, that Eustace Deloraine and his friend Lord Mortimer, were returning from their usual gayeties in London, to a villa, where the family of the former resided during the summer months, situated at the distance of about three miles from the metropolis. It was that hour which of all others impresses the mind with the idea of utter stillness and desolation ; and perhaps the only one in the neighbourhood of London when the busy hum of men does not fall on the ear with the unceasing murmur which indicates the precincts of a large and populous city. It was day-break ; the sun had not yet dispelled the clouds of mist which hung in festoons at the end of every street ; the last denizens of the night had disappeared, either to their luxurious couches to dream of wealth, beauty, and gayety, or to the miserable receptacles of want, idleness, and crime ; and even the houseless wanderers had found some hole or corner in which to shelter themselves from observation till the revolving day should bring them .

again, with their tales of misery, to the rich and heartless, to be again passed by in scorn and neglect.

"I always find that daybreak is the coldest part of the twenty-four hours," said Eustace Deloraine to Lord Mortimer, as he wrapped his cloak about him with a kind of involuntary shiver, and gave an additional impetus to the horse, which was conveying their cabriolet at a brisk trot.

"Yes," replied the other, "not quite so snug as Crockford's, certainly—by the way, what splendid suppers his are, though it seems unsentimental to say so, after seeing Malibran's divine personification of Desdemona. How beautifully classical is her whole appearance!—her wild disordered locks, and the agonizing paleness of her cheeks! it transfixes one—but——"

Just as he was about to finish this sentence, the attention of both was suddenly arrested, in the most forcible manner, by the most thrilling shrieks, which proceeded from the window of a house exactly opposite to them—"Murder! murder!—oh, help! for God's sake, help me!" They both shuddered on discovering that these sounds of distress came from a woman, apparently young and beautiful, as far as her dishevelled hair and dress permitted them to observe. She was dressed all in white, and a profusion of long black hair fell over her shoulders. Lord Mortimer jumped from the cabriolet with the velocity of a dart; but before either of them had recovered from their surprise sufficiently to mutually express their horror, the mysterious apparition was dragged from the window by unseen hands; a scuffle appeared to ensue, and the window was half shut down, when again it was

violently thrown open, and the same form was extended more than half out of it, and the same imploring tones were heard vociferating, with even greater energy than before, "Murder! murder!" Once more the apparently wretched being was dragged in, the window was forcibly closed, the shutters were barred, and again the stillness of the grave succeeded.

"For heaven's sake, let us lose no time, my dear Eustace, in discovering the cause of this dreadful appeal," exclaimed Mortimer, as he rushed to the gate of the building, shook it violently, and attempted to ring the bell; which, however, refused to do its office, owing to the rust with which its wires were loaded. He looked at Eustace as he said this, and, to his consternation, found his eyes almost glazed in their sockets, and his cheeks pale and wan.

"Oh, Mortimer! did you see that form?" he half inarticulately murmured. "I know those features—and yet it cannot be—no—it is impossible—she is dead, I know; but for the sake of her whose lineaments those so strangely resembled, and for the sake of common humanity, let us investigate this horrid proceeding."

"Stop!" said Mortimer, "will it not be more prudent to get some of the police to accompany us? If you remain here with the cab, and watch the house, I will run and fetch some of them—they are always within reach."

"Any thing you please," reiterated the other, "only, for God's sake, be quick, or she may be murdered—who knows what a moment's delay may occasion?"

Whilst Mortimer ran off to the nearest police station,

Eustace had time to contemplate the dwelling thus thrust on his notice in so singular a manner; and it was remarkable, that often as he had passed that way before, it had never struck him with the appearance of gloom and desolation which now seemed to shroud it. The building receded some paces from the road, being situated in a kind of court; but the grass upon the gravel walk in front, and the decaying appearance of the gateway, on which had been written, though now more than half effaced, the name of Kellingham House, seemed to indicate that it had been long unknown to the footsteps of man. It was almost concealed by a high wall, which ran along the front of the building, and those windows which were visible, were either closed on the outside, or disfigured by numerous panes of broken glass. One of the doors appeared as though it were occasionally entered, but the other was barred up; and the little paint once expended upon it was nearly rubbed off, leaving the original colour of the wood far the more predominant. The outside of the house, having once been stuccoed, was now of a dim gray colour, and the plaster being knocked off in several places, the dusky bricks were occasionally visible beneath. But the time we have occupied in making these observations was much longer than that in which they passed before the mind of Eustace: and though his friend was not above two or three minutes absent, these minutes seemed to his excited imagination as so many hours. At length he returned, accompanied by a policeman; and they all three proceeded to enter the mansion. The gate, after two or three violent efforts, gave way, and

they found themselves at the door of the house. There was neither bell nor knocker; and they in vain shook it, kicked, and used every attempt to obtain ingress—the echo of their blows, and of their voices, were the only replies they received. After about five minutes thus expended, one of the top windows, facing in a different direction from that from which the screams had issued, was cautiously opened, and an elderly female head was seen to protrude through it.

“What do you come for, disturbing peaceful folk, at this hour of the morning? Do you want any thing of me?” was inquired in a hoarse, peevish tone.

“We want to come into this house—we must come into it—we are authorized to enter it,” replied Eustace. “We have a constable with us, and if you do not come down immediately and admit us, we shall break open the door.”

“Well, that is no business of mine; them as placed me here must pay for the mending. The house does not belong to me, or the rubbish that is in it; but, if you will wait till a body can make herself decent, I’ll come down and let you in.”

“Be quick, then,” replied Eustace, “or, I tell you again, we will force a way.”

About three more minutes elapsed, when the door slowly creaked upon its hinges; and a revolting picture of dirt, ill-temper, and slovenliness, stood before them in the person of the old woman.

“We come armed by the authority of the police,” said Eustace, advancing a few steps into the dreary-looking

hall, "to demand who is confined and ill-treated in this house; and by whom those dreadful cries of murder, which attracted our attention so fearfully, as we were passing by, were uttered."

"I know not what you mean," answered the old woman, with the most imperturbable composure. "I am the only living soul in this house; and you may search from top to bottom of it, if that is your fancy, but I'll defy you to find any one in it but me."

"Then you have murdered her!" exclaimed Eustace and Mortimer at the same moment. "Policeman, do your duty, and take this wretched old woman into custody!"

"There has been no one murdered here!" vociferated the crone. "Here are the keys from the garrets to the cellar: there has not been a creature in this house but me for weeks, and I was left to take charge of it, by a gentleman and his wife, who are gone abroad."

Thus saying, she led the way into two rooms on each side of the hall, where they were standing. They were nearly destitute of furniture; and the unwholesome smell of dirt and confined air, which was perceived as soon as the doors were opened, unpleasantly proved that they had neither been ventilated nor inhabited for a considerable time. Thence, they proceeded up stairs; the old woman pausing at the entrance of each apartment, while she allowed her three strange intruders to examine it, as they passed.

"This is the chamber whence those dreadful sounds proceeded," said Eustace, in a low voice to his com-

panions, as the old woman was opening the last door in the passage where they stood, "I can tell it by its position."

They entered—but it wore the same appearance of utter desolation exhibited by all the other apartments. There was a wretched bedstead in one corner of it, but no indication of its having been recently tenanted; two or three mutilated chairs, and an old chest of dark-looking drawers. There was no carpet, and the floor was of plaster, on which the slightest stain of blood must have been visible.

"You have seen the whole of the house now, except the cellar; but you can go there if you wish," said the old woman, "though I have hardly been into it myself, since I came here, and it is almost empty."

They, however, followed her into that also, and here their search ended: there was nothing to be found in the house that could lead to any discovery of the object they pursued.

"You have no objection, I suppose, to give your name, and that of your employer?" said Eustace to her, after a pause.

"My name is Mary Thomas, and I was sent here to look after this place, three months ago, by Mr. King, the gentleman's agent; and I dare say he will give you my character, and tell you the name of the proprietor; for I do not know it myself, and I don't believe he is in this country now."

This was uttered with the same indifference of manner that had characterized her whole conversation. As it

seemed evident that nothing more could be done at present, they reluctantly took their leave; having first sent an account of the whole transaction to the police captain of the district, and earnestly recommended him to observe minutely all that took place there in future. Eustace and Mortimer then stepped again into their cabriolet, and continued their drive homewards, but neither of them seemed disposed to interrupt the reflections with which the other was overwhelmed; and the silence lasted almost undisturbedly till they arrived at the door of Roseville Cottage.

The chief topic discussed by the family, the next day, was the adventure of the morning; and Augusta Deloraine, the sister of Eustace, to whom his friend Lord Mortimer was affianced, declared that she would never rest till the mysterious circumstance of Kellingham House was investigated, and the unfortunate lady, who she did not doubt was concealed in some hole or dungeon, should be released from her cruel tormentors.

We must now leave them to their conjectures, to revert to the history of the mysterious being who has already been brought before the notice of our readers. We shall commence our history at a date some years antecedent to that in which we introduced our two heroes to them, and explain the circumstances by which Eustace Deloraine appeared to be connected with the unknown heroine of Kellingham House.

Some years had elapsed since the regiment, to which Eustace Deloraine belonged, had been quartered in a country town about four miles distant from Evelyn Hall.

Blanche Evelyn was then in her eighteenth year, and report spoke of her as beautiful, highly accomplished, and a considerable heiress. They first met at a ball given by the officers of the —th; and with all the ardour and enthusiasm natural to the youth of the one, and the profession of the other, the acquaintance, thus begun, soon ripened into a sincere and lasting attachment.

Blanche Evelyn had had the misfortune to lose both her parents early in life; her own mother she had never known. To repair the loss of his first wife, her father had united himself again to one who but ill-fulfilled the charge with which she was intrusted; for, when soon afterwards she became a widow, her whole care and thoughts were bestowed on her own son by a former marriage, who was about six years older than Blanche. The connexion which subsisted between them not being thought a sufficient obstacle to their union, Mrs. Evelyn had early resolved upon the accomplishment of this scheme; and in order to insure success, she had kept Blanche in the strictest seclusion, up to the time in which we have introduced her to our readers. In the event of her marrying any one else, Evelyn Hall and the fortune belonging to it would, of course, be snatched from this manœuvring step-mother; but, by uniting her with Herbert Sidney, she imagined that she should secure the possession of both in her own family. It may be supposed that few arguments were required to induce her son to enter into her views; and Blanche herself was so accustomed to obey her stepmother in every thing, that Mrs. Evelyn dreaded no opposition from her, when it

should be thought proper to apprise her of their intentions.

Herbert Sidney had been some years on the Continent, as it was considered advisable rather to prevent her from associating with others, than to favour her with much of the society of her affianced husband; especially as, in her days of childhood, she had conceived such a violent dislike to the dark, rough, and passionate boy, who used to tease her when he came home for the holidays, that Mrs. Evelyn began to fear more opposition to her plan than she had desired, if these childish impressions were allowed to acquire strength. It was under this idea, therefore, that they had been separated, when Blanche was in her thirteenth year; and from that time they had never met. It was contrary to the inclination of this prudent stepmother to allow her charge to mix in any society whatever; but, at the instigation of a good-natured old lady, who lived in the neighbourhood, she was occasionally induced to break through her intention. It was at the house of this third person, that further meetings between Blanche Evelyn and her partner of the ball had taken place; and though she knew of no other motive for concealing them from her stepmother than the general reserve and harshness with which she was treated by her, something always seemed to check her, when she was on the point of imparting all her feelings to the protectress of her youth.

It might be three months from the time when she had first become acquainted with Eustace Deloraine, that she was on a visit of some days to Mrs. Pierrepont, the

elderly widow lady just mentioned. Mrs. Evelyn allowed Blanche to go there alone, believing, in the first place, that she was likely to meet with no society of her own age; and desiring also to shelter herself from the charge of keeping the poor girl in too strict seclusion, which she felt might too justly be brought against her. To Mrs. Pierrepont, Blanche had been in the habit of unreservedly telling all her thoughts; for she was one of those kindhearted old ladies who remember they have once been young themselves, and whose great delight is to see those around them happy and cheerful. Eustace Deloraine was nearly related to her husband's family; and he was nothing loath to remind Mrs. Pierrepont of his existence, and frequently to refresh her memory by his appearance at her house, when he found that Blanche Evelyn was occasionally its inmate.

On a lovely day in July, all nature seemed hushed into the most tranquil sleep. Not a leaf was stirring—scarcely the hum of an insect was heard—and the only sound which broke the solitude, was the quiet, unceasing flow of a little fountain in Mrs. Pierrepont's flower-garden, that trickled down a bed of rocks, and fell, in glittering spray, into a clear glassy pool, where the water-lilies reflected themselves on its smooth surface. By the side of this romantic little stream, Eustace and Blanche were enjoying the cool air which floated along its margin, and listening to that soothing sound which alone seems to render the contrasted silence of nature more perceptible, namely, the calm, uninterrupted flow of waters. They had been sauntering for some time up

and down the shady alleys which intersected the parterre, when Mrs. Pierrepont herself came to summon them to dinner.

"I am sorry to say, my dear Blanche," she began, as she took her hand in hers, "we must part with you this evening, as Mrs. Evelyn has sent her carriage for you: her son has unexpectedly arrived from abroad, and she wishes you to return home immediately."

Blanche, almost unconsciously, turned pale at this intelligence; her eyes met those of Eustace, and both seemed oppressed with melancholy. Few words were spoken by any of the party during dinner, and almost immediately after, Eustace accompanied her to the carriage. As he took her hand at parting, he contrived to whisper to her, "You will not forget your promise, then, Blanche; and even if we do not meet again at present, you will still remember me, and the vows of constancy you have uttered?"

"Never, never!" exclaimed Blanche, hastily; "but do not fear—it is impossible they can object to our wishes: besides, you know, when I come of age, I shall be my own mistress; and then, surely, I may bestow my fortune on whom I please."

"Mention not that," said Eustace, "you know I care for nothing on earth but yourself; and even if you were penniless, it would make no difference to me: but farewell, dearest Blanche."

"Farewell!"—and the carriage conveyed her from his sight.

The next day he received the following note:

“ Mr. Sidney is requested by Miss Evelyn to inform Mr. Eustace Deloraine, that, having apprised her guardians of the engagement entered into between them, they entirely object to her forming any connexion at present. She, therefore, begs leave to say that she herself desires the termination of their intercourse; and very much regrets having ever given Mr. Deloraine the slightest reason to suppose that he was otherwise than totally indifferent to her. Any letter addressed to Miss Evelyn will be returned unopened.”

The evening of the same day, and before he had had time to reflect on the bitter reverse that four-and-twenty hours had wrought in his prospects, orders were received from head-quarters for the —th regiment to march instantly to a distant part of the kingdom, whence it was supposed they were to be ordered on foreign service. The bustle and confusion of departure drove his private misfortunes out of his head for a short time; but just as he was going to mount his horse, and bid a hasty and sad farewell to the scene of his first and earliest love, a small piece of paper was slipped into his hands by a country girl, who waited while he read it. It contained the following words :

“ Of course, you will not believe that I could be such a wretch as to sanction the writing of the note you received this morning. I am just the same, and shall ever remain so, but wretched and miserable; for heaven only knows to what they are striving to compel me! I

hear you are going away, and with you my only hope is taken from me, as I am sure you never would have allowed me to be oppressed. What do you think ! They insist on my marriage with the man whom you know I always detested. He is no longer what he was, but ten times worse ; very civil and polite, but more deceitful and hypocritical than ever. I am not allowed to stir out of one set of apartments. They affect much kindness, but I cannot receive it as such, for I am convinced it is only to render me amenable to their plans. But of one thing I am resolved, they shall never make me marry Herbert Sidney. If you but knew how I detest him, and yet how frightened I am at him ! He looks more scowling and black than ever, though when he talks to me he assumes a smile which appears even worse than his frown. Heaven forgive me if I have judged harshly of him, and bless you, my only true friend.

“ BLANCHE EVELYN.

“ P. S. I send this, in fear and trembling, by my own maid, who is, I think, to be trusted, though I cannot be sure of any one.”

To this simple and touching note, Eustace hastily returned an answer by the same messenger, expressive of his love and eternal constancy, and urging her, by all means, not to yield to the solicitations of Herbert Sidney and his mother ; adding, that in a few months he would return and remove her from the power of her persecutors. He then again mounted his horse ; and was soon far away

from the neighbourhood of Evelyn Hall, and its lovely inhabitant.

When he next returned there, which was at the expiration of a year, the house was shut up. No tidings of Blanche could be heard ; and the servant who remained to look after the mansion said that the family were gone abroad on account of Miss Evelyn's health, who was supposed to be in a deep decline. How long they might remain on the Continent, or what were their ulterior intentions, was unknown. Shortly afterwards, it was reported in the neighbourhood that Blanche was dead, and that the estate had come into the possession of Mrs. Evelyn.

Thus ended this ill-starred attachment : but still Eustace Deloraine never forgot his plighted troth ; and the remembrance of her whom he believed to have met with an untimely fate was never absent from his imagination. Judge, then, what must have been his horror and agony on discovering the well-known features of the object of his fondest affections, in the mysterious being who was so fearfully brought before his notice in the beginning of this story. That it was Blanche Evelyn—the same lovely and engaging creature to whom he had early in life given his faith—he had no doubt : her countenance was too strongly impressed on his mind ever to be forgotten, and he felt more and more convinced that she was now suffering under some cruel persecution of her unnatural step-mother and her son, and he determined to lose no time in investigating these atrocious proceedings.

But as he foresaw that nothing was to be obtained by

any rash or hasty measures, he determined to commence a strict survey of the place; and for this purpose, he hired a small room, the window of which exactly overlooked the back-door of Kellingham House, being the only point in the neighbourhood from which it was observable. Here he stationed himself, determined to watch most narrowly the proceedings of its inhabitants. The only contiguous ground to that which surrounded the house was an extensive burying-ground, which enclosed three sides of the court-yard; the other side fronted the lane through which Eustace and his friend were passing, when they were attracted by the screams. The window he occupied commanded a view of the lane, and also of the burying-ground.

The first night he took up his quarters in this situation, in company with Lord Mortimer, he neither saw nor heard any thing to excite the least suspicion; but the next night, as they were on the point of abandoning the watch, they were roused by seeing the shadow of a man slowly moving along the wall, sometimes crouching down beneath it, and apparently dragging some heavy weight after him. He paused in front of Kellingham House, and gave a low whistle. A ray of light was seen to proceed from the lower window-shutter. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and a man came out, who assisted the other in lifting the burden into the house. As far as Eustace could judge, it appeared to be a sack containing some bulky and ponderous substance.

"This is not as it should be!" exclaimed Eustace to his companion; "let us instantly go down and see what they are doing."

Thus saying, they both left the apartment, and soon found themselves in the open air, when a few steps brought them to the door of Kellingham House. It was still ajar; and as the men who were inside appeared to be too much occupied with their own concerns to pay any attention to what was going on without, they remained silent spectators of the scene. Callous, indeed, must have been that mind who could have beheld it unmoved. Three of the most desperate-looking villains that imagination can conceive, were seated on low stools, with pipes and the remains of a dram-bottle on a table before them; in one corner of the apartment, the old woman who has before been mentioned was sitting on a broken chair, with a pipe half dropping from her mouth, as her head nodded backwards and forwards under the influence of sleep; and her cap, which was not of the cleanest or neatest description, having almost escaped from her head, a profusion of uncombed, matted, grizzled hair, was most conspicuous. In the opposite corner of the room was placed carelessly against the wall, the sack which the men had been carrying; and, horrible to relate, from its open mouth was seen to protrude the ghastly features of a recently exhumed female. Eustace and Mortimer shuddered; but both continued silent.

"I say, Bill," said one of the men to his companion, "if you had not been such a spoon, we could have got ten guineas for that 'ere stiff 'un, and I promise you I won't let this go so easily."

"Why," replied the other, "I thought it best to nab what we could, and to make off before any questions were asked us; but I tell you what, you old fool," and he then

lowered his voice to such a pitch that they were only able to catch the words, "prime her up a bit, and she'll do the deed, I'll warrant."

"Why, if that's all," answered the same speaker, in a louder tone, "I dare say Squire Sidney would ask no questions as to how she came by her death; for old Moll, there, says, that all he wished was to have her quietly put out of the way, and then, you know, he'll get all the fortune at once; for they say she won't sign it away to him, as he wants her to do, though he has shut her up in this hole. But I can't say I have any wish for the job; it's all very well when we get the bodies in the regular way of trade, but though I'm no chicken at heart, as you know, Bill, yet I don't relish that sort of cold-blooded butchery—But I wonder why Jack is so long coming with the cart; if he don't make haste, it will be getting light."

Just as he said these words, the rumble of a vehicle was heard in the lane, on the other side of the house.

"There he comes!"

And the three men started up at once; while a fourth made his appearance at the other door of the room, and they hastily tied up the sack, and carrying it between them, left the house.

"Shall we not go for the police?" whispered Lord Mortimer to his companion; "we shall lose them otherwise."

"Let us wait a few minutes," returned Eustace, "the ground will then be cleared of them, and we shall have

more chance of finding her whom I believe, without doubt, to be confined here."

"I say, mother," said one of the men, as he was leaving the room, to the wretched-looking being who still sat snoring in her chair, "if you go on sleeping there, with the house-door open, you will let your bird escape. Come, wake up, and mind your business."

"Ay, ay!" muttered the old hag, and she appeared to be rousing herself in her chair; but as soon as the man was gone, she again sank back in a deeper sleep than ever.

"Now is the time," whispered Eustace, softly; "unarmed as we are, it would never have done to have broken in upon those ruffians, especially as we are without the authority of the police; but now we can soon master the old woman, and make her show us where her poor victim is confined."

Thus saying, they gently pushed open the door, and were on the point of entering, when a tremendous bulldog, which they had not before observed, sprang at them, barking furiously. The old woman started from her slumber, and on seeing two strangers entering the house, she vehemently excited the dog to attack them.

"That's right, Growler! at 'em, and bring them down!"

But Eustace seizing the dog by its collar, kept him at bay, whilst Lord Mortimer entered the room. After a few growls, the animal retired into its kennel, where Eustace confined it in such a manner that it could offer them no further annoyance. But, as they apprehended,

its barking had not been in vain, for just as they were going to secure the old woman, the inner door was burst open, and the three men rushed into the room. A desperate scuffle ensued; blows were struck; and had not Deloraine and Mortimer defended themselves like heroes, they must have been overpowered.

"If you will only give up your captive, the young woman, who we know is secreted in this house," exclaimed Eustace, "we will take no farther notice of your proceedings. As to detaining us, we have too many powerful friends to allow the possibility of our disappearance being passed over in silence; and though you may be too strong for us now, such searches will be made, as will finally cause the destruction of your gang, and the delivery of yourselves into the hands of justice."

One of the ruffians who was grasping Eustace's throat, paused at this address.

"Well," he said, "the young woman is nothing to me; I have never even seen her. My mother, there, looks after her; but they say she is wrong in her head, and very violent sometimes, and that her relations do not wish it to be known. You may ask the old woman yourself if you like—but, stop; mind, we have your oaths that you will not 'peach.'"

"You have, on the honour of a gentleman."

The man and his companions paused for a moment; and on looking round to speak to the old woman, they perceived that she had left the room.

"Let us follow her quickly," said Eustace to his com-

panion ; "she is gone to conceal her, as she doubtless did the other day."

They rushed from the room, and proceeded up the staircase. Just as they reached the first landing-place, they heard the most appalling screams of distress, which but too plainly directed them to the awful scene. The old woman, seeing she was discovered, endeavoured to escape by making a headlong attempt to rush past them down stairs. Lord Mortimer seized her, in the intention of detaining her, when the gruff voice of one of the ruffians was heard on the staircase.

"Hold ! man—if you touch a hair of the old woman's head, our agreement is at an end. She is my own mother that bore me ; though she is an old devil when she is 'tossicated, yet I have some respect for her gray hairs."

Reluctantly he was obliged to yield ; for since the great object of their search was on the point of being accomplished, they thought it more prudent to withhold their resentment against the old woman for the present. They accordingly entered the room from which she had darted, and the door of which she had left open. Extended on a mattress on the floor, with her hands and feet fastened, her dark hair floating neglectedly over her person, and her loose white garments torn and disordered, lay the pale and attenuated form of the once beautiful and envied Blanche Evelyn.

"Take me, take me !" she faintly said, without moving her head from the position in which it was lying ; "put

an end to this wretched existence, only do not allow that fearful creature to come near me again. Oh! would to heaven you would despatch me at once!"

"Madam—Miss Evelyn," said Eustace, approaching her more nearly, "we are friends, come, I hope, to release you from your present dreadful situation. Do not be afraid of us," he added, as she uttered the most piercing shrieks, which were succeeded by alarming convulsions. They untied the band by which she was secured, rubbed her forehead with water, and applied pungent aromatics to her nose. In a few minutes, she became more composed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a faint but hollow voice, "can this be one who has known me in my happier days? Long, very long is it since I have heard that name pronounced. Oh, if I was still what you suppose me!" and she again fell into violent hysterics.

Eustace, who perceived the error of which he had been guilty, in too abruptly mentioning a name that gave rise to such painful remembrances, used every endeavour to restore her to calmness. He partly succeeded; and she remained silent and composed for some minutes. She was the first to interrupt the pause.

"But, do you really intend me no harm?" she faintly said; "tell me who you are, for how can I trust myself to two nameless strangers? Perhaps, for what I know, you may be in a league with those wretched people below;" and she again paused, and shuddered.

"You may, indeed, trust us," replied Eustace; "we are true friends, and will take you from this miserable

abode, as soon as you are able to move; and to give you more confidence, I will send for my sister, who will bring a carriage to convey you to a place of safety, where you shall remain as long as you please."

"Oh, may heaven bless you!" she faintly articulated; "whoever you may be, you are the first human beings that have spoken a word of kindness to me for years; and that voice sounds familiar to me, like one I remember, but which has long passed away;" and the unhappy lady gave vent to a flood of tears.

They allowed her to weep unrestrainedly, whilst Eustace lost no time in despatching a messenger for his sister. In the mean time, the wretches who had made this house their abode, had all disappeared. It was nearly daylight when Miss Deloraine arrived, bringing with her several articles of wearing apparel, which might be readily adjusted; as well as some of those cordial restoratives, in the use of which the female sex are so conversant. It did not take long to remove the wretched garments with which the miserable sufferer was clothed, and hastily to substitute some others which were clean and fresh. Then, having assisted her down stairs, for in consequence of the long confinement to which her limbs had been subjected she could scarcely walk, they lifted her into the carriage; and, Miss Deloraine having placed herself by her side, and Eustace and Lord Mortimer taken possession of the opposite seat, they proceeded with their delicate burden to Roseville Cottage.

A comfortable chamber had been provided for her; she was carefully extended upon the bed, and Augusta Delo-

raïne herself kept watch over her slumbers. They were long and uninterrupted, for her frame was exhausted with fatigue and grief; and when she awoke, the evening sun was gilding the windows of the room, and the tall, shady trees were casting lengthened shadows on the smooth green turf in front of the house. On seeing herself surrounded by strange objects, and a face she was unused to, leaning over her, she at first fearfully started; but soon recollected, and recovered, herself. In the conversation that followed, she learned that she was indebted for her deliverance to the being whom she had formerly known and loved in her days of happy youth. But Augusta was somewhat surprised and mortified at observing that this discovery only seemed to oppress her with a deeper gloom.

Not, however, to weary our readers, we will briefly proceed to state that the rest and good treatment of a few days, wrought such a wonderful change in her health and appearance, that she was able to give her kind friends a long and connected account of her history since the period she parted from Eustace Deloraine. From this time, there was but one drawback to the happiness of the party, which was, that she strenuously persisted in never seeing Eustace; and painful as it was to him, respect for the delicacy of her motive forbade him from intruding himself into her society, especially as the sight of him was always productive of the deepest emotion to her. We shall now repeat her narrative.

On her arrival at Evelyn Hall, after having left Mrs. Pierrepont's, Mrs. Evelyn had been apprised that she

had been in the habit of meeting Eustace Deloraine there; and when taxed with it, Blanche instantly avowed her attachment, and related all the circumstances of her acquaintance with him, asking her pardon for having concealed it from her. Mrs. Evelyn then informed her, that she must never more see him, or think of him, as she was about to be married immediately to her own son, Herbert Sidney. The remonstrances, tears, and entreaties of Blanche to be spared a union which she so much dreaded, were all in vain. But, finding an opposition to their scheme which they did not anticipate, Mrs. Evelyn and her son determined to quit Evelyn Hall, and secretly remove her to some spot where they should have her more completely in their power. From this time she was treated as a child, being entirely confined to her own apartments, and her food restricted to the plainest and coarsest sort. Generally about once a week Mrs. Evelyn and her son paid her a visit in her own room, where they employed every means that art could suggest to bring her over to their purpose, but unsuccessfully. To the world it was made to appear, first, that she was dangerously ill, and finally, that she had died abroad. Having hired a mansion, which, from its seclusion and desolate appearance, seemed every way calculated for his purpose, Herbert Sidney placed his wretched victim at Kellingham House. Here, at first, she was allowed a show of comfort; but the place was filled with his creatures, and he himself constantly visited her with his mother. At length, one night, she heard an unusual bustle in the house; and presently her stepmother

entered the chamber, dressed unusually gaily, and accompanied by two waiting-women, who, in spite of her resistance, proceeded to array her in a bridal costume. Shortly afterwards, Herbert Sidney, accompanied by a gentleman habited as a clergyman, entered the room, and the ceremony of marriage was concluded between them, before she had time to recover from her surprise. She was then forcibly carried down stairs, placed in a carriage by the side of her husband, and conveyed along at a rapid rate. She had been too long ill-treated, and too much weakened by all she had endured, to make much resistance; and, at last, she sat by his side in the carriage, perfectly passive and motionless, whilst the unchecked tears rolled unrestrainedly down her face. They travelled in this way, till they reached a sea-port town, where they embarked, and landed in Holland. She was conveyed in rapid succession through various foreign cities, never stopping in any one place above a single night. At length they halted at a small town in Germany; and a retired house in its suburb having been engaged by Mr. Sidney, he appeared inclined to take up his abode there. She seldom saw him, as he spent most of his time from home; and when he returned to her in the evening, his manner was of the most stern and chilling description. One day, after he had been seated for some time without speaking, he addressed her in the following words:

“You are, I suppose, aware, Blanche, that in becoming my wife, your fortune and estates become mine, also; but, as we were married in much haste, and with

out the usual form of settlements being drawn up between us, it is necessary for you to put your name to a paper which I have had prepared by my lawyer, and which will save you from any future trouble in the management of your affairs. As soon as you attain your majority, I shall expect your compliance with this request."

"I hope I may be allowed to read over the settlements myself," said Blanche, mildly, but firmly, "for it is utterly impossible for me to sign my name to a document of the contents of which I am ignorant."

"It is not necessary that you should do any thing but obey me, madam," answered her husband, fiercely, "and prepare to do so, or dread the consequences."

At length, the fatal day arrived when she attained her majority, and, as she expected, her husband brought her the papers to sign: this she positively refused to do, unless she might be permitted to read the contents. It is impossible to describe the fury of Herbert Sidney at the calm, determined opposition displayed by his wife. After a few more unsuccessful attempts to shake her resolution, he conveyed her back to England; and again placed her in strict confinement at Kellingham House. The few intimate friends of the family who were still aware that she was alive, were now informed that she laboured under an unfortunate aberration of intellect; and every measure that cruelty and brutality could dictate, was employed to drive her to that state in which it was their interest to affirm she had really fallen. Every comfort was now denied her; her limbs were confined by

bandages; she was scarcely allowed sufficient food to support nature, and, indeed, almost denied the necessities of life. She was placed under the care of an unprincipled old woman, who was largely paid by Mr. Sidney to conceal all suspicion or appearance of the iniquity they were perpetrating.

This wretch was in league with a gang of desperate resurrectionists, one of whom was her own son. Whether Mr. Sidney was aware of this circumstance or not, was matter of ignorance to his wretched wife, though sometimes she fancied that it was employed as a means of rendering her situation still more alarming; for she was frequently a listener to conversations pursued on the very threshold of her chamber, from which it appeared that the monsters were bargaining for her body. The most revolting scenes were acted before her; and repeatedly were the freshly exhumed carcasses placed against her door in such a manner, that when she opened it to admit the old woman, who brought her meals, she stumbled over them, or they fell down upon her. At other times, she fancied it was their object to make her destroy herself, as bottles, on which was written "Poison," was left in her room.

At last, on one awful night—that which first led to her discovery—she was suddenly awakened by seeing her husband, whom she had not beheld since he had placed her at Kellingham House, hanging over her bed, with a pistol in his hand, which was levelled at her head. She started up in the greatest horror, when he composedly presented the papers to her, saying,

"Blanche Sidney, if you will sign these settlements, I forgive all your former rebellion and disobedience, and will again consider you as my wife ; but if not, prepare for the doom which inevitably awaits you."

She raised herself on the couch, and in a calm but solemn voice, exclaimed,

"You may end this wretched life if you please ; but these papers I will never subscribe. You well know that I should not have become your wife with my own free will ; and death is preferable to the existence I endure."

Whether she was endued with supernatural powers, or whether he was appalled by the earnestness of her manner, she knew not ; but certain it was, that he offered no resistance as she rushed from the bed, and throwing open the window, screamed in the violent manner we have related in the beginning of this story. He followed and dragged her in, and, not expecting that she would make any further attempts to obtain assistance, retired a few paces into the room ; when, discerning a passing cabriolet, in her desperation, she then made a second attempt to be heard, which ultimately led to her deliverance. As Herbert Sidney expected that this appeal would not be without effect, he hastily carried her up into a large space in the roof, where he secreted her and himself under some sacks, having previously drawn up after them the ladder by which they ascended ; the only entrance to it being a trap-door, that, as he expected, escaped the notice of Eustace and Lord Mortimer. When every thing was again quiet, she was taken down from her place of concealment and placed in a remote part of the house, facing

the churchyard; and here she had continued till the moment when Eustace Deloraine had effected her rescue. What had become of her unworthy husband since that time she knew not, as she had not seen him again; and the stillness of the house gave her reason to believe that it was occupied by no other beings but the old woman and herself, until the preceding evening, when she plainly distinguished the sound of masculine voices. Shortly afterwards, she heard this abandoned creature loudly exclaim, outside her door: "Well, Bill, shall I do it, or not? You know Tom will bring in one body, and we may as well send them both off together, as the cart is coming to take them away; and I dare say she is asleep now, so I could soon throw the pillows over her face, and I'll warrant she'd make no noise." This diabolical proposition was deliberately answered by a gruff voice from below, saying, "Well, we had better wait till Tom himself comes in, for I have nothing to do with the baggage."

In about half an hour after the termination of this truculent dialogue, the old woman again broke into her room, to make a last attempt at secreting her. She then felt assured that her immediate death was the object of this violent intrusion; and it was this conviction which produced the agitation she displayed when Eustace and Mortimer entered.

How to discover the wretch whom she was obliged to call her husband, was now the great object of Eustace Deloraine. On a visit to Kellingham House, and a careful search through the premises, on the next day succeeding the escape of Blanche, he found it totally deserted. Not

even a vestige remained of the monsters who had made use of it to carry on their illicit trade. For some time afterwards, it was strictly watched by the police, yet it was never ascertained that any of the party returned to it again ; but as it formed no part of his purpose to pursue them, he confined his searches and inquiries to the discovery of Mr. Sidney. At length, after various failures, he succeeded in tracing him to a lodging in London, and having placed him in strict custody, he was soon after committed to prison to await his trial. From the moment of his capture, his manner wore the most gloomy reserve ; and even to the questions of his own solicitors, he would not return the necessary replies. "Having failed," he said, "in the only object he had ever taken any pains to accomplish, life and every thing in it were utterly indifferent to him." He even refused to see his own mother, who was also indicted to answer to the charge of conspiracy against Blanche Evelyn's life and fortune.

On the evening preceding his trial, the guilty and disappointed man terminated his wretched existence. In a paper, in his handwriting, which was found in the prison after his death, he accused his parent as the instigator and original planner of all the cruelties that had been practised against the person of the unfortunate Blanche. The trial of Mrs. Evelyn, though delayed by this event, took place soon after ; and although it left no doubt on the minds of every one present that she was guilty of the most atrocious proceedings, yet from want of sufficient evidence, and owing to Blanche's refusal to appear as a witness against her stepmother, she was acquitted, after

a severe reprimand from the judge. The old woman with whom she had been in league, was found guilty and imprisoned.

It is now merely necessary to say what became of Blanche Sidney. Being left a widow on the death of her unnatural husband, she retired to Evelyn Hall, of which she took possession, to the great joy of all the neighbourhood, and more especially of Mrs. Pierrepont; but after having resided there for some months in complete solitude, she did not, at the end of that time, refuse to receive a visit from her amiable friend, Augusta Deloraine, now Lady Mortimer. Shortly afterwards, the party was enlivened by the presence of Eustace and his father, who had, some time before this story began, inherited a title from a distant relation. At length, all objections to their union being removed, Evelyn Hall and the neighbourhood became the scenes of the most joyous festivities, in consequence of the nuptials of the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Deloraine. In the affectionate devotion of her husband, and the kindness of his family, her spirits gradually resumed the tone of buoyant feeling of her earlier years, tempered, it is true, by the occasional remembrance of her former trials.

The guilty Mrs. Evelyn, unable to continue in a country where her name was justly held in such odium by all ranks of society, retired to the Continent, and under an assumed name, she passed the remainder of her days in the oblivion and neglect which she merited.

SONNET.

ON A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

AUTHOR OF "THE COMING OF THE MAMMOTH," AND OTHER POEMS.

ALL day, all day, the languid winds have slept
 (If sleep it can be called which is a swoon);
And now the feeble stars and fainting moon,
Like one who o'er a lover's corpse hath wept
'Till beauty's charms have flown,—have slowly stept,
 Wan with the weary heat, unto their thrones.
O! for the pallor of the polar zones!
O! for their icy breathings, that are kept
Fettered on hills of never-melting snow,—
 Prometheus-like on Caucasus—that we,
 Quaffing the freshness of the frozen sea,
Might turn to statues in this tropic glow!
This robe of Nessus, which through soul and frame
Scatters its arrows of dissolving flame!



THE TEACHER.

HAIL! All hail, Minerva! The golden and the iron and the silver ages have gone by, and the era of thy intellectual reign begins to dawn upon us.

The star-browed family of Sciences beneath thy fostering care crowd up the rocky sides of heaven-crowned Olympus; still, as they move with stately march and slow, paving the highway to the skies, that man, led onward by their beacon-lights, may reach, unscathed, the dwelling of the gods. Their playful progeny, ere yet their limbs have strength to aid in serious toil, branch forth on either side, to dive, to climb, explore; to penetrate the thicket, regardless of its thorns, to track the sedgy swamp, and laugh at the foul stains with which the envious soil endeavours to obscure their inborn brightness, by sullyng those garments which Truth, like a watchful mother, stands ever ready to re-cleanse. The young Hypotheses *stake out* each cool retreat, each shady bower, each bubbling spring that woos proud Génius to trace the unknown by-paths to thy temple, that those who scorn the beaten track, and shun the vulgar herd of learning, may pierce in safety the wilder-

ness around them, guided by the fire of their own burning thoughts.

Solomon has said, "to the making of many books there is no end;" yet he lived in an age when literature was not a profession. What would be his astonishment were he to witness the machinery of the modern press, with its bellowing engines uttering, by millions, copies of every thought and notices of every event that stirs the minutest fibre of the great web of humanity? What would be his astonishment to find the gray goose quill the avenue to fortune and to power? and even the scissors—grand resource of those who wisely prefer, to their own crude ideas, the wiser thoughts of other men—employed to carve the way to fame and title? Suns of the mental firmament:—Moons that with borrowed light illuminate the night of ignorance, shining in glory when those suns have set:—All men bow down to you! This is the age of learning.

Ask of the moralist by what means he would endeavour to restore the golden age of social purity?—he answers *education*. Ask of the statesman what forms the corner-stone of freedom?—his reply is *education*. The jurist tells us that the chief source of vice and crime is want of *education*. The parent says, I care not for the frowns of fortune if I can give my child a thorough *education*. Even the lover, boasting the claims of her to whom he has resigned the key that opens the rich treasury of feeling in the manly heart, sums up the catalogue of merit with the climax of a finished *educa-*

tion. Truly, the schoolmaster is abroad :—Honour to the modern high-priest of Minerva!

Yes! the schoolmaster is abroad, but the schoolmistress is at home. Let us pay her a visit.

To the mother, man owes the earliest bias of the mind in morals and in intellect. If her high agency be carelessly or ignorantly performed, not all the wisdom of the wisest can remedy the evil in the later years of life. Wo to the country whose unenlightened mothers know not the art to train the infant mind! Her daughters shall be lost in the trifling frivolities of fashion and amusement—her sons, with minds unweeded of rank and overshadowing prejudices, shall only use the dogmas of the schools and the acquirements of increasing knowledge, as levers to obscure the right and fix the perpetuity of wrong. Would you make a nation free, by placing it in possession of the only true securities of freedom,—soul-felt morality, and enlightened virtue, based upon the duty of the creature to the all-wise Creator of our race? Would you direct the education of a people towards the only legitimate object of instruction?—Look to the mental training of its mothers!

But who shall train our mothers? What the current is to the mill—what steam is to the leviathan of modern labour—that is, the schoolmistress to the machinery of modern social life. She is the prime moving power of civilization—the very source of popular opinion. *She* trains our mothers, and gives first impulse and direction to the general mind that rules the world. Surely, then, by every claim of gratitude, mankind is bound to honour,

cherish, and protect this noble agent of the purest blessings. On every principle of policy and interest, her powers should be enlarged, her comforts carefully promoted, her influence cherished, and her social rights acknowledged and defended. How has society repaid those blessings? How has it consulted, in her case, the obvious dictates of rational self-love? Let us step in and see!

There, in the centre of a rude apartment, sits in her solitude this minister of good. The buzzing little ones that claimed her morning care are gone, each to her separate home. Their mid-day meal awaits them, where cheerfulness and friendship, if not parental love, give zest to appetite and freedom to the mind. No home invites *her* to these luxuries! In two short hours she will be again surrounded by the harassing group, whose petulance and annoyance must patiently be borne—whose jealousies and rivalries must be conquered by the winning charm of love. The natural outbursts of the passions, those safety-valves of feeling permitted to all other mortals, are denied to her alone. This she could bear, were it her greatest trial; for feminine affection finds with her one only outlet. Childless herself, her heart clings for relief to the children placed beneath her care; and, generally cut off by poverty and social prejudice from reasonable hope of that endearing tie which yields, but scarcely yields, even to the love of offspring, she clings to them with double fondness. But even the noblest of all human instincts is strongly tinctured with the universal leaven of selfishness, and the exacting disposition of parental and

filial feeling admits of no partition in the bosom of the mother or the child. To the former, the teacher too frequently appears in the character of a rival near the throne, and to the latter, as an usurper of authority belonging by the laws of nature to another. The kindness and indulgence which foster the affections, are harshly regarded as encroachments on the vested rights of parents by the one, and are rewarded with suspicion and distrust; while the restraints which regulate the youthful mind to virtue and intelligence, are resented by the other as an assumption of unwarrantable power. Debarred from sympathy on either hand, the teacher turns to seek relief in the attachment of some gentler spirit, unfortunate, perhaps, and seeking, like herself, some object upon which to pour the flood of ever welling feeling, turned from its natural channel by the accidents of life, or dammed in by the low tyranny of conventional distinctions. Then rises the cry of partiality and favouritism. Compelled by sheer necessity to choose a friend among the only social circle that her unceasing cares permit her to enjoy, she finds that friendship for the one becomes a cause of enmity with all, and a prolific source of misery to that which she would bless. If, in defiance of all these evils,

- she succeeds in winning the regard of a few nobler souls, who feel the gratitude so richly due to one who has unlocked the storehouses of their intellect, and given them access to the treasures of the world of thought, she knows that even this blessing comes to her stripped of all permanent and practical advantages. A few short years,

and the stern laws of social life divide her from the sympathies of all such friends. Some have gone down to abject poverty—some, broken-hearted, lie beneath the turf. The cold, damp clay that separates her from the dead, forms not a barrier more rigid and impassable than that broad gulf of custom which yawns between her and her living friends.

“Poor Jane!” the teacher said but yesterday to a formal, bustling, business agent of a public charity. “How my heart longs to visit her! She was all that genius, sweetness of disposition, industry, and warm affection can make of woman; but she married one who, in the midst of glowing prospects, cherished, unknown to her, the vice that may not be reclaimed—the fondness for the bowl. Society condemns the wife to share, for good or ill, the punishment or the reward that waits upon the conduct of her husband. I dare not visit her in her distress—society would say I cultivated low companions, in calling on an angel, if subjected to the rule of one self-levelled with the brutes.”

“My dear,” exclaims the gay young bridegroom, in whom the world has not yet poisoned every seed of natural manliness and lofty feeling, “I often hear you speak in the highest terms of your amiable young preceptor, who, as you say, was a mother and a sister to you when mother or sister you had none. Why should you now neglect the return so justly due for such rare kindness? Let her be invited to your party. Introduce her to your friends. I should be proud to know the being to whom I

am indebted for the charms which are the ornament of our circle in public, and the virtues and intelligence which constitute the happiness of our domestic life."

"Alas! poor Mary," replies the half-weeping bride, glowing in her rich drapery bound with sparkling jewels, "she is indeed a noble and a lovely creature; but you know, dear Charles, it would be cruelty to introduce her here. Her slender salary will not supply the means for making an appearance; and her proper pride would not permit her to receive the courtesies which she could not return. She would be too much marked among us; and picture to yourself the feelings of the noble woman, on hearing, as undoubtedly she would hear, the sneering question, asked with a meaning shrug, 'Who is that lady dressed so plainly there?' and the cold answer, 'Oh, no one but the schoolmistress!' No, Charles; she would grace the highest sphere, but society has placed her where she is, and there she must remain. She cannot move with us."

Reader! can you wonder that she weeps? There sits the true prime minister of knowledge. It is the hour of recreation, but to her there comes no respite of her labours. Her business is to teach:—she is allowed no time to learn—no income to supply the means of knowledge. She is the architect and modeller of manners:—she is not even permitted to observe them. The stunted shrub that withers on the window-sill, personifies her share of the rich beauties of the garden, spread before the general eye:—her own is prematurely blighted by her

narrow cares and daily sorrows, and it is only in the twilight of that rude apartment that she may lay aside the lens through which she looks abroad on nature, tinged, like the glass, with the hue of her own melancholy fate. Dost thou doubt this picture? Even now the case that holds her means of distant vision lies open by the side of her neglected meal.

Poor victim of the folly of the wise! would that these trials were thy greatest! That sage economist, the Public, trims down thy pittance to the meanest measure, and silences complaint with the rude—heartless—insolent reply, "There are abundance of the well-informed and needy who are ready to supply your place if you decline it." Fool! Do men buy a shoe or coat regardless of the value of the cloth or leather? Bricks may be cheaply made of straw; but would you build the temple of liberty and the shrine of learning of such materials as these? Learn, thou purblind follower of baseless theories—conceited offspring of collegiate dullness, before whose glance the teacher learns to tremble—Learn thou one simple law of nature! Labour of mind or body never yet was well performed by half-fed brains or stomachs ill supplied.

Alas! if wild extravagance or wicked speculation so depredate upon the public purse as to curtail the means for their own ruinous career, retrenchment must begin with thee, lone weeper! Should general distress enhance still more the wants of the community, the first appropriation sacrificed is thine! This is the end of all the high-born

hopes with which thy youth was first devoted to the life-corroding duties of the most truly noble calling of thy sex:—This, the reward of lofty sentiment and generous feeling! Go, thou fond dreamer! Thou hast lived before thy age. Repent!

“Go guide the distaff and direct the loom!”

Fly to the factory; take station in the store; or join the general mass of those who starve in toiling with the needle! There at least thou mayest enjoy society and sympathy; leaving behind thee, when thy task is done, some humble friend to drop a tear upon the turf that covers thy last—nay, I mistake—thy earliest resting-place!

“It is too late,” thou sayest. Thy habits are formed—thy destiny is fixed. Well! I would sit and weep with thee, but my soul is not formed for weeping!

TWICE LOST, BUT SAVED.

PERHAPS there is no country so little susceptible, generally speaking, of public sensations as England; events which agitate the peasant, nay, the peasant's wife, at the other side of the Straits of Dover, would scarce reach John Bull in his village chimney-nook,—certainly would not disturb the serenity of his countenance if they did. And yet there is one species of occurrence which excites us, and pervades us, and absorbs us, through every grade of society, more than it could, or at least more than it does, any other civilized people. A murder—a downright, in earnest murder—broad-featured, well-marked, deliberate, unequivocal, refined—arouses into unusual vivacity all England, from the banks of the Tweed to the Land's End. Its fame spreads from cities and towns into the recesses of the small mountain hamlet. Men, women, girls, and children talk and think of nothing else. The newspapers teem with nothing else, excepting only and always the unheeded advertisements of new books. Literary talent of really a high order is vented in descriptions, speculations, deductions, and sentimental discussions on

the subject. Artists hurry down to the rural scene of the atrocity to make money by making drawings of it, as well as of all the innocent scenery and accompaniments within view. Thousands of people, who cannot wait for their secondhand information, hurry after them, or anticipate them, to see with their own eyes, or to hear with their own ears, the whispered anecdotes of the half-petrified carter, who, in the gray dawn of the drizzling morning, found the stained bread-knife, or the discharged pocket-pistol (the first dreadful intimators of the deed), in the lonesome bridle-road, or by the side of the stagnant pool; or they pay round sums to have to say that they sat down in the little back parlour, or scrambled through the brake where the murderer so lately sat or passed. A bit of the chair upon which he reposed while contemplating his crime, as he glanced into his victim's face, or a branch of the briars among which they struggled together, is eagerly purchased, and tenderly and reverently preserved, like a saint's relic or a true-love token. Is all this to be called honest, virtuous, national abhorrence? What would Rochefoucauld call it? Particularly after detecting in the cabinet of the collector of curiosities the last possible mementos of the sentenced and executed hero, in the shape, perhaps (lavishly bribed from the law's humblest officer), of an inch of twisted hemp, the corner of a flaming red cravat, or a gentle lock of redder hair.

So thoroughly had the tidings of such an event as is alluded to penetrated the nooks and corners of the land, at the commencement of this little tale, that nought else was discussed around the fireside of the humblest and most

isolated country cottage; and scarce aught else upon the truant and noisy forms of the lowliest village school. While manhood and old age rehearsed the tale with the profoundest interest, boyhood and childhood commented upon it, in whispers which bespoke no little interest, deepened by awe and fear. The murder had, indeed, been of a fearful character. But it must be remarked that weeks had now passed over since its occurrence; that its wretched perpetrator had undergone the earthly expiation of his tremendous crime; and that, notwithstanding, it had not yet begun to relax its influence upon the general mind of the country. And this part requires to be explained.

Justice had gained her victim with difficulty. Circumstantial evidence was slight and loose against him, and although he had been apprehended upon strong suspicions, it seemed that, after repeated examinations before the magistrates, he must have been discharged from prison. Upon the eve of his contemplated day of enfranchisement, a woman visited him in his cell. A person was so posted as to listen to their conversation. She had been suspected of carrying in spirits to the prisoner, but the irregularity was overlooked by the jailer in hopes of the results it might produce. The miserable beings caroused together, first speaking in cautious whispers, but, gradually, high enough to be imperfectly overheard by the eavesdropper. It appeared that, although married, they had only recently met with each other; previous to which event the female had been a poor outcast, glad to avail herself of any protection. The listener thought he

then could recognise allusions to the murder, but that the man stopped them, his husky voice sinking into a low and ominous tone. The topic changed. The woman slightly upbraided her companion with having deceived her. She said it was whispered that he had a wife living. His answer came abruptly and savagely. She repeated her charge in an angry voice ; they quarrelled ; she reeled and shrieked under his blows ; and during her fit of indignation, he who listened caught, though still imperfectly, enough to authorize the jailer in making more objections to her departure than he had done to her admission. In fact, she was speedily removed to a separate cell, and carefully secured under lock and key and bolt.

The object now was to induce a disclosure of all she knew. Magistrates, officers of justice, ministers of religion, visited her alternately or together. At first it became surmised that she was an actual accomplice. Her gradual confessions, however, if they could be believed, combated this opinion : and finally, as if a heart, once good, and never irremediably depraved, had been touched in her bosom by a horror of the insinuated accusation, she fell upon her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes called Heaven to witness that, so far from having participated in the hellish crime, she had often, though vainly, interfered to prevent it during the unhappy moments that the murdered man remained alive in her presence.

This was enough, or nearly so, for executing justice upon her wretched associate. The details were elicited at subsequent intervals ; repeated by her before a judge

and jury; the murderer perished, as a deliberate spiller of blood should perish; and the doors of her prison-house opened, and she passed out into the world—free.

Free—but it was not freedom to her. Hatred, abhorrence, avoidance, curses, execrations, met her at every step, and left no path open for her to choose among her fellow-creatures. All hearts were shut against her as close, ay, closer than the iron door of her cell had been. Public opinion, particularly in such cases, is rapidly and tyrannically made up. In the interval between her confession and the trial of the greater criminal, the notion, first adopted by her visitors in the jail, that she had been an actual accomplice in the cruel and abominable murder, seized upon the minds of the community at large. Nay, immediately before the day of trial, man, woman, and child, bandied about the belief that she was the sole homicide, and that she had accused her former companion only in order to save herself. Whether or no these rumours reached that individual in his solitary dungeon cannot be said, but he acted so as to give them a seemingly unquestionable confirmation. After the verdict of the jury had been returned, and again upon the trembling verge of eternity, he declared his own innocence and her guilt. The decent crowd, male and female, graybeards and piping children, fully credited his assertions, and gratified him with three horrid growls upon the name of Martha Hall—for so was the wretched woman called—before his ears grew dull for ever to the sounds of this world. The only person who, at that moment, seemed to doubt his sincerity was the clergyman who attended him;

for the culprit's heart had continued hard and obstinate to the very last, against every exhortation to die in peace with God and with his kind.

But the miserable Martha Hall could gain little from the single doubt of the good priest. It was the crowd, the arbitrary, the inhuman crowd she had to face, and, one and all, they rose up against her. Unnerved and ill after her release from jail, she had sought a squalid lodging in the suburbs of the town in which her paramour suffered death. Half an hour subsequent to his mortal exit, the howl of the people came towards her door; her old landlady thrust her out to them, and she fled through their recoiling masses, stunned with curses, with yells, with hissings and hootings, with blows of offal and of hands. The constables could scarce save her life. Half-clad, faint, weeping, screaming, tottering, they finally succeeded, however, in escorting her beyond the bounds of the town, and then left her panting on the roadside, her back leaning against the fence, and her feet resting in the putrid water at its bottom. Did she find peace here? did any good Samaritan pass that way? No; but some who had seen her in the neighbouring streets did, and, taking the other side of the road, they refrained from heaping more cruelty, more dirt and reviling upon her head, only until they could summon to their aid in the task the fellow-creatures in whose parish she had now dared to set the sole of her foot. And soon the fresh crowd gathered round her; and, amid renewed yellings and blows, she was again hunted, like a mad dog, into another parish, the local officers still scarce able to save

her from perishing under the hands of an indignant Christian community, most of whom went, each sabbath-day, to one place of worship or another, and devoutly listened to the interpretation of the doctrine of Christian charity.

And so, from place to place, wherever she sought a refuge, or a breathing-spot, Martha Hall was pursued. Her name and the curse upon her ran like wildfire before her; so that she was dreaded, and expected, and prepared for, ere she made her appearance in a near town, or village, or hamlet, or parish, and received and welcomed accordingly. Reports of the outrages committed upon her regularly found their way into the newspapers, and thus the more remote haunts of man became acquainted with her "whereabouts;" and people living a hundred miles from the latest scene of her disgrace were able to trace her wretched wanderings, and calculate the likelihood of her shaping her course towards them.

And these were the circumstances which kept up in every mind, long after such a public fever generally abates, the interest of the late murder. At each new account of the expulsion of Martha Hall beyond the new bounds within which she vainly hoped to find an asylum, all the circumstances of the event that led to her persecution became discussed over again, with a vivacity which lost little by the repetition. And, as has been said, the commotion and the dread of her was general throughout the kingdom. But it will readily be concluded that the districts nearest in turn to the fugitive outcast experienced the greatest panic and abhorrence.

We must now visit a remote and thinly inhabited parish in the west of England, of which almost all the inhabitants, at least of the middle and the lower orders, had passed an anxious and idle morning, under the apprehension that their neighbours would send the vagrant within the pale of their jurisdiction. A better illustration of the state of the people's minds can scarce be given, than to notice the fact, that, in expectation of Martha Hall's public entry, mothers, although they flocked towards the public road themselves, left behind them, under lock and key, such of their children as were young enough to be so controlled.

In one only humble house of the parish was the topic of general interest treated as it ought to have been. This was the dwelling of Laurence Hutchins, a man advanced in years, a widower, and, compared with older sojourners or with natives, a stranger. He had come from a distant county, with his wife, a little girl, and an infant son, only some seven or eight years before. Shortly afterwards his wife died, people said of a broken heart, the seeds of which malady she had brought with her to her new residence; and if Laurence Hutchins did not follow her to the grave, it was not that he too seemed not to share the hidden grief of his companion, but that his frame proved stronger than hers, or his mind more resisting, or, perhaps, that Providence had given him the nerve to endure life for the sake of his two orphans. The deepest sorrow, indeed, was fixed in his hard-featured, though not displeasing face; and all his actions, and his whole manner, agreed with its expression. He worked labo-

riously, as a common day-labourer, whenever he could get employment: in his disengaged hours, he dug, or raked, or weeded, or planted, or transplanted in the little garden attached to his solitary cottage; but he made few acquaintances, and no companions: to those who knew most of him, little as that was, he spoke seldom, and never mirthfully: he had no person, male or female, to assist him in the many cares claimed at his hands by his two helpless children: if a visiter dropped in, although Laurence did not demean himself uncouthly, there was no welcome such as might induce a second call: and, to sum up the opinion entertained of him by his surrounding friends, his poor cottage was termed "the sad house," and its master "sad Laurence."

And yet it was in this "sad house" that the expected arrival of Martha Hall within the parish bounds created no indecent commotion. From the time of the first report of the murder, down to the present morning, little Mima, or Jemima Hutchins, now a growing girl of about twelve, observed that her father never bestowed a word on the subject. He had listened, indeed, to the account of it given to the lonely family by a gossiping neighbour; but, when the tale was ended, Laurence only took his hat and spade, and strode heavily into his garden. Mima, however, could not remain ignorant of the tidings which reached her secluded district day after day. If no other person acted as her informant, little brother Dick ran in to her, during her discharge of such household duties as she was now able to undertake, with the free translations of the newspaper, and other anecdotes, supplied to him,

by urchins like himself, on the roadside, or at "the steps," by the brook—a favourite rendezvous of the junior truants of the parish, as it was also the place where the girls of the adjacent cottages went to fill their pitchers for domestic uses.

Nor could Mima help feeling a portion of the excitement created in all around her by the exaggerated stories of the innocence of the executed man, the guilt of Martha Hall, and her flight from parish to parish, from town to town. Although the practical virtues and benevolence taught her by her father, always in act and deed, and sometimes in sound doctrine, hindered the child from fully sharing the thirst of persecution towards the fugitive, so ostentatiously encouraged in themselves and others by the good people who surrounded her, still she imbibed a strong aversion from the object of all hate and all loathing, and felt a surpassing terror of coming in contact with her. These sentiments gained strength in her breast, from the necessity of keeping them to herself, and brooding over the chimeras they engendered; for, though she could not tell precisely why, Mima could not renew the topic with her father, and she had no one else to claim confidence of, except her little brother of seven years, and he was nobody.

The family of "the sad house" sat down to their frugal breakfast. One after another, idlers dropt in to report the news of Martha Hall's approach from the neighbouring parish. Still Laurence Hutchins took no notice. Mima, however, listened eagerly and breathlessly. An additional piece of information did not increase her hap-

piness. The last over-zealous friend who came to unburden himself of his scandal of babbling at Laurence Hutchins's hearth, strongly advised the melancholy man to keep his children within doors, and to stand at his threshold with a bludgeon in his hand, in order to obstruct the probable entry of the vagrant; inasmuch as the brook which ran by the falling ground at the back of his cottage was the boundary of the parish in that direction, and most likely Martha Hall would be driven in amongst them all at that point, or near it; and then she would make for "the steps," and, up them, straight for his house, and so——

Laurence Hutchins again interrupted his obliging orator by putting on his hat and leaving the cottage, his little boy's hand in his, to cut rushes in a neighbouring marsh, for the purpose of making saleable mats of them.

The gossip sat a moment, much offended, opposite to Mima; then, starting at some ominous sound which, he said, reached him from a distance, also arose and left her alone.

Mima sat listening in great fear, more than once inclined to bolt the door and secure herself: but, hearing nothing to suggest immediate danger, and also recollecting that she ought not to barricade her father's house without his permission or advice, she continued fixed upon her stool. Presently she bethought herself of her forenoon duties, and, at a recurrence of the first and most necessary, poor Mima turned pale: it was, to go down the bushy declivity at the back of the cottage, and fill a pitcher of water from the brook at the steps, wherewith to prepare

her father's dinner : the very brook which, in that quarter, ran between her parish and the parish whence the execrated Martha Hall was to be expected ; the very steps up which, in the opinion of their anxious visiter, she would probably escape into new bounds.

At the first view, the child deemed it to be impossible that she could run such a risk : but her father must not be left without his dinner at the usual hour ; her good father, who, when she was a little girl, took care to have hers ready every day. Besides, would he deem her reasons for the omission of her duty sufficient ? From a recollection of his habits of thinking and feeling, she believed not. And finally, after some time had worn away, she knelt down, as she had been taught to do from her infancy, and praying to God to be saved from harm, Mima lifted up her pitcher and took her way to the brook.

There were two distinct descents to "the steps," from the back of the house. At the bottom of the first ran a broad pathway, leading to the marshes whither her father had gone with little Dick to cut rushes. This pathway she gained, stepping firmly, if not courageously, and was mounting over the stile which would usher her upon the first of the rude steps laid down the second descent to the water, when a distant uproar really reached her. She hesitated and stopped. The sounds grew louder. She was turning to race home again. Her father and her little brother appeared coming back from the marsh, having finished their work sooner than she had expected. As they must pass her, she waited for them. Laurence Hutchins expressed some surprise to find her loitering at

the stile. She wept. He looked earnestly into her face, and took her trembling hand as he added—"But I see; you durst not go down to fill your pitcher, Mima, for fear of Martha Hall?"

Fresh tears were shed by Mima, and she could give no other answer. Her father patted her on the head, and continued:—"Trip down to the brook, my maid, however; do your duty, and fear no one: besides, why should you fear this poor woman?"

"I hate her more than I fear her, father!" replied Mima, the sudden liveliness of her manner emulating what she had seen among her Christian neighbours.

"Hate her, Mima, do you?" pursued Laurence. "And who gave you the leave to hate *her*, or any living creature? Not Him who commands us to love all."

"All, father? even the guilty and the bad?"

"All, Mima—even the guilty and the bad. Even them we are to love, though we hate the bad that is in them. But who says that Martha Hall is *so* bad? A judge and jury have believed her innocent of the great crime, at least, laid by less wise people at her door. Go down, my little maid; go down the steps and fill your pitcher; and go with courage. I will not even stay here to give you false heart. You will find me and little Dick in the house."

He fondled and kissed her as he spoke; a rather unusual manifestation of his love, though he was practically an affectionate parent. This, and the reliance placed on her strength of mind, suddenly encouraged Mima; and dashing the tears from her eyes, she trotted down instantly

to the brook's edge; and while Laurence Hutchins and his almost infant son turned away from the stile to pursue the easy path to their house, each carrying his bundle of rushes, she seated herself on the steps, laid her pitcher at her side, crossed her hands on her lap, and unconsciously indulged for an instant the pleasing sensations which had so suddenly taken possession of her breast.

The clamour she had heard at the stile above, although unheeded during her conversation with her father; here came loudly on her ear. From the opposite side of the brook the ground swelled, though not so suddenly as at her own side, and ran for about a quarter of a mile, until it met a high road. It was a succession of stubble-fields. From the high road, at its far edge, Mima heard the uproar. Her eyes eagerly turned in that direction. She was left but a short time in doubt. A crowd broke over the fence of the road into the most remote field, shouting, yelling, groaning, and hissing, and came in almost a straight line towards her. She started up—but a thought of her father kept her stationary. The rabble rout drew nearer; some running on before Martha Hall, others at her side, others pressing upon her from behind; and all—men, women, boys, and young girls—all similarly engaged, pelting her with clods and mud, spitting in her face, cursing her, and hooting her. The thrice unhappy woman was just protected, and no more, from their utmost fury, by two overseers, each of whom held one of her arms as they hurried her along; and by a beadle, who exerted himself to keep off the virtuous viragos, and the

manful husbands and fathers at her back. Exhaustion, terror, almost madness, stamped her ghastly features, her rolling eyes, and her parched and dust-clotted lips; blood stained her forehead; her long black hair streamed around her; her clothes were half torn off; her feet were bare, weather-cracked, and swollen; her step altogether uncertain: indeed, but for the support and tugging of the stout overseers, she must have fallen prostrate among the sharp stubbles. And such was the appearance of Martha Hall in her present plight: and yet more than half of Mima's dislike, remaining after her father's words, was conquered by that appearance. The child, shaping a phantom to suit her prejudices, had fancied the outcast into a personification of something monstrous, ugly, and horrible; now she beheld a woman not more than four or five and twenty, handsome-featured, well-formed, and looking no more like a murderess—and a double murderess and traitress too—than any other comely female she had before seen. Mima only felt that she looked scared almost to death, faint, and most, most wretched; although upon this feeling followed another—that she was barbarously treated.

They brought her to the edge of the brook, a few paces below the steps, on the opposite side. Until now, Mima had thought that she spoke not a word. At this close view, however, it was evident that her lips often moved in an effort to shape words, although her voice was only a hoarse, struggling whisper. Seemingly, she craved mercy—humbly, very humbly. A pause took place. The abhorred vagrant was to be forced across the

shallow water: but how? Her bitterest haters did not appear inclined to wet their shoes, even to satisfy their magnanimity. "In with her! in with her alone!" arose the cry—"in with her! and we shall soon pelt her over to our neighbours!" and they gathered close and clutched her. The overseers resisted a little, as in duty bound. The wretch herself, with clasped hands, bloodshot eyes, bending knees, and cringing body, mutely implored: the next instant, screeching wildly, she was splashing in the water; and the next, stimulated as well by a dread of a shocking death, as by a shower of clods, sods, and stones, she had, with a desperate effort, scrambled across the brook, crawled up its easy bank, and disappeared among the trees and bushes which, at that point, thickly clothed the base of the ascent thence arising towards Laurence Hutchins's house. Shortly afterwards, with a parting yell, her persecutors hurried back to the road from which they had come; the overseers and the beadle slowly followed, and little Mima was left alone on the steps.

Terrified, shocked, and now full of pity rather than of hate, the child dipped her pitcher in the brook, and hastened to her home. Half-way up the steps, groans and hard breathing reached her from a clump of bushes to one side. She leaned, not without awe and some fear still, over the spot. Stretched upon her back, some distance beneath her, she saw Martha Hall. The woman was staring vaguely straight upward—her eyes and those of the child met—she started through her whole frame—her glance became more intelligent—she half arose on her knees, grasped her hands together; and now, in the

deep silence, Mima could distinctly hear her piercing whisper.

"Mercy ! mercy and pity, young girl !—Save me from them, over again ! save me this time, only this time ! Let me have a day—an hour—to breathe ! *Here*—I ask no more than to lie *here*, and of you no more than not to tell them where to find me ! Oh ! my maid, my maid ! take compassion on me ! You are young and innocent, and of *you* I beg some pity !"

"If I am innocent," replied Mima, weeping, "are you as bad as they say ?"

"No !" answered the suppliant, her vehement whisper forcing itself into a wheezing scream—"no ! of blood I am free—I am, I am ! and not for what they lay to my charge do I deserve this ; though I *do* deserve it for great wickedness—for early disobeying and shaming a good father and mother—for sending them upon the world, wanderers, till they have gone I know not where—gone where I cannot find them—where I cannot find them, to lay my head at their blessed feet, and die !—But, hush ! does not some one come ? Oh ! will you, will you promise not to betray me ?"

"No one comes—wait a moment," answered Mima ; and she hurried home, and told her father every word the woman had said. At the last words he seemed suddenly and greatly aroused, looked hard into Mima's face, and said, in a very low voice, "Go back to her, child, and ask her, as she hopes for the mercy of God or men, to tell you her real name and her birthplace : my mind misgives me that the name she bears is not her true one."

Mima, though wondering at the nature of her commission, did as she was commanded ; and, having got the woman's answers, returned to her father, and said—

“ As she hopes for mercy from God or from men, she sends you word that her real name is Mary Ware, and her birthplace a village in Devon.”

“ Ay, Mima ?” questioned the old man, shuddering, while his head drooped, and his eyes fell glaringly on the floor. “ Come here, then, my maid ; come here.” The child went over to him : he took her hand, strove to continue speaking, closed his eyes, and fainted.

His child's cries called back his senses. Summoning up, with a great effort, self-command and presence of mind, his first endeavours were to calm her. When he saw her assured, Laurence Hutchins asked, “ Is there not a cup of elder wine, and a mouthful of meat, since supper last night, Mima ?”

Mima, rapidly answering “ Yes,” went to make hot the elder wine—often the poor cottager's greatest luxury ; and when she had done, she brought it, with a plate of cold meat and bread, to her father.

“ Not for me, my little maid, not for me,” he resumed : “ take it to—*her*—” speaking in a constrained manner, and pointing through the back door ; “ and tell her she is safe for us ; but talk no more with her till you have come back to me.”

Mima returned from her errand, and found her father seated in the same spot, weeping. At her appearance, he strove to hide his tears, beckoning her to him with an extended hand and arm. A second time she came to his

side. He put the arm round her neck, made her stand between his knees, and continued :

“The time has come, Mima. After believing that the offender had suffered for crime committed, I had hoped, mostly for your sake, my maid, that it would never come. But it has; and, because it has, listen to what I have prayed, morning and night, you should die without hearing from a living tongue. Listen to our shame, Mima. Eight years ago, she left her precious mother and myself; left us, after growing up, under our love and care, and in the love and fear of God, into a beautiful creature, the light of our eyes, the pride of our hearts, and the boast of our vain lips. Neither had her mind been neglected; for I was then in what is called a respectable way of life, and had received some education myself, and was therefore doubly able to attend to hers. But she left us, Mima, after being a child to us—and *such* a child!—for seventeen years. I own that her first temptation was not small. The man—the robber—was of rank in the world, young, handsome, and he promised her marriage—a secret marriage—ay, and flattered even her old love for her father and mother by swearing to enable her to raise them above a chance of want all the days of their life.

“So much I have since learned; though it was not from her I learned it—no, nor any thing else; for she would hold no intercourse with me after her elopement. I pursued her. The man’s servants turned me from his door. I wrote to her; she did not answer my letters. Then came the news of his abandoning her; and then a

terrible rumour of—no matter what. I believed in it for some time, because in no other way could I account for her still avoiding us. Well, my maid, you were four years old then ; and when your mother and I looked at you, we said to each other, ‘This child is now our care : let us save her from the curse of her sister’s shame in after life :’ and, with that, we left our native place, ruined in fortune on account of the numb that came over me, and changing our names we settled here. But your mother, Mima, could not bear up against it. She died, you know ; and I was left alone to meet this day.”

“Then, father,” said Mima, pale and trembling, “this woman, Martha Hall—that is, Mary Ware, I mean—”

“She is your sister, my maid. You want to ask why I never mentioned her name before ? why, in fact, I never told you you had a sister ?”

“No, father, no ; I understand why now : you made me understand it when you began to speak. Are you able to come with me to her yet, father, and help her up to the house ?”

He groaned wretchedly, and then said—“I will at least hear her denials more at length of what she spoke of to you, my child. But I must go alone ; and, before I go—” He walked into his little sleeping nook, leaving the sentence unfinished. But Mima knew what he meant, and as she went on her knees was sure that she joined him in prayer. Providence had been preparing some alleviation of misery for both.

The child was disturbed in her innocent devotions by the sound of men’s voices at the back of the house.

Alarmed for her unfortunate sister, she sprang to her feet: her father, also startled, came out of his chamber. The fears of both were not allayed by meeting, on the threshold of the back door, the overseers and the beadle of the next parish, preceded by an elderly person in black, who seemed to be a clergyman. Nor did the question of one of the overseers appear to bode good.

"Have you seen the woman, Martha Hall, pass this way?"

Father and child could not conceal their embarrassment.

"Yes, you have seen her, thank God! for the poor creature's sake," said the clergyman. "Fear nothing, my good people, on account of your Christian act towards her. She has undergone much, oh! much, much wrongfully; but her trials are over, she is proved innocent, and the proof having reached my hands, it became most peculiarly my duty to hasten after her upon her wretched pilgrimage, and save her from future persecution. Tell me, good man, is she not under your protection? in your house? and how has she borne her misfortunes? life not in danger? Where is she? let me see her. Oh, thank God that she is found!"

"Thank God!" repeated the father, and he staggered backward against the wall. Mima flew out of the cottage—he knew where.

"You seem greatly overcome by your first fears for her and yourself, master," continued the clergyman; "but compose yourself, for I assure you again that there is nothing to apprehend."

"And so she is quite, quite innocent of it, sir?" demanded old Ware, grasping the hand which the good priest had kindly laid on his arm.

"You shall hear. You know the whole previous story, of course. You know that the declarations of the real culprit formed the chief grounds for the popular fury against the poor, unhappy, and greatly wronged woman!"

"Poor, unhappy, and greatly wronged woman!" echoed Ware, and then added, "I do know, sir."

The clergyman went on.

"It was I who attended the miserable man in his last moments. I could not credit his assertions for reasons of my own. A subsequent event proved my judgment correct. The clothes of such a wretch as he was became, after death, the property of the almost as depraved being who executes the law's sentence. Weeks after the nominal husband of Martha Hall had expiated his hideous crime, a half-written letter, found in a secret pocket of his coat, was brought to me. It would seem that the murderer had been interrupted, almost in the act of writing it, by the officers who arrested him, and that afterwards it escaped his recollection: but we have proved it to be in his hand. It is addressed to a brother profligate in London, and, although the language is disguised, not only admits his commission of the crime for which he has suffered, but alludes petulantly and savagely to the vain interruptions he had received, during his perpetration of it, from Martha Hall. And now you know all, and will hesitate no longer in introducing me to the poor woman, that I may carry her, if she is able to be moved,

to some asylum where she can be comforted, cherished, and saved in body and in soul."

"This is her asylum while she or I live, sir," answered Ware; "and here, and here alone, she shall be comforted, cherished, and, if we can, saved in body and in soul."

"Your intentions do you honour, my good friend, but, let me ask you, do your circumstances allow you to offer her a home?"

Ware started, looked towards the overseers and the beadle, who stood at some distance, put his lips to the clergyman's ear, and replied—"Let me whisper you, sir. This is her home; and home will be home to her, be it never so homely."

"Walk out with me," resumed the clergyman, much moved. "What am I to understand?" he continued, when they stood alone in the open air: "is she any thing to you?"

"She is my child, sir," answered Ware, as he covered his face with his hands.

A short explanation followed, and they went together in search of Mary Ware. Mima met them at the stile leading down to the brook. She was crying heartily, and yet smiling. Her sister had heard all she could tell. "And she expects you, father," continued Mima: "and oh! pray make haste; for it troubles her so that I fear, I fear!"—

They quickened their steps, Mima running on before them, and disappearing, at the bottom of the steps, into the thicket. When they gained a sight of Mary Ware, her head drooped over her little sister's shoulders, who

knelt beside her, her arms hung helplessly, and her eyes were closed. Her father embraced her before she seemed aware of his presence. At last she opened her eyes and fixed them on his: then a great change took place in her features, and she could no longer support herself on her knees. Evidently, however, she strove to speak, and after much dreadful struggling whispered, "What word, father? what last word from you?"

"God forgive and bless my poor child as I do," answered Ware. Again she made a feeble and useless effort to utter seemingly a joyous and comforting ejaculation. "Come here, sir," resumed the father, addressing the clergyman, who stood apart. "She wants both our help now." The benevolent man understood him, knelt by his side, and prayed aloud. Ware repeated his words, as so did little Mima, though weeping convulsively. Mary seemed for many minutes aware of the sounds they uttered, and her voiceless lips moved too, as if her mind prayed. The father stopped suddenly as her head lay heavier on his shoulder, after a long sigh had escaped her. "She is dead, sir," he said, in an even, solemn tone.

"But saved," replied the clergyman.

"We hope it, sir; and I am not impatient under this ending of all her faults and sufferings. It pleases me better to hold her dead in my arms to-day, than it could have done to have held her alive in them yesterday."

"Let me be your friend," sobbed the clergyman, grasping his hand.

A REQUIEM.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

AUTHOR OF "THE FUNERAL OF TIME," AND OTHER POEMS.

SHE has gone—in the light of her loveliness gone !
As a lark to the skies, she arose from the earth ;
And the hopes that we cherished and dwelt on are wan—
As the deathly despair that reclines on our hearth.
Let us weep ; we have lost what was joy to our eyes :
We have lost what was light—what was life to our
hours,
And the shadows of memory answer with sighs,
When we think on our blossom—our rose among
flowers.

And this Death, who has robbed us—this Death, who
is he ?
That he came when her cheek and her glances were
bright
As the beams of the sun on a tropical sea,
Like a tempest o'ershadowing our morning with night.

Shall we curse him? O no! for she smiled when he
came,
Like a bride, when with blushes she meets the first
kiss
Of the lord that she loves; and she uttered his name
As she faded, her features divine with their bliss.

Who is Death?—There are two! And this one?—It is
God!

He has borne our beloved afar, to a sphere
Where the loveliest of valleys by angels are trod,
And the hymns of the seraphim hallow her ear.
Let us weep; not because she is happier there,
With her eyes making brighter the lustre she sought;
But because we are here, and forbidden to share
In the grandeur, the glory, the bliss she has bought.

NAHANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

How few, in this magnificent world, are awake to the beauties that surround them! It would be almost a fair conclusion, from the listlessness and inanity in which they pass a large portion of their lives, that the majority of mankind never acquire the use of vision. Having eyes, they see not; or, at least, the sense of sight is so perverted in them, that the image of the noblest object loses all its dignity. I have heard Niagara called "*very pretty!*" and the awful brow of Catskill, frowning over many widespread sovereignties, pronounced "*quite agreeable!*"

Such beings are to be pitied, notwithstanding the mortification necessarily felt in acknowledging their fellowship with us in species: they are to be pitied whenever called away from their usual pursuit of fashion, power, or fortune, and thrown upon their own resources. But with those who have been *educated*, and not merely *taught*, there is no such feeling as ennui—no such thing as a weary hour. The earth, the air, the waters, are full of life, and we have but to open our eyes in order to find companions in the desert—friends in the deep forest, by

the lonely shore, or on the wide blue ocean—and, every where, the evidences of an overruling Providence, on which we may fall back for support in the darkest hour of adversity and sorrow.

Come! my young “lord of the creation”—thou for whose especial use this wonderful world, sun, moon, and stars, were made—thou for whom the burning eye of day warms into being all the enamelled flowers, the shrub, the tree, the vine—for whom night rears aloft her jewelled shield that thou and thine may sleep beneath its shadow—Come! Let us ramble an hour by the sea-side!

This is the old and storm-worn promontory of Nahant. Be careful of your footing, for the salt spray and the lichens render the smooth surfaces and angular projections of this rugged trap-rock headland peculiarly treacherous.

How vast—how grand is the scene before you! None are so mentally blind as to gaze, as we now gaze, from the summit where we stand, upon the limitless sea, without emotion. Hark to the booming of breaker after breaker as it dashes against the adamantine coast, driving the dark green water high up the narrow ravines, and scattering the foam-drops round the lofty pinnacle.

Even in calms, when ocean lies smoother than a lake, and the long swell heaves gently, unruffled by a ripple, like the passionless respiration of childhood slumbering, who can look down,—still down into that

“Glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests”—

where vision seems to penetrate unchecked the mystic veil of green, and wearies with the very endlessness of its research,—who can regard it even then without the deepest awe !

Visit it in storms; and, as the blast howls by, mingling its trumpet-peal with the thunder of the billows, look out upon the darkened sea. There, long streaks of dusky froth stream off like banners along its surface, while at your feet the maddened waves toss their white summits high in air.

The harsh grating of the smaller stones and pebbles on the neighbouring beach, as the retreating swell slowly grinds them to nothing, fills up each interval of sterner sounds with the eternal voice of destruction. For even this mountain-mass of solid rock, now jutting boldly forth, far into “the hell of waters,” must yield, in time, to the ceaseless sapping of its liquid foe. Observe yon cliff—barren and lonely—that rises abruptly on our left, its perpendicular sides accessible only to the ocean-birds that swarm around it, and rear their young upon its summit, or by men as wild and almost as proper to the briny plain, who dare the dangerous height to rob them of their eggs. Where now is the vast pile of stone that once connected that island cliff with the mainland shore on which we feel ourselves *secure*? Ground into powder by a thousand storms, and wafted, by contending currents, far away, to form some treacherous shoal or to enlarge the boundaries of some distant island ! But for the novel action of creative power, which rears new mountains in successive ages, and teaches even the worms of ocean to

construct new lands, the beautiful variety of hill and dell, mountain and valley, babbling brook and stately river, would be swept from the face of nature ; and, earth itself reduced by time to one unvaried level, a shoreless ocean would again embrace our orb.

Gazing upon this scene, what think you of the vain and arrogant pretence which claims for man the sovereignty of nature ? *Is it for you* that these wild rocks were formed, and ocean taught to war around their base ? How will you bend these elements to your convenience, or what can man accomplish for humanity upon this barren theatre ? He who has cooled the tropics with the ice of the pole, here lavishes his annual thousands to rear a few poor stunted trees and grape-vines,—defying the salt spray and the eastern gales, in the vain attempt to bring the tropics to the pole !

But all that now surrounds you *is of yesterday*. Think of the convulsive throes which shook these shores before your puny race had being—when these vast piles of granite were heaved from the bosom of the deep ! Red, hot, and hissing, they arose through the broad gaps of overlying strata.—Earth trembled—explosion followed explosion, and wide and far rolled the wild wreaths of vapour, paling the startled heavens as the fiery mass was chilled by the oft-repelled but still returning wave !

“ All living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappeared ! ”

Here was no mere temporary scene of riotous confusion. Mark how the solid granite has been riven, and widely severed by the still raging heat ! Through every

crevice poured new floods of boiling lava!—There stand the jutting veins of trap—stamping in rude and massive characters, on cliff and precipice, the stern records of time's eras. How would you brook—vain child of the day!—the terrors of that age? There is scarcely a yard of rock upon the height, or a pebble on the shore, unmarked by lines of melted matter, foreign to its nature, injected into every crack and crevice by successive earthquakes. The epoch of *the last of these* long antedates your race, and yet that world was peopled. Go blast the strata through which these streams of seething lava forced their way to daylight, and there you find the forms of innumerable beings that sported upon the waves or in the deep, when the dry land was not!

How, then, were all things made for you?—For you, who know not either the beginning or the end? Was this vast alchemy of creation—this beautiful variety of plain and mountain, bay, cove, and headland, designed alone to serve the selfish pleasures or the petty interests of a few presuming emmets, whose united labours for five thousand years have scarcely scratched the surface of the soil from which they sprung?

Leap into yon boiling eddy, and try the mastery of a few summer billows, where the rocks have chafed their spleen. You dare not? Why there, in the very rush of the flood you dread so much, there are swarms of living creatures, so delicate that thousands might perish beneath a single grasp of your hand; yet there they sport and live, supported by a generous Providence, where you, with all your boasted powers, would be tossed like a

feather, and dashed to your destruction ! Let us descend to the shore. Every stone that lies within reach of the tide is covered with the long yellow sea-grass, that crackles under your feet, as the weight explodes the air-bubbles bedded in the leaves, to give them levity for floating, when "the tide is up." On almost every branch you see the little shell-fish, white, striped, black, orange, and yellow, dragging their slimy bodies in pursuit of prey too small for vision. The moisture retained by the weeds suffices for their respiration, till the rising tide again surrounds them with their native element. How carefully, when handled, they fold their mist-like bodies within their tenement, and close the horny door against intrusion !

Turn back one of those masses of pendent weeds, and, on the wet rock beneath, you will perceive a multitude of party-coloured shrimps, all struggling awkwardly for concealment ; for their fins are nearly useless in the dangerous position to which their idleness and want of forethought has condemned them. Among the rest, observe that diminutive crab. The slightest pressure of your finger would annihilate him, yet he advances boldly, with uplifted claws, to the attack—a satire upon chivalry ! There is scarcely a branch or a leaf of that sea-foliage without some living tenant.

Do you notice those rugged little cones, the barnacles, that stud the surface of the stone in broad patches over the base of the precipice ? Each of these is the residence of an insatiably voracious "monster of the minnows,"

with horny jaws and sturdy limbs. He loves not the upper air, and rests within-doors till the flood returns. But come to this little pool, retained in the hollow of the rock. Here you may see his kindred actively engaged beneath the surface. Ten many-jointed arms are thrust rapidly forth into the water, like the fingers of a hand. They grasp, and are withdrawn; and ceaselessly, by day and night, they ply their treacherous game. Whatever lives and comes within their dread embrace is speedily devoured.

Here is a larger and a deeper pool. The sun shines full upon it. Approach it carefully, for beneath its mirror-like surface the sea-anemone—an animated flower—spreads out its hundreds of many-coloured rays. Ah! you are too prompt; your footfall has alarmed it, and now it seems but a piece of shrunken leather.

This pond is full of life; for, many dim transparent masses float, like the finest jelly, through the water. These are medusæ or sea-nettles. You may not lift them now, for they would lose their beauty instantly, when once removed from their appropriate sphere. Exquisite in tint, and beautiful in form, you must come prepared to capture them in some proper vessel, if you would witness their wonderful habits. Then you would see long tendrils pendent from the margin of their globular bodies, more delicate than silk, floating far behind them, and armed with little prickles, or a poisonous juice, in order to benumb the diminutive prey on which they thrive; for even these living jellies are carnivorous!

In yon dark corner of the pool lurks the sluggish, but powerful star-fish; and evil betide the finny wanderer whose youthful indiscretion leads him to repose within the shady nook. Enveloped slowly within the five muscular rays of his enemy, he falls an easy sacrifice. Among the tall sea-grass in the centre of the pond, the paradoxical eurile—the Briareus of the deep—climbs in pursuit of game. With long limbs, branching again and again, like the tendrils of a vine, he twines around and among the tangled stems, and drags his tiny body upward, devouring on his way the animalculæ that swarm upon the leaves. Examine the bottom and the sides of this populous cavity with care, and you will find them crusted over in many places by communities of polypi, with their honeycomb houses, to the number of thousands, ranged side by side as in a city, each with its single tenant; and, from the rock around, the corallines—those animated representatives of plants—supply the place of shrubbery, or imitate the moss and lichens of the forest.

In all the deeper recesses, left approachable by the retreating tide, you will find the larger shell-fish grouped by hundreds in the chinks of rocks, removed from light. But let us cross this little beach, where some chance current has deposited a few feet of sand. Observe how every wave unearths a host of blue, white, and striped bivalves, not larger than melon seed, and with what astonishing activity they bury themselves again, as the reflux leaves them bare. At every tread the little jets of brine shoot up into the air from the collapse of shells beneath the

surface. Observe that long groove in the sand, that leads beyond the recess of the wave. If you are not too fearful of your aristocratical boots, step a few feet beyond the margin. The track terminates in a smooth round dimple. Now plunge your hand some inches into the yielding sand, and you will find the ploughman buried at the end of his furrow. 'Tis a beautiful shell, that follows the tide in its ebb and flow, in order to escape the pressure of too heavy a column of fluid.

Even in the gloom of yonder cave, which the subsiding sea renders accessible, though you might well suppose that the ocean tribes would shun the dangerous retreat whose rocky roof trembles under the blows of heavy breakers at every rising tide, even there you will find the plenitude of life. See you those brownish globes adhering to the walls and floor wherever the irregular surface retains a few feet of water? They resemble so many chestnut-burrs, well soaked and sunken, that some truant schoolboy had entrusted to this covert but faithless retreat, to cheer him on some future stolen holiday. Beware the prickles, and gently raise one from its resting-place. "But it is tied to the rock!" Yes, and you must exert some force before you can detach it. Now you discover that this mere globe of spines is a beautiful and complex animal. From innumerable orifices in its crust-like body, it projects long, misty fibres, armed with little suckers, some of which adhere to your hand while you examine it. Beneath, its mouth presents a set of pearly teeth; and wo to the crab or delicate shell-fish that ven-

tures to repose, even for an instant, within reach of its cobweb snares: this sea-egg, or echinus, will grind its tenements to dust, and subsist upon its flesh. Lay the creature upon the rock for a moment, and you will find that each particular spine subserves the purpose of a leg, or shovel; for, by the motion of these uncouth members, it will push or roll itself slowly towards the sea, and if its route should cross a sandy and a moistened beach, a very few minutes will enable it to sink beyond your reach by the aid of the same most curious apparatus.

These are not the tithe of the animated wonders I could show you, had we time to canvass thoroughly one mile of this rugged coast. How say you now? Can you appropriate to your convenience this multitude of creatures? Are you still of the opinion that all things were made for man? Go, regulate the code by which the wants—the happiness of this vast field of life may be wisely governed! Hold but for a day the reins of the calm and the tempest! Pervert but a raindrop from its destined course, young lord of the creation! and calculate the issue of your agency on millions, formed by the same hand, upheld by the same power, and viewed, each in his sphere, with like protecting interest by the same calm, just, benevolent, and omnipotent Being!

But it is time to be wending homeward. I see those grave professors of a college quitting their game of billiards; that bevy of young fashionables have completed their arrangements for to-morrow's bag-race; and yonder sweet little belle has finished her remonstrance with

mamma against the doctor's order that condemns her to a daily dipping in the "*nasty fishy water*" of the ocean! It must be time for dinner; so, if you prefer romance and eccentricity to the usual *graver and more rational amusements* of a watering-place, we may take, hereafter, another ramble by the sea-side.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAPPY, thrice happy childhood ! The stern lessons of misfortune—lessons which must be learned alike by the wealthy and the penniless—have not yet hardened thee against those common feelings of humanity which should bind into one general family all human kind.

Vain, indeed, would be the labour of the demagogue who should attempt, before an audience of children, to move the hostile feelings of the poor against the rich, or the rich against the poor : the guilelessness of infancy, unwarpd, as yet, by prejudice, and incognizant of the conventional distinctions of society, consulting directly the unerring laws of nature in arriving at its earliest conclusions, would at once confound the wisdom of the selfish, by inquiring, how can the whole be happy when the part is suffering ? “ My head aches, and I cannot work,” exclaims the humble operative ; and all the world acknowledges the justice of this obvious excuse :—“ My hand is injured, and I cannot think for pain,” declares the sage philosopher : will any one dispute the sequence of the argument ? Society is a unit, and the idea of a

really individual interest conflicting with the general good, is as preposterous as the supposition that logic may resist the gout, or poetry indulge its airy dreams uninfluenced by the toothache. Children perceive this truth, but learned preceptors and enlightened legislators are often blind to such conclusions.

Alas! the years are few—very few—during which the mind is allowed to expand upon truly rational principles. Almost from the moment when the infantile lisp has faded from the tongue, the child is taught that where God created one family, man has established many. The urchins whose prosperous position permits them to enjoy the luxury of shoes and stockings, are taught to pity, or, perhaps, despise those less endowed by Providence, whose feet hold more familiar fellowship with mother earth. The lover whose hands are rough with honest labour, is cautioned not “to look beyond his station,” to those maids supremely blessed, who can afford to spend the lifetime of a rational being in idleness and folly. By such means, mankind is divided into groups almost as distinct as those which are determined by variety of species; nor stops the evil here.

“No, no, sir,” says the wealthy parent to the first-born heir of new-fledged family honours, “I will never consent to your union. Poverty engenders vulgar tastes and low desires. I like not unequal matches. Never shall a son of mine be wedded to one who has been dependent on herself for that support which you inherit from your ancestors. Tell me not of virtue in obscurity and self-acquired accomplishments! Marry an operative! De-

generate boy ! If you will wed with poverty, let poverty be your inheritance ! My fortune shall never be expended in fostering such grovelling wishes."

The watchful guardian of a lovely daughter, whose dowry is her beauty and a slender wardrobe, eked out with painful economy, trembles as she observes the winning smile and elegant address of that young exquisite ; tall, polished, graceful, "bearded like the pard ;" not that she dreads the moral degradation which vile associates and fashionable vices have stamped upon his character and features ;—this she regards as trifling ;—but his rent-roll !—"There lies the rub !"

"Says the mother, 'Don't speak to that gentleman, dear ;
His income is only five hundred a year !' "

Hence is derived that ignorance of all that lies beyond the narrow circle of our own associations, which now divides society into a thousand petty groups, each jealous and suspicious of the other, and ever ready to assume a hostile attitude, upon the semblance of a conflict between interests that cannot be dissevered without deep injury to all. Pope has declared,

"The proper study of mankind is *man* ;"

but custom substitutes this paraphrase—the proper study of mankind is *our set*.

Time-honoured England, crowned with the thousand memories of the past—the pioneer of ages—totters towards her fall, borne down by the practical effects of this egre-

gious doctrine. Ending where she began, its influence must speedily reduce her once again to that barbaric combination of serfs and tyrants which she presented in the dark era of baronial power. Columbia! noble offspring of a noble parent, thy fate had been the same, wert thou not guarded by the wisdom of the few who ruled thy destinies in "days that tried men's souls." By the destruction of the right of primogeniture, they converted society into a boiling cauldron, which, by perpetual agitation, diffuses through the mass the seeds of good and evil. With thee, no sediment collects to lie neglected and despised beneath the general wave, for scarcely has the grosser particle approached the bottom of the social basin, than feeling the expanding warmth of wiser institutions, it shoots once more aloft, to lose itself in the transparent purity of the super-stratum. With thee, no froth or foam floats, by specific levity, upon the surface, to glisten in the iridescent sunbeam, concealing with factitious brightness the fluid upon which it is upheld. The occasional bubble that sports its thin pretensions in momentary grandeur, reclaimed by its natural affinity with the mass, soon bursts and disappears.

In such a country how ridiculous appears the struggle for exclusiveness, which cannot last! Its sole effect is but to render individuals miserable without awakening even the sympathy of the happy and ever-prosperous masses. Individual man is nothing in American society, unless we view him as an integral part of that great social leviathan destined to give example to the world, and render cosmopolitan the dogmas of the Benthamite, by

proving beyond dispute, that the greatest good of each is the greatest good of all.

But why these arid disquisitions on political economy in a volume devoted to the dreams of the imagination, and the flowers of poetic feeling? I know not, unless it be that all things bear a moral, and that to be truly beautiful it is necessary to be fit and useful too. Then turn we to our tale.

Amelia Harwood was the child of a wealthy merchant, who had realized a handsome fortune much earlier in life than usual. His father having inherited a large estate from the founder of his house in this young country nearly a century ago, had wisely established his sons in life upon a moderate capital; well knowing that in America the outfit of a merchant is usually sacrificed in the acquisition of the knowledge of affairs required for the conducting of a prosperous business, and that it is the second, not the first career, that makes or mars the prospects of the adventurer in trade.

Agreeably to the anticipations of the experienced old gentleman, the son had failed and sunk the capital with which he entered life; but more happy than many of his compeers, he had established a character in business, and had obtained that most powerful lever of success—a credit. Having been schooled by adversity, and having shown his inherent ability by bearing up manfully against disaster, he fairly won the confidence of his prudent progenitor, and being re-established by his kindness, upon a still more extended scale, his advance towards independence was secure and rapid. At thirty-five, Mr. Harwood retired

from the risks and cares of merchandise, to enjoy an *otium cum dignitate*, and to rear an only daughter upon the income of secure investments.

The mother of Amelia was a fashionable woman, but the world had failed to eradicate from her bosom, as it does from that of many votaries of fashion, the strongest feeling of the feminine heart—the love of offspring; and the child was reared with all the kindness and attention which we witness in the golden mean of life, unfortunately coupled with indulgences which, in that golden mean, are happily interdicted by their great expense. Surrounded by menials whose services anticipated every want, and left without an object in existence save study and amusement, Amelia entered her tenth year, an accomplished but completely etiolated city girl, dependent upon others even for the adjustment of her dress, and the supply of the simplest personal wants. Weakened in health by overstrained precaution and kindness misapplied, she gradually lost the buoyancy so proper to her years, and the fading lustre of her eye was made the plea for the relinquishment of study and seclusion from the very air of heaven.

At length, the inroads of this most unreasonable system, acting on a constitution originally vigorous, induced such serious failing of her health that medical advice was sought, and exercise in the free country air prescribed, in just sufficient time to save from total destruction this victim of the moral and physical evil consequences of fortune.

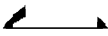
The place selected as the rustic retreat of Amelia was a farm belonging to her father, situated on the banks of

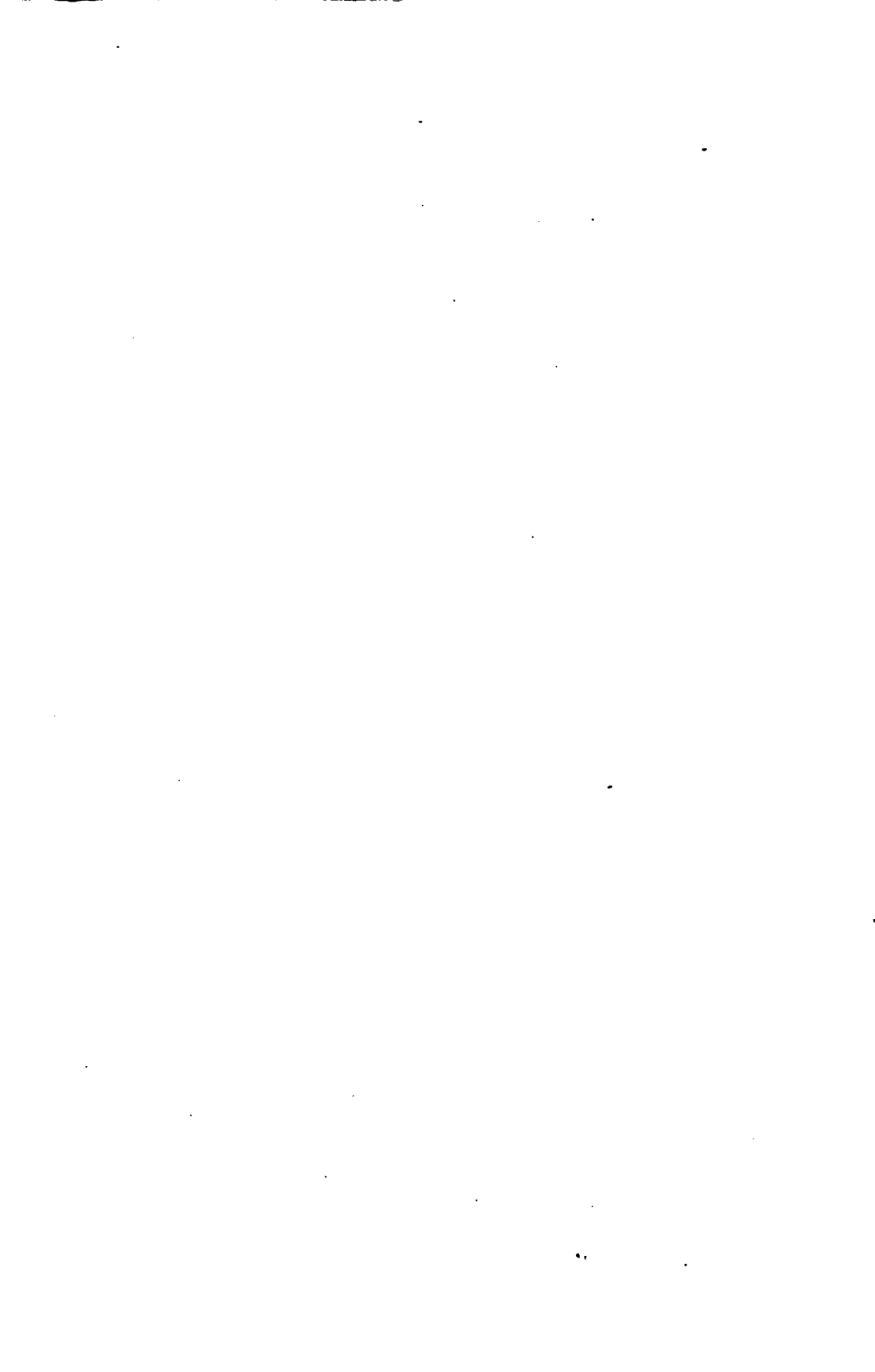
the silvery Susquehanna, near its junction with the darker waters of the Lackawanna, in the historic neighbourhood of Wyoming. A noble old homestead, built soon after the close of the border struggles of that clannish region, and surrounded by gigantic trees, though long deserted, offered, after some repairs, a comfortable home, even to a family accustomed to the luxury of cities; while near at hand, the humble domicile of the tenant who had long and profitably worked the farm on shares, for the benefit of his unknown landlord and himself, peeped modestly forth from a group of flourishing willows.

The first few days of freedom in the country were a rich delight to Amelia. For the first time in her life she began to appreciate the purposes for which she had been provided by nature with independent means of locomotion. Her father was detained in the city by the necessary care of an estate, and the disposition of his property; while a mother, habitually slothful and carelessly indulgent, opposed but feebly the exuberant spirits and fantastic will of the child, who scoured the country-side, leaping the ditches in the meadow, and climbing the fruit trees in the orchard, to the terror of her city nurse, and regularly returned at meal-times, with torn clothes, muddy stockings, and broken shoe-strings, to receive a homily upon proprieties well fitted for an assembly of the refined society at the west end of Chestnut Street, but sounding strangely ludicrous over a plain country dining-table, where pert little sparrows hopped in at the open casement, and disputed with the dog and the cat their share of the falling crumbs.

In all her rambles, Amelia was attended, or rather led, by the daughter of her father's tenant, little Mary Thompson. No stronger contrast in garb and appearance could well exist between companions of the same race and age, than that which was observed between these children, now thrown together amid the beauties of natural scenery and the simplicity of rural life, each anxious to examine the other as a being of a different tribe, with which, from their widely separated stations in society, neither had expected ever to become familiar.

The nut-brown, half-combed, round-limbed, hard-handed, bare-footed, but kind-hearted country maiden had been anticipating for a week—an age in childhood—the visit of the city girl, with a timid curiosity, not very dissimilar from that with which the uninitiated approach some pretty-looking animal in a menagerie, with the properties of whose teeth and claws they have no previous acquaintance. On her first introduction to the parlour of the “mansion house,” under the guidance of her father, she advanced towards the pale and delicate Amelia with a hanging head, and a pair of rich hazel eyes peering furtively upwards from beneath low drooping lids. She started and blushed at the graceful courtesy of her new acquaintance, turned herself obliquely towards the door by which she had entered, and holding out her little hand behind her, offered, with bashful, but scarcely awkward frankness, the simpler pledge of amity with which she was familiar. Amelia took the hand without reserve, for she too was blessed with a disposition naturally amiable; and, reassured by the friendly pressure, the tenant's daughter









Of Emma Riches

ventured another arch, inquiring, sidelong glance at the young lady of the manor. The kindly smile that played upon the pellucid cheek, and glistened in the deep blue, well-like eyes of the heiress, at once engendered confidence, and the ice of an acquaintance was completely broken.

Few moments suffice to ripen an infantile intimacy, where there is congeniality of spirit. No one could look upon the countenance of Mary without perceiving traces of the soul that dwelt within. The evidences of a confiding and affectionate disposition, with natural talent and poetic feeling, were not to be mistaken, though the picture certainly owed little to the framework of rude chestnut locks which fell in wild profusion on her shoulders. Nor was there wanting gracefulness of form and motion to render these high qualities still more attractive, though the clumsy short-gown and coarse homespun petticoat had done their best to cover and conceal all such advantages. Amelia felt this in a moment; for in childhood the perception of character is instinctive, and waits not the tardy steps of reason and experience. Endowed herself with similar qualities, though their external evidences were already in great degree effaced by the polish of a fashionable education, which tends to level all individual distinctions within the petty circle that styles itself "the world," the heiress recognised the claims of natural sympathy, and in her heart the humble dependant of her father assumed immediately the station of a friend.

Confidence being thus at once established between them, the untrained vivacity and exuberant volubility of

the country girl burst forth without restraint. The city belle was turned about and examined in all lights and attitudes with eager curiosity : the plaiting of her auburn hair, the riband-knots that bound it, the texture of the silken cloak,—and much she wondered why a cloak was worn at midsummer,—the wonderful fineness of the muslin frock, the brightness of the glossy belt, and the pearl bracelets that encircled her colourless and translucent wrists ; each in its turn became the subject of an ardent commentary. To the mother, Mrs. Harwood, a woman of the world, these traits of natural vivacity were novel and amusing, and they remained unchecked by her, if not encouraged by that faint shadow of a smile which the high polish of society permits to aristocratic lips. To the daughter, such admiration of familiar things at first appeared astonishing ; for she had ever ranked them among the necessities of life to all who rose above the rank of menials, and even to them on Sabbath days and holidays ; but finding that in this mountain region they constituted real titles of distinction and superiority, she drank in the flattering praise bestowed upon her costume, and repaid it with good feeling, as though it had been bestowed on virtues intrinsically her own.

This scrutiny completed, Mary Thompson began to feel that courtesy required an adequate return for the pleasure she had received ; and, for the first time in her life, she blushed as she thought of her homely garb, and her ignorance of all that is regarded as important in the artificial walks of city life. But she too shone in her department, and it was time that the scholar should

assume the teacher in order to escape a painful sense of inferiority, which would not be assuaged even by the firm determination that she would have her cumbrous locks well-braided on the coming Sunday, and garlanded with love-knots of coloured tape, in place of the natural wild-wood flowers with which she was accustomed, far more fittingly, to dress her hair.

“Come,” she said to Amelia, “I am going to feed the chickens. Do you feed chickens in the city? One old hen has hatched a brood of duck’s eggs, and when the little creatures go into the water, the poor mother goes on as if she were crazy. My mother says it puts her in mind of neighbour Jones, when her daughter went to town to enter service. The old lady was fluttering about the post-office every day, reading the newspapers through and through, advertisements and all, to see if she could find any thing about her Susan; and whenever there was a name on the way-bill of the Swiftsure, marked for Philadelphia, she would put her head into the coach, and say to the passenger, by name, ‘When you get to town, sir, won’t you be kind enough just to inquire how my Susan is getting on, and tell her to write me a letter?’ Then I’ve a pet lamb, too, that comes to the table every morning and evening, stands on a chair by my side at the table, and eats bread and milk out of a bowl. Then there’s the colt and the calf. Did you ever see a colt? He will eat salt out of your hand, he is so tame; but you must take care of the mare—she kicks. Then there’s the litter of pigs in the lane, playing and dancing like so

many children—and the geese in the meadow—and the pigeons at the barn, and the tame robin in the garden. Come, come!—You don't know how many things I have to show you." And away tripped the young couple, like a brace of swallows, darting from one bright object to another, all novel to the citizen. Here poor Mary's self-esteem was fully re-established; for Amelia was now the pupil; trained in the school of art, her ignorance of nature was profound enough to give to her companion the full advantage of superior knowledge.

For a few days, Amelia was involved in a continual round of amusement. Every thing about her was new to her experience; her mind and body were in a constant state of healthful excitement; her cheek began to wear a bloom, and the delicate contour of her person assumed, without the loss of grace, that firmness and muscularity which gives promise of endurance. But the feeding of chickens and the superintendence of ducks and geese require the stimulus of a sense of duty to render them sources of permanent gratification. To Mary, these cares were a portion of the allotted business of life; they were associated with the consciousness of grave responsibility, and brought with them the never-failing reward of useful labour, conscientiously performed. To Amelia, on the contrary, they were the mere pastime of the hour; and, like all other sports, soon wearied by their sameness. She gradually grew listless and prone to solitude and reverie. She was tired of merely *seeing*, and sighed for something to *do*. At length she began to regret even the irksome

labours and jealous rivalry of the school-room, which had filled so many hours of every day, within the close walls of her city home.

In her most moody moments she became prone to fly even the society of the tenant's daughter, and usually retreated to the shade of a beautiful beech-tree, by the river-side, to watch, in a dreamy half-consciousness, the whirling eddies forming and disappearing beneath the bank, and the gambols of the finny tribe, bounding to seize the active water-beetles, as they played their sunset game of tag upon the surface of a little cove, spread like a mirror in waveless smoothness at her feet.

One evening, as the sun descended, and paved with purple and crimson gems a broad pathway across the waters, she was joined by Mary, as she sat gazing at the gorgeous and ever-varying tints of earth and wave and sky, while day sank slowly into twilight.

"Why have you spent your time so much alone for the past week?" said the little barefooted maiden. "Have I said any thing to make you angry?"

"No, no," replied her city friend; "but, somehow, I feel as if I were of no use in the world. I have nothing to do; and when I look at the sunlight on the water, stretching like a bridge of diamonds and rubies and sapphires, and looking as if you could walk on it all the way to those golden islands in the clouds, I sometimes feel as if I should like to die, and go to live in such an airy land as we see floating now around the setting sun. Do you ever read poetry, Mary? Did you ever read Moore's Poems?"

Poor Mary blushed as she answered, "I have never learned to read!"

"Not learned to read?" said Amelia. "How could your father so neglect your education? Then you never read a novel or a tale? You never saw the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, nor the *Scottish Chiefs*, nor the *Arabian Nights*? Poor child! How have you ever managed to kill time till now? So you are ten years old and never read a novel!"

"I have always desired very much to learn to read," she replied,—her cheek still tingling with a sense of shame, coupled with some slight pique—"but my father says that he never knew any good to come of teaching farmers' girls to read and write. There was Jane Peters, she went to boarding-school, away off in York State, and came back so proud and conceited that the whole country laughed at her. Besides, she was for ever playing upon the piano, and refused to milk the cows or to look after the poultry: so every thing went behindhand on the farm from the time her mother died; and her father sold out and went to the back-woods in Ohio.

"Then, there was Sarah Lindsay. She was a beautiful child, and every body loved her. Her parents came from Connecticut, so they sent her back to the old colony to be educated: but when she returned she would do nothing but lie abed all day, reading novels; and every vacation, for two or three years, a tall young student from college came regularly on Sunday to the village church, with a Spanish cloak and a gold watch-chain, that must have cost a mint of money. No one knew what he came for;

but two or three times, of moonlight nights, the boys returning from the mill, met Sarah and the stranger walking arm-in-arm through the grove down by the pond, or sitting together on the green bank of the head-race, singing and looking at the stars. At last some one told Mr. Lindsay of this; then there was a terrible quarrel at the farmhouse, and the student never came again. But, would you believe it, Amelia! in about a week, Sarah was gone too. We never saw her again, but the neighbours say she was very, very wicked, and died at last by her own hand, far away from all that knew her. My father loved Mr. Lindsay, and often at nightfall he goes to the old churchyard down by the school-house, where Sarah's parents both were buried about a year after she left her home. When he comes back from these visits, he always mutters terrible things against schoolmasters and colleges; says the business of the poor is to work, and not to read, and declares that no child of his shall ever climb the school-house steps to learn wickedness, and go to ruin, like Sarah Lindsay, and bring the gray hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave. So you see, Amelia, that I shall never be allowed to learn to read any better than I now do; for I can spell out a chapter in the Bible, and find the day of the month in the almanac. That much I have learned from my mother, who was brought up, she says, before there were any schools in the part of the country from which she came, and learned her letters when she was a little girl, from a travelling Methodist preacher, who stayed three weeks at her father's house, and left them a Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress, when

he went away. These and the almanacs and newspaper are all the reading that I ever met with ; so, Amelia, I have never read Moore's Poems, though I have heard Willie Wilson, the Scotch nurseryman's son, singing many little songs, which he says were written by Moore and Burns : and often they make me cry, and sometimes they make me laugh ; but they never make me want to die and go to live in the clouds," she added archly, "for what would then become of the chickens, and old Muley, that won't let any body milk her but me, and my little pet lamb that eats out of my own plate at supper? Do you think learning is such a very bad thing that it would make every body naughty or unhappy? Or is it only that the people that teach it do not know how to teach it the right way? But good-by, Amelia; I must run and feed the pigs." And away went the little barefooted maiden, laughing and happy, leaving the melancholy heiress to her musings.

The twilight was rapidly spreading its gray mantle over the scene; and as the city belle arose to retrace her steps to the mansion-house, she sighed and exclaimed, "Poor little Mary! She knows not how miserable she is for want of education." In the mean time, the object of her charitable sympathy, having completed the labours of the day, and finished her homely supper, retired to her early couch; and as she drew the patchwork coverlet about her neck, she smilingly ejaculated, "I too can look upon the evening sky, and draw pictures in the clouds. I too can listen to the voice of the wind in the trees, and dream of the good spirits that nestle among the leaves or

float upon the sunbeams as they break through the boughs, with wings too thin to be seen, and bodies that will not stop the light, but merely flutter like butterflies across the narrow openings between the twigs, and make the rays to dance and sparkle upon the withered leaves below, by their light passing shadows. I cannot say these things in rhyme, like a girl that has had schooling, but I can feel them though, even if they do not make me wish to die. Poor Amelia! With all her learning, she knows not how wretched she is, because she is too rich to work!" And the little brown maiden slept that night as sweetly upon her mat of straw, as the heiress of the manor upon her bed of down.

Next day, the hour of noon found Amelia once more reclining beneath her favourite tree, cooling her parched lips with an occasional grape from her beautiful filigree basket. In an adjoining field the cradlers were at work upon the golden rye, and little barefooted Mary was distinctly seen among the female group that followed on the footsteps of the sturdy harvestmen, regardless of the stubble, to bind the gracefully nodding sheaves. The heiress mused upon the strange distinctions of society.

"Yet she seems happy,"—thus ran the reverie of the infantile philosopher,—"but it is only because she knows not the delights of a more cultivated taste. She cannot enjoy, because she cannot understand, the harmony of music. A simple melody may move the deepest feelings of her heart, but the concord of sweet sounds would seem to her as nothing but unmeaning noise. She can admire a glaring tulip or gaudy peony, and loves the odour of a

rose, but tramples on the exquisite anemone, or the delicious pyrola, and calls it nothing but a weed, because it is a wild flower, and blooms naturally in the woods, without requiring that labour of the hand that seems to her the only source of value. It is strange; for she is a wild flower herself, and beautiful and sweet. They say that many wild flowers will grow double in a garden, and then outshine the richest cultivated plants. And why should she not shine by cultivation too? *If I were poor*, I would devote every leisure moment to reading and the improvement of my mind, that when I had laid up a little money, and could change my homespun dress for something decent, I might not feel ashamed when I met with others who had been brought up with better prospects. Then, perhaps, instead of marrying some rude, rough, awkward countryman, who could converse on nothing but his pigs and cattle, I might become the wife of some young merchant, and grow rich, and live in town, and have servants around me, and have nothing to do but enjoy myself, as I mean to do. Now, why cannot Mary save money, buy good clothes, learn to read and write, and by-and-by marry a gentleman, and be fashionable, like the rest of us?"

Amelia's countenance brightened as this picture of advancement for her friend became dilated before her; but in a few minutes a cloud of doubt began to spread itself over her features. Her eye settled into an expression of deep abstraction, and, after a long pause, she mentally continued: "But, then, Mary is so happy already; and my father says that it is wrong to teach the poor; because it makes them long to rise to a rank in

the world that they can never reach ; and renders them unhappy, quarrelsome, and presuming. He says that the poor would never be enemies of the rich, if the schools, and the busy-bodies who are always talking about philanthropy, did not unsettle their minds and make them discontented. And, at last, am I happy? I am tired of music, and botany, and history, and French, and mathematics ; but Mary is never tired of her pet lamb and her chickens. It is very strange ! One wants something else besides learning. I wish I had something to do, and have half a mind to run over and help them in the harvest-field."

Meanwhile the notes of a distant horn swept over the valley, lingering and dying away along the mountain-side. The cradlers and binders left their work, and, retiring to the shade of a row of locust-trees that skirted one side of the field, proceeded to enjoy the noonday lunch. Little Mary, the Hebe of the party, plied busily with her clean, bright tin kettle, between the harvesters and the cool spring that supplied them with as genuine nectar as ever cheered the senate of the gods, contentedly snatching her share of bread and cheese between these journeys. At length, the humble repast was finished, and the sturdy labourers lay stretched supine along the grass, beneath the trees, to take their brief repose ; while many of the females, less fatigued by their lighter share in the business of the day, sauntered away from the group and engaged themselves in gathering into shocks the sheaves of grain that still lay spread about the field.

The little brown maiden, being too young to yield

effectual assistance in this operation, trotted off merrily, with her kettle, to a rustic seat beside the spring, ready at call to bring additional supplies. Incapable of idleness, she was amusing herself by gathering in her lap and binding into tiny sheaves the stalks of rye that still lay strewn about her, when her eye accidentally rested on the figure of the heiress, reclining in melancholy reverie against the trunk of her favourite tree.

“Poor girl! How lonely she seems,” said the kind-hearted gleaner. “I begin to think that my father must be right when he says that learning only makes fools of us, and that the true way to be happy is to work, work, work! When I come home tired in the evening, after singing and toiling all day long, I can eat my bread and milk, and take a seat at the door to see the sun go down, like a bird going to roost, in its nest of bright red clouds, and feel so very, very happy, only because I live in such a beautiful world, because I have milked the cows, and fed the poultry, and churned the butter for father’s breakfast, and have been of some use to myself and to others: but little Amelia has nothing to do all day but to read and to think; and yet only last night, when she saw the bright sunshine on the river, and the waves dancing and sparkling, instead of feeling happy, she said she wished to die. How dreadful it must be to think that, day after day, you eat and drink and sleep, and that nothing in the world would be the worse if you had slept all the time. Now, if I were rich, or, like Amelia, the daughter of a rich man, I would save up all my spending-money, and instead of buying shawls, and scarfs, and satin cloaks, to

keep me warm in summer-time, I would buy me a little farm, with a house and a garden and some bee-hives; and when I got married, I would not marry one of those strange ugly-looking creatures with great beards on their upper lips, that I saw in the magazine at the minister's, but I would have a man that could handle a plough and a cradle; and when my friends from the city came to see me, I would give them cream of my own milking, and fruit of my own raising, and peas and beans of my own planting, and radishes of my own weeding, and every thing comfortable that I had a right to be proud of, because I had tended it myself." Pleased with her day-dream, Mary felt real pity for the unfortunate creature who appeared so wretched for the want of wants, and so sadly ignorant of the luxury of labour. But presently she also felt that there was something wanting to the perfection of her scheme, and her glance became almost sad as she murmured, unconsciously, "Yet I felt ashamed when Amelia asked me if I had read Moore's Poems, and I feel more ashamed when she tells me all about the little weeds that grow by the school-house path, and the snails that crawl in mud along the river-side, and about how the moon makes the tides, and the planets whirl round the sun. Surely one may work and be happy, and yet find time to know something about every thing they see around them. God made all these things, and how can it make the poor discontented to know how kind God is to the meanest things? Nor can it make them proud to know how grand, above all that they can reach or understand, is the little that we can see of his greater works:

and Amelia says all these things are to be learned in books. I have half a mind to learn to read without letting father know any thing about it, and then I could go to the circulating library in the village, and get all the beautiful novels and stories of which Amelia talks so much. Then what would Jane Peters and Susan Williams say, when they found that I had taught myself more than the schoolmaster taught them last winter? Father says that 'the only wit and learning worth a having are mother-wit and self-taught learning!'" But the speculations of the little rustic were here cut short by the music of the hones, as the practised hands of the harvesters beat their tattoo upon the cradle-blades; and, hastily filling her kettle, she tripped away to give them a last fresh draught from the fountain, before their stalwart arms and many-fingered engines swept once more in the golden-crested ranks of standing corn.

Alas for the tardiness of the schoolmaster! These children, each reasoning with the unprejudiced judgment but limited experience of childhood, had reached the very verge of a discovery—had almost seized a principle upon which depends the happiness of mankind under the only rational system of social rule admissible in a community approaching towards the highest stage of civilization—a republican government. Yet in the attempt to apply their half-developed ideas to practice, each plunged into absurdity.

The heiress would have elevated the operative in the social scale, by mental cultivation, merely to plunge her into the polished folly of fashionable life,—a vortex in

which all truly noble feeling dies, where knowledge becomes the slave of the meanest and most near-sighted ambition, where science, like an infant, spends its time in blowing bubbles, and philosophy, a dotard, pokes the parlour fire and reads deep wisdom in the dying embers.

The rustic would have relieved the *ennui* of a life of useless luxury—a synonyme of fashion—by labour, which is the only currency made bankable at the counter of Hygiene—(Excuse mercantile phrase! I speak to those who comprehend *the dollar*—the *summum bonum*, and great end of life.) She wished to dissipate the *tedium vite* by domestic cares,—which really exercise the faculties of mind—and by responsibility—which calls forth the moral virtues and fits the earthly wanderer for the higher social intercourse of heaven; but, ignorant of the richer harvests of the intellect, her thoughts were centred on the soil. While her little friend sighed for a vapoury but sensual existence in the clouds, her thoughts were bent upon a more substantial though not less sensual career upon the duller earth; or, if the claims of learning crossed the field of her imagination, for an instant, they were regarded as mere questions of amusement or the gratification of vanity, apart from serious business or duty. The parents of these children, like parents in general, when placed in the extreme positions of the social grade,—the circles of the capitalist and operative,—could boast of more experience, it is true: those of the heiress had discovered—bitterly discovered—that to be rich is not necessarily to be happy; while those of the rustic had observed that the honours of a college are no sufficient

proof of wisdom or respectability: but wedded by habit to the prejudices of their several ranks, their judgment was contracted as experience widened; and, like the travellers in the fable, disputing about the colour of the chameleon, their partial views of truth served only to give plausibility to error. But Providence, the natural guardian of fools and children, had yet in store for our young heroines some deeper lessons, when age should bring them forward on the stage of life as active agents in those scenes which now they gazed upon, in half-enlightened wonder, through the loop-holes of the lobby.

Here I must drop the regular connexion of our narrative, and rest contented with a hasty sketch of a few incidents developed in the course of many years of time, which bear upon the moral of our story. The limits of the "Leaflets," fortunately, perhaps, will not admit of biographical detail.

The close companionship of four long summer months could hardly fail to bring about some thrilling incidents and hairbreadth escapes, in the amusements of our two discreet young hoidens (for example is contagious, and all the staid advice of Mrs. Harwood could not prevent her daughter from becoming, as her strength increased, almost as great a romp as was her country friend). Among these incidents were two of such a character as to superadd upon the natural attachment springing from juvenile association, a deeper and more lasting feeling of mutual gratitude for benefits received; a feeling which extended even to the parents, and produced community of sympathy between those who regarded each other,

however erroneously, as hostile at all points in personal interests—the employed and the employer. On one of these occasions, Amelia had wandered from the farm-yard where Mary was assisting to milk the cows. She had climbed, without attracting attention, the bars which led into an adjoining field. Her mother had bestowed upon her, that very morning, an elegant crimson scarf, just received from the city, and proud of the gaudy bauble, she could not resist the temptation to display it before the wondering eyes of the dairy-maid and the farmer's wife. A very few minutes elapsed before a loud roar was heard from the field behind the barn.

“What is the matter with Brindle this evening?” said Mrs. Thompson, quietly; but amid the din, Mary distinguished the sound of a distant shriek. Her eye ran rapidly round the yard in search of her young playmate; but she was gone! Instantly, the active child sprang over the bars at a bound. A single glance sufficed to show the terror-stricken Amelia flying towards a brook of considerable depth that crossed a corner of the field, while close upon her, tearing the earth with hoof and horn, with fiery eyes and foaming mouth, rushed an infuriated bull.

The knowledge of the habits of the animal, while it explained to Mary the nature and extent of danger to her friend, enabled her to plan and execute a rescue. Shouting at the pitch of her voice, “Run, run, Amelia! fly to me! this way! this way!” she sprang towards a stout young apple tree, that stood to the right of the course pursued by the mad animal, about half way between the fugitive and

her deliverer. Turning instinctively towards human aid, Amelia instantly obeyed; and by this sudden doubling on her track, some little space was gained; for cattle, when in full career, are unable readily to change their course. This slight advantage saved Amelia; she passed the tree and joined her friend, when the bull, renewing his pursuit, was still some ten feet distant. Nothing daunted by the roar of the approaching brute, Mary cried out once more, "Run, run for the bars," and snatching from Amelia's shoulders the crimson scarf that proved the cause of so much danger, she waved it full before the monster's eyes. Instantly the creature turned upon the noble girl, who stood firm, though panting and out of breath, until the bull, in the very act of his final assault, closed his eyes for the coming blow. Then, dexterously entangling the long scarf about his horns, she darted instantly aside, and flying for the tree, laid hold of its lowest branch, and sprang, half leaping and half climbing, among its foliage. After a few moments spent in trampling and tossing the bright object of his now harmless rage, the bull stopped short, and turned to seek another foe; when Mary, with a presence of mind beyond her years, diverted his attention to herself by tauntingly imitating his roar, and thus enabled Amelia, exhausted as she was by fright, to reach and leap the fence. Nature then gave way in the revulsion that follows all terrible excitements, and crying, "Mary! save her! save her!" she sank fainting in the arms of Mrs. Harwood. Man and dog were soon in requisition, and the little prisoner in the tree was speedily released; but

not until the angry monarch of the herd lay prostrate on the turf, with the sharp fangs of a stout mastiff deeply buried in his muzzle.

It is a strange, but well-established law of our nature, that benefits admitting no equivalent return are dangerous to friendship; but, within a month of this occurrence, Amelia enjoyed an opportunity of reciprocating to the fullest extent the generous devotion of her rustic friend. The children were fishing by the side of the Lackawanna, in a beautiful grove, half a mile from home. They had ventured out upon the trunk of a fallen tree, whose gigantic limbs were partly buried in the sandy bottom of the rapid current, and partly rose above the surface, still bearing upon their lesser branches a few scattered leaves. The mossy bark was partially decayed and rendered slippery by a recent shower of rain; and, in the act of casting her line, Mary lost her balance, and was precipitated into the stream, where the water was far beyond her depth. Buoyed up by her clothing for a time, she seized upon a slender twig that dipped into the current from the extremity of a limb, projecting nearly ten feet from the body of the tree; and there she clung convulsively for life, while the force of the stream and the elasticity of the branch alternately submerged and raised her to the surface. It was evident that a few minutes would suffice to exhaust the strength of the unfortunate child. Assistance was not to be procured; but Amelia felt that to desert in this extremity the child who had so nobly saved her from a still more dreadful death, would be the basest of ingratitude. Young as she was, she had been

instructed by the best of private teachers in the elements of physics, and during the vacations she had acquired a knowledge of the most familiar plants that ornament the American forest. Her invention sharpened by necessity, she hastened to the land, and finding in the woods a vigorous young *ampelopsis*, the finest of our native vines, she tore away some thirty feet of the parent stem, with its collateral branches. She dragged it to the shore, and bound its flexible shoots around a laurel bush that overhung the stream, by the side of the prostrate trunk. Then snatching up a block of refuse pine—of which many of all sizes, from a neighbouring saw-mill, lay stranded on the beach—she seized the stem of the creeper, and walking out upon the fallen tree until she reached the spot where Mary lost her footing, she boldly leaped into the flood. The success of the experiment was complete. The block of pine fulfilled the purpose of a life-preserver, and bore her safely to her friend. The action of the stream upon both the children, after she had caught the drowning girl in her arms, sufficed to break the twig which had performed its providential service, and the friendly vine being put upon the stretch, the current gently wafted them to land.

These mutual services naturally engendered a friendship that bore down the prejudice of caste, and long resisted the surer influence of time. Even the practised coldness of the worldly Mrs. Harwood yielded to the deep maternal tenderness and the thrilling sensation of maternal pride awakened by the generous nobility of these mere infants, so differently situated in the scale of

social rank, as if to prove that, though "Nature herself is an aristocrat," she utterly despises the landmarks of conventional distinction. When, as the autumn approached, the daughter begged permission to invite her friend to pass the winter with them in the city, it was not without a struggle and a tear that the mother was driven to the following confession :

"My dear Amelia, I grant that we owe to Mary a double debt of gratitude which can never be repaid : first, for your life, my darling, which, under Providence, is due to her ; and next, for that which is, if possible, more grateful to my feelings—the proof of your own worth, my brave, my generous child ! But truth, however painful, should not be suppressed. We are slaves, Amelia, in the midst of our pride and high pretension. We are members of a circle in which custom and opinion rule with the sway of tyrants. A fashionable life is but one long continued struggle to appear what we are not—to suppress all real feeling and emotion, and conform to an ideal model of which no one can declare the author ;—a model, variable as the winds of heaven, and to the full as lawless. It is the business of our lives *to seem*. *To be the thing we seem is dangerous, if not fatal!* With us, to be natural is to be ridiculous, and frankness is the height of folly. Would you subject your friend, to whom you owe so much, to this ordeal ? Our language would be unintelligible to her ; she would mistake our words by giving them their real meaning, and her literal good sense would stamp her as an imbecile ; her genuine feelings would be regarded as an offensive affectation ; her candour as an

insolent presumption. Her dress and manner, unsuited to our sphere, would render her the butt of every polished coxcomb. Jibe and jeer, *bon-mot*, and epigram,—encouraged by her artless absence of suspicion—would burst upon her startled senses in the end; and the insulted girl would fly with bleeding heart to seek the shelter of that calm obscurity from which our most mistaken gratitude had forced her. But I forget! You are too young to understand this bitter picture. I was thinking of young women—not of children. Suffice it, dear, to say, she is not of our set, and cannot move among us. Remember her with kindness, and show her any favours that you please; but you were born to higher destinies, and cannot make yourself the permanent associate of our tenant's daughter." Such is the wild confusion of ideas that pervades that narrow circle *soi-disant* the world.

Years passed; and each of our heroines had married in her appropriate sphere. The intercourse for a time maintained between them, by the annual interchange of presents,—often valuable on the part of the heiress, and always practically useful on that of her country correspondent,—was permitted to decline, when the spirit that rules the destiny of woman began to exercise its despotic and exclusive sway in either bosom. Their correspondence was not of that unguarded, confidential character so usual with those whom the world regards as equals; and, neither having indulged the other with a diary of the affections, the change of names occurring upon marriage had put a natural period to all knowledge of each other,

even from the rumours which faintly echo from the mountains to the metropolis.

Much to the astonishment of Mr. Thompson, the death of Mr. Harwood, which occurred about ten years after the commencement of our tale, was followed by a notice that the estate upon the Lackawanna was offered for sale, on a given day, by the executors of the deceased. The revulsions of the financial world,—which periodically ruin nine-tenths of those who, having inherited or realized great wealth in this mercantile country, blindly devote themselves to the enjoyments or display to which a mis-directed education is sure to tempt them,—were things as much beyond the comprehension of the simple farmer as they are usually beyond the calculations of those who should be wiser.

His only effort to relieve the tears with which his daughter received this indirect assurance of the altered fortunes of her former friend, the heiress, was an unusually virulent invective against the evils inseparable from “larnin’;” winding up with the accustomed climax, “I always told you that no good would come of it.” Meanwhile the tenant, by steady industry and close frugality, had realized some thousands of available savings; and Mary having married the son of a thriving agriculturist from the lower end of the valley, the father and son-in-law combined their means, and purchased the estate. Within three years of this event, Mr. Thompson also died, and the tenant’s daughter became the wife of the proprietor.

About this time, a novel source of wealth began to attract attention towards the Lackawanna. Men in

broadcloth coats, with amply furnished purses, came sauntering up the stream, or lounging on Sunday into the little church; and curiosity was soon awake to discover the intention of these unusual apparitions. They were watched, and to the astonishment of the rustic population, they were seen on week-days wandering up the mountain-sides, singly, in guarded solitude, tearing up stones, and musing by the hour over strange-looking pebbles. They treasured with singular care rude fragments of broken rock; and when the chances of a roving life brought them in contact with the professional hunter, or the settler seeking his lost cows in the depth of the forest, they asked a multitude of silly questions about the trending of the mountains between the Susquehanna and the Lehigh or the Delaware, the depth of the water in "the creek," and the height of the different rapids in the river.

"What can all this mean?" said Mary to Mr. Wilson, —for such was the cognomen of him whom she had chosen for her partner in the toils of life.

"I cannot tell!" he replied. "The schoolmaster only laughs when I ask him, and the minister looks wise, and tells me not to trouble myself with the things of time. Dick Peters says there must be gold in the hills, and these old fellows must have got on the trail; but Dick has no more learning than myself, so I don't think much of his notion. One thing I do know, however, and that is: iron is more useful than gold; and if all the Nanticoke, and the Quakake to boot, was made up of gold, that would not raise another ton of timothy on my meadows.

I broke my coulter this morning, and must go to the blacksmith's. How comes on the dairy, Mary? Little Tom is big enough now to look after the poultry, and if I were you, I would make him useful, and then you would not have to rise so early and work so hard as you now must. What have we to do with the fools that go gold-hunting up the mountain?"

But in the course of two or three years, another mystery engrossed the attention of the neighbourhood. Some of the best lawyers in Wilkesbarre became suddenly enamoured of gunning and fishing. They left their offices in town, and went trouting up the little streams, and pheasant-shooting in the woods. They stopped at log-cabins, petted the little dirty-faced, barefooted urchins, and asked the mothers for pie and milk with as much deference and courtesy as if they were addressing the lady presidentess. Some mischief was certainly brewing! Before long the awakened suspicions of the lesser proprietors were aroused to a degree bordering upon positive alarm. Neighbour Dodge and neighbour Ellsworth had sold their rocky, mountain acres, for as high a price as would have purchased the best bottom on the river, and Peter Bartlett, the shoemaker, had swapped with the skinflint Squire Gapple, his five acres of sand-bank in the swamp at the mouth of the creek, for ten good acres of corn-land! There was an armistice for the time in the business of trading—pen-knives went unsharpened, and shingles unwhittled; for barren and wilderness had changed prices with the richest cultivated tracts. Soon, all refused to sell, because none could judge of value.

Another year rolled by, and Mr. Wilson, sadly puzzled with the signs of the times, was wandering, one day, by the side of the brook behind the barn, when, to his utter astonishment, he observed a large party of men deliberately trampling a broad path through the tall grass of his meadow. They carried with them many singular instruments of large dimensions, and several long poles, surmounted by what might perhaps be designed for targets. Marksmen are favourites in all wild countries, and find impunity for many licenses; but the rage of Mr. Wilson knew no bounds, when in the midst of unintelligible apparatus, he perceived a veritable and indubitable surveyor's compass, and a couple of active urchins carrying the chain. Flying to the mansion-house, he seized his rifle, and ran towards the intruders. As soon as he arrived within hailing distance of the group, he called out, at the pitch of his voice, "Halloo there, you scoundrels! what are you doing in my meadow!"

A venerable individual, who still retained the firm step of vigorous manhood and the eagle glance of youth, coupled with the dignity and gravity of age, stepped slowly towards the farmer.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Wilson?" said he.

"Pleasure or no pleasure, my name is Wilson; this is my meadow, and I order you to leave it this instant."

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Wilson. Had I been sufficiently careful, I should have recognised your line, and should then have called upon you to explain our purpose, before proceeding to perform my duty."

"Duty! what duty have you upon my land? My line was nothing to you! You know that, whoever the meadow belonged to, it was none of yours; so the sooner you are off with your surveying tools, the better it will be for you. I do not carry this shooting-iron for nothing, I can tell you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Wilson; I am here by the authority of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to take a *reconnaissance* of the neighbourhood of the Lackawanna, with a view to perfect the public works of the state. I have my authority in my pocket, if you wish to examine the law. Should you receive any damage, sir, in the prosecution of this business, you have your legal remedy; but as it is obvious to me that public or private interests will require the extension of a collateral canal along the waters of this stream, within three years at farthest, it is most probable that you will find the value of your property considerably enhanced by this proceeding. You must be aware that the spirit of speculation is already rife in your vicinity.—James, direct the boys to hurry forward with the chain."

Mr. Wilson was completely overcome with astonishment. The coolness of this address, however unintelligible to his untutored mind, convinced him that the proceedings of the engineer must certainly be warranted by law. If the bold farmer stood in awe of any earthly thing, that thing was litigation; and, after a deep reverie of twenty minutes, he turned and rushed into the house.

"Saddle the bay colt this instant!" he cried, to one of the farm servants; and, turning to his startled wife, he

added, "Ask me no questions, Mary ; I will be at home by midnight. Bring me a ten dollar bill from the drawer of the old desk !" And, in a few moments, he was dashing at full gallop down the stream.

Mr. Keen, a distinguished member of the Wilkesbarre bar, was disturbed in the midst of a title-deed by a wild-looking, hatless individual bursting violently into his office, about three hours after the saddling of the mare. The intruder flung a ten dollar bill upon the table before the lawyer, and seizing a chair, threw himself furiously into it, sitting bolt upright, on the opposite side of the table, with arms akimbo, hair entangled by the wind, and eyes that seemed on fire ; but not a word escaped him.

"A retaining fee, I presume, Mr. Wilson," said the gentlemanly counsel, with his blandest smile, while folding and depositing the note. "How can I serve you, sir?"

"What right," said the farmer, abruptly, "what right, sir, has the commonwealth of Pennsylvania to meddle with my private property? That is what I want to know."

"The state," said Mr. Keen, "can tax your property, and may collect the taxes. That is the price you pay her for protecting you and yours. She may take a portion of your property for highways, or for certain other ends, when the good of the community demands it, returning you such compensation for the damage as a jury of your countrymen thinks reasonable. This is a right inherent in society ; for no man owns his own so abso-

lutely as to trench upon the rights of all; and it is by the general will—which regulates the laws binding all members of society—that what is called his own is his. There was a time when all things were in common, and— But, perhaps, Mr. Wilson, it would tend to expedite business, were you to explain the particular trespass which you think has been committed in the name of the commonwealth.”

The source of his ill-temper was speedily made known by the irritated client, and the statement was concluded with the query, “Now, sir, in this free country, am I obliged to submit to such impertinence,—to let my land be surveyed and taken from me without my own consent?”

“I am sorry to say, there is no remedy: the public right cannot be questioned. But, perhaps, what seems to you so great an outrage may prove at last a blessing. How much did you pay for your three hundred acres?”

“I bought it for four thousand dollars; but what has that to do with the maintaining of my rights?”

“The engineers appear to incommode you very much. I have a capital farm near the Quakake, which, if you purchase it, will place you far beyond the reach of any canal, and will produce more grain than yours. You shall have it for eight dollars an acre. Will you sell, Mr. Wilson, and remove beyond annoyances?”

“I told you that I paid four thousand dollars for my farm, Mr. Keen. I have improved it, and I love it; I married my wife on it, and I would not part with it for six!”

"And so the engineer gave it as his serious opinion that public or private interests would require a canal through your plantation within some three years from the present time?"

"He did, sir."

"Then *I* will give you *seven*."

Much mollified by this assurance, for it is always flattering to find our persons or our property in high esteem with others, the farmer mildly replied, "I will not change my home!"

"And if you value my opinion, rest assured," said the learned counsel, "you should continue in that determination. It appears that the visit of the engineer has rendered you a thousand dollars richer, and I doubt not that the canal will double the value of your farm: then what cause have you for complaint?"

"I am no man of learning, Mr. Keen, but I am not to be persuaded that a canal will make my acres grow more grain. I may be richer for a year or two, while the speculation lasts, and people want what they cannot use; but as I am not inclined to sell, my boy will be the poorer when the speculation stops."

"True! The canal may not increase your crop, but it will make you a home-market for your grain. The thousands of labourers will want bread; and they must pay for it."

"Yes, sir; but that will soon be over, too."

"Then send your grain to Philadelphia or Baltimore, and sell it for five dollars per barrel, where you now have three."

“ And pay four dollars for the wagoning ?”

“ When the canal is completed to tide-water, you can send it to either place for one.”

“ Completed to tide-water ! How are they to cross the mountains ?”

“ Riddle them !”

“ How will they get past the rapids ?”

“ Dam them !”

“ How will they go through the rocks ?”

“ Blast them !”

“ And do you believe that these things can be done ?”

“ I thoroughly believe that you will sell a barrel of flour at five dollars in Kingston, because it will command six in Philadelphia ; and yet, sir, I believe that the time will come when your boy will rent the farm and buy the whole of its produce, because he will realize more money from the coal dug from the mountain-side, than he can make by tillage. And now that I reflect, you hold, I think, a hundred acres of barren upland on the hill that almost overhangs the Lackawanna ; the coal crops out in a thick stratum on that land, about five miles above the farm ; is it not so ?”

“ It is. I bought it for the timber, and paid two hundred dollars.”

“ You may have seen a sporting gentleman last year, who wandered round your neighbourhood, on foot, carrying a knapsack and a splendid rifle. He had a strange propensity to pick up little flowers, and sometimes stuck a bug or two, with pins, upon his hat. He carried a stone-hammer at his girdle, and wore a diamond breast-

pin. The people thought him crazy. Surely, you remember him?"

"Ay, that I do! He petted little Tom, and gave my wife a span-new golden finger-ring, because she would not charge him for some pie and milk."

"Well! He would like to buy that land."

"I tell you, once for all, I do not wish to sell. I made my settlement for good or ill; and calculate to leave my son possessed of every acre. I would not sell that miserable upland for less than a thousand dollars!"

"You are well known as a man who never flies from a determination, Mr. Wilson, and I do not dream of trying to persuade you to a change of purpose; but suppose that you should find some silly fellow to offer you that price. You would not bar your son of such an offer: you would accept it, would you not?"

"To be sure I would! Do you take *me* for an idiot?"

"It is a bargain, Mr. Wilson!"

The farmer rose abruptly, and his retreat was scarcely more deliberate than his entry. "Mary," he exclaimed, when, after a hard gallop of three hours, he found his wife anxiously awaiting his return at the door of the mansion-house, "Mary, I have been cheated. I knew I should be cheated if ever I ventured within the doors of a lawyer; and I have sold the upland for a thousand dollars! Your poor father was all wrong, depend upon it; and there is no getting along without learning, at last—at least not now-a-days. Tom shall go to school tomorrow, and to college as soon as he is old enough. My

head aches with all I have heard ; the world is turned topsy-turvy, and the gentlemen stone-breakers are going to make the Susquehanna run up hill ! Come, let us go to bed !”

“ Time rolls its ceaseless course !”

And Tom has been to college ! He has returned to his duties in the country ; for Tom is now a fine young man. The canal is finished, and flour is carried to the Atlantic border for a freight of one dollar per barrel. Old Mr. Wilson is living on his income, and it is an ample one. The farm is cut up into little fields and garden-plots. It is studded with cottages and shanties, and the rents are regularly paid, for the country is prosperous. But Tom is not an agriculturist : he is a thriving miner ; and the produce of three hundred acres would prove no longer equal to the wants of his numerous operatives, and his teams of mules and horses.

“ Thomas,” said Mary to her son, one day, “ it is time that you were married.”

“ Very true, good mother ! So I think myself ; but where am I to find a suitable companion ? The lasses of the country-side are amiable and sweet, but they are not educated. They *talk* and *chatter* prettily, but they cannot *converse*. How should I pass my evenings with a wife who could not understand me when I spoke ? I care not for their homespun dress, but, mother, taste is taste ; and I have seen so much of elegance of carriage and deportment, that awkwardness of gait and the grotesque embar-

rassment which makes the head hang down, the ankles interfere, and the poor twirling thumbs half crazy with the doubt where they shall hide themselves, because a whiskered and moustachoed fop of a sub-engineer chances to turn his eye-glass on them—these things would render me most sadly nervous. It is dangerous when the manners of the wife are mortifying to the husband.”

“Alas! I know too well that what you say is true, my child; for often, now that we are rich, I feel how out of place I am when thrown into the company of those who have been always rich. Your grandfather was wrong to lecture me so much about the evil consequences of learning. When little Amelia Harwood was here, while we were children and good friends, I might have learned a world of things from her that would have been of use to me through life; but I only pitied her because she could not work. I sometimes think that even you may be brought to despise your parents, because they are so ignorant, and the thought almost breaks my heart!”

“Nay, nay, dear mother! The love we bear our parents is born and grows with us, and time and circumstance can never weaken it; but the love that comes to us in manhood needs careful nursing. It will not bear rough usage from the object of affection, however lightly it may feel the blasts of fortune. In a wife, not only reason, but the feelings, tastes, and even the caprices must be satisfied; and the last are frequently the most exacting. I could endure a fault of temper better than a clumsy walk, and even ugliness of feature might be well forgotten in the music of the voice, provided it discoursed

grammatically. Mother, no man appreciates more than I the virtues of the humblest, for I have hourly proof of them among my people ; but I cannot wed with awkward ignorance, even if its soul were stolen from the angels !”

“Then, why not go to town and choose a wife?”

“And bring into this happy circle the deeper ignorance of polished life ; to see kid slippers treading muddy roads, and costly silks entangled in the briars ; to prop a thatched-roof cottage upon Corinthian columns, and hear what, most of all things, I admire—worth flourishing in spite of opportunity—despised by that which I am bound to love ; to hear misplaced contempt requited by a sneer, yet see the sneerer vainly imitating the follies—not the virtues—of the proud insulter. No, mother ! No city wife for me, unless I live in cities ! I never knew an educated woman who was wise until the character was tempered by misfortune.”

“Heigh-ho ! I fear that you will never marry, Thomas !” And Tom received the augury with a smile.

Not long after the conversation just narrated, Mr. Keen suddenly made his appearance at the mansion-house.

“I have come, my dear Mrs. Wilson, to propose an arrangement that I think will promote the comfort of your family by extending your circle of agreeable society without in any degree interfering with your domestic arrangements. There is now at my house in Wilkes-barre a singularly interesting lady, somewhat past middle life, with an accomplished daughter in delicate health. She comes introduced to me by a valued friend of the highest standing in Philadelphia ; and her history is this :

“Her father was a man of considerable wealth, and in the days of their prosperity, she married a young gentleman of great promise and no mean estate, but extravagant in his habits. At one of those moments of mad speculation, which periodically ruin the prospects of so many of our wealthiest men, the father was induced to change the investment of his funds, and risk his all upon an operation at the West, of vast extent. The issue was unfortunate:—he lost his all. This sad reverse proved overpowering to his somewhat feeble constitution, and a fever supervening, he shortly left the world. The private letter which communicates these facts does not inform me of the maiden name of my present interesting guest, but that which she assumed upon her marriage is Johnson. Her father-in-law I knew, and have transacted business for him. He left a handsome property, but the expenses of his son, the husband of my guest, exceeded the income of his share of the estate, after the ruin of the prospects of the wife; and, by a culpable extravagance, his affairs became inextricably involved about three years ago; so, to prevent all accidents in conversation which might otherwise occur between you, should my little plan receive your approbation, it is proper I should mention the suspicion that his own hand effected his release from those mortifications which his false pride and fashionable morals rendered him incapable of meeting like a man.

“The daughter of Mrs. Johnson was then just fifteen years of age. Poor girl! She had received all those advantages which wealth commands, and well it was, both for her mother and herself, that she possessed them.

Upon the settlement of the estate, the creditors, with an unusual share of generosity, excited chiefly by the deep respect in which the public held the memory of the father of my guest, allowed the widow a life-annuity of three hundred dollars. This, which is sufficient for a subsistence in the country, upon a narrow scale, proved much too limited in town for those who had no practical knowledge of economical arrangements; and with a noble and self-sacrificing spirit, the daughter bent all her energies to the enlargement of the mother's means. Music and embroidery were her resources; and through the summer heat and winter storms she plied the humble task of teaching, bearing, without complaint, the neglect of former friends, and all the rudeness that besets the path of unprotected virtue in a capital. Compelled to wander homeward unattended, and frequently at night, when fashionable puppyism is free to outrage the feeble with its polished cowardice and unmanly meanness, her health gave way beneath the physical and moral evils that surrounded her. Her medical adviser prescribed the country air; but still she struggled on, rather than drag her mother from those scenes which had become endeared to her by sorrow. At length an insult in the public street, from an associate of happier days, who failed to recognise her in her humbler garb, filled up the measure of her cup of wo; and wounded pride induced a fit of illness, which rendered change of scene imperative. Her mother says that early recollections endear to her the scenery of this valley, and she comes to seek retirement for herself, and health for a child whose loveliness makes me more sadly to regret that I am childless. Now, my dear madam, I chanced

to learn this morning from your late tenant of the old farm-cottage, that those premises were vacant. It struck me instantly that the beautiful willow grove and the neat little garden would form a most appropriate retreat for these two almost broken-hearted strangers, and I also thought that their society might prove a solace to yourself and an advantage to your son, who often speaks of his regret that business removes him from the pleasures of refined society. Shall my guests possess the cottage? I am instructed to guarantee the rent, and see the sufferers comfortably provided."

As in duty bound, Mary retired to canvass the proposal with her husband and her son. The former gave consent at once, for the security was ample; but the latter was delighted.

"Take care, mother! A lady of eighteen!" said he, "one that has known refinement, and been tempered by misfortune! Affairs look rather dangerous."

Three days sufficed to place the cottage in condition to receive its inmates; for Mr. Keen had spared no pains in furnishing the rooms, and Tom—he scarce knew why—had thoroughly arranged the garden and the grounds. His eye sparkled with unwonted pleasure, when, on the evening of the second day, a piano and a harp, together with a library, selected with the judgment of a scholar and the taste of a refined critic, displayed themselves within the little parlour.

Next morning all was expectation at the mansion-house, and even the proprietor felt something of the enthusiasm of his son, as the hour drew nigh for the arrival of his tenants. At length the coach drew up before the

door, and Mr. Keen, with courtesy and deference, proceeded to hand forth two ladies deeply veiled. As they entered the hall, the elder female trembled violently; she grasped her daughter's arm convulsively, and some minutes elapsed before they drew aside their veils. The observers stood surprised, but properly respected the deep emotion which they could not understand. The elder lady then exposed her features with an effort, and the younger followed the example. On the instant, the mistress of the mansion sprang to embrace the daughter.

"Good heavens!—Miss Harwood!—Amelia Harwood!" she exclaimed. Then starting back with a look of terror, she added, in a hollow voice, "'Tis forty years!—forty long years!—I had forgotten all!" And, turning to the mother, she met her wondering gaze with a bewildered stare that lasted many moments. "'Tis she! 'tis she herself!" And the cry came as one sound from both. Amelia and Mary fell on each other's necks and wept.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course!"

The cottage was converted into a summer-house. The remains of an elegant noonday repast of highly cultivated fruits stood on a marble table in the centre of the wide apartment. An elderly lady reposed in a magnificent rocking-chair at one end of the tessellated area; a second, of similar age, was seated by her side upon a rustic couch; two noble-looking individuals, approaching middle life, reclined upon a sofa near the table, and a brace of lovely children were gambolling at their feet.

"I believe, my dearest Alice," said the gentleman, "that my mother has at last relinquished her antipathy to learning, for she objects no longer to our private teachers, provided little Willie spends an hour a day in weeding out the garden, while Julia helps to wash the breakfast things and picks and shells the peas. She even praises pictures and tolerates the dance?"

"And my own dear mamma," replied the lady, "will now acknowledge that literature and science avail but little, unless reduced to practical utility. She has become an advocate for the respectability of labour, and thinks no longer that wealth is chiefly valuable as a means of fashion, and learning a convenience for pastime or display."

"How singular have been the changes of this united family," remarked the occupant of the rustic couch, "as it has passed from wealth to poverty—from poverty to wealth."

"By no means singular, dear Mrs. Wilson," said her venerable companion. "Such is the fate of every family in this happy land, whose institutions render utterly impossible all permanent distinctions of social rank. These changes may not always be completed within the experience of a single generation, but they will surely come; and those who feel the natural sympathy for offspring and posterity must legislate to meet a destiny that cannot be avoided."

"Although it is evident that the European law of primogeniture inevitably tends to the creation of a race of tyrants and a race of serfs, and merges the experiment of government in eventual anarchy and bloodshed; yet

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still, it seems to me," rejoined the gentleman, "that where, as in your case, the parents have been made familiar with the extremes of wealth and poverty, it seems, I say, that they should be able to devise some scheme of education which might render the comfort and respectability of families perpetual, at least within the golden mean of social life."

"That would be possible, undoubtedly," returned the former speaker, "were we permitted to commingle as we should, in rational and Christian charity, with every grade in life; but hitherto the genuine spirit of republicanism has penetrated no other institution than the common school, and, possibly, the Quaker church. We have no common school for adult children, and the ignorance of general human nature is not less gross among the rich and highly taught, than with the poor and the uncultivated. I fear that the results of such experience as mine, my children, are ever purely personal, and not to be transmitted as an heir-loom. If, then, a weak old woman,—old in years and thought,—one who has seen and suffered much,—may be permitted to resolve a problem but half-digested by the wisest statesmen, I would bequeath to my beloved country, as the surest practicable means of giving to her social system its highest excellence, and to her institutions the most enduring permanence, this simple regulation :

"Let the rich be educated with the certainty that they are destined to be poor:—the poor, with the assurance that they must be ultimately rich."

TO THE DEPARTED.

THOU art gone to another sphere :
The woes that crush us here
 Are for ever passed from thee ;
But thy spirit still hovers o'er
The one beloved before.
 Still, thou art all to me,
 Lost love !—to me.

Though the days of my youth be fled,
And young Hope chilled and dead,
 O'er the waves of passion's tide,
Fast driving before the gale,
With shattered helm and sail,
 Thou art my light !—my guide !—
 My buried bride !

Like a star on a gloomy night,
Still shining clear and bright
 O'er a dark and stormy sea—
Like the glow of the vernal beam
Upon some frozen stream,
 Cometh thy love to me—
 Dear shade !—to me.





C. M. 1810

THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHY move ye thus in pageantry of wo,—
Ye whose fierce thunder shook the startled earth—
Ye setters up, and pullers down of kings?
Why droops the Gallic eagle? Wherefore furled
The hundred banners of a hundred fields—
Fate's meteors glaring through the clouds of war,
Blasting the nations with their lurid glow?
A hundred legions bow the plumed head,
The swarming millions hushed in silence stand,
While, in long train, the filing steeds pass by,
Clad in the spectral livery of the dead.
Behold the bier! On a triumphal car,
Gem-decked, and loaded with superfluous gold,
Comes all that was the ruler of mankind.
Simoom of victory—dread scourge of Heaven—
Slave of ambition—prisoner of the world—
France, twice a traitor to thy broken shield,
Now deems it glory to receive thy bones
From the proud island jailor whose vile chain
Fretted thy eagle heart, until it burst
Against the rock-bars of thy ocean cage!

Yet it is just ! Thou that didst sport with thrones,
Kings sport with thee,—but tremble as they play !

And they would build for thee an idle tomb ;
And carve thy deeds upon the crumbling stone ;
Thou that hast stamped thy foot-prints on the Alps !
Lion of cities ! Thou whose dreaded name
Filled, as a trumpet-blast, the spacious earth !
Could they not leave thee lonely in thy pride ?
Lonely as was thy soul should be thy rest ;
Hard as thy purposes, thy flinty bed !
Thy schemes were boundless as the boundless sea :
Rocked by the earthquake on thy wave-girt cliff,
The eternal billows roaring in thy ear—
Thy storm-nursed spirit found a welcome home.
There, with the flashing waters raving round
The desert rock and lightning-riven peak,
Stood the sole monument befitting thee !

THE DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Chi dice mal d'amore
Dice una falsità !

ITALIAN SONG.

THE time of the occurrence of the little legend about to be narrated, was that of the commencement of the reign of Henry IV. of France, whose accession and conversion, while they brought peace to the kingdom whose throne he ascended, were inadequate to heal the deep wounds mutually inflicted by the inimical parties. Private feuds, and the memory of mortal injuries, existed between those now apparently united ; and often did the hands that had clasped each other in seeming friendly greeting, involuntarily, as the grasp was released, clasp the dagger's hilt, as fitter spokesman to their passions than the words of courtesy that had just fallen from their lips. Many of the fiercer Catholics retreated to their distant provinces ; and while they concealed in solitude their rankling discontent, not less keenly did they long for the day when they might show it openly.

In a large and fortified chateau built on a rugged steep

overlooking the Loire, not far from the town of Nantes, dwelt the last of her race and the heiress of their fortunes, the young and beautiful Countess de Villeneuve. She had spent the preceding year in complete solitude in her secluded abode; and the mourning she wore for a father and two brothers, the victims of the civil wars, was a graceful and good reason why she did not appear at court, and mingle with its festivities. But the orphan countess inherited a high name and broad lands; and it was soon signified to her that the king, her guardian, desired that she should bestow them, together with her hand, upon some noble whose birth and accomplishments should entitle him to the gift. Constance, in reply, expressed her intention of taking vows, and retiring to a convent. The king earnestly and resolutely forbade this act, believing such an idea to be the result of sensibility overwrought by sorrow, and relying on the hope that, after a time, the genial spirit of youth would break through this cloud.

A year passed, and still the countess persisted; and at last Henry, unwilling to exercise compulsion—desirous, too, of judging for himself of the motives that led one so beautiful, young, and gifted with fortune's favours, to desire to bury herself in a cloister—announced his intention, now that the period of her mourning was expired, of visiting her chateau; and if he brought not with him, the monarch said, inducement sufficient to change her design, he would yield his consent to its fulfilment.

Many a sad hour had Constance passed—many a day of tears, and many a night of restless misery. She had

closed her gates against every visitant; and, like the Lady Olivia in "Twelfth Night," vowed herself to loneliness and weeping. Mistress of herself, she easily silenced the entreaties and remonstrances of underlings, and nursed her grief as it had been the thing she loved. Yet it was too keen, too bitter, too burning, to be a favoured guest. In fact, Constance, young, ardent, and vivacious, battled with it, struggled, and longed to cast it off; but all that was joyful in itself, or fair in outward show, only served to renew it; and she could best support the burden of her sorrow with patience, when, yielding to it, it oppressed but did not torture her.

Constance had left the castle to wander in the neighbouring grounds. Lofty and extensive as were the apartments of her abode, she felt pent up within their walls, beneath their fretted roofs. The clear sky, the spreading uplands, the antique wood, associated to her with every dear recollection of her past life, enticed her to spend hours and days beneath their leafy coverts. The motion and change eternally working, as the wind stirred among the boughs, or the journeying sun rained its beams through them, soothed and called her out of that dull sorrow which clutched her heart with so unrelenting a pang beneath her castle roof.

There was one spot on the verge of the well-wooded park, one nook of ground, whence she could discern the country extended beyond, yet which was in itself thick-set with tall umbrageous trees—a spot which she had forsworn, yet whither unconsciously her steps for ever

tended, and where now again, for the twentieth time that day, she had unaware found herself. She sat upon a grassy mound, and looked wistfully on the flowers she had herself planted to adorn the verdurous recess—to her the temple of memory and love. She held the letter from the king which was the parent to her of so much despair. Dejection sat upon her features, and her gentle heart asked fate why, so young, unprotected, and forsaken, she should have to struggle with this new form of wretchedness.

“I but ask,” she thought, “to live in my father’s halls—in the spot familiar to my infancy—to water with my frequent tears the graves of those I loved; and here in these woods, where such a mad dream of happiness was mine, to celebrate for ever the obsequies of Hope!”

A rustling among the boughs now met her ear—her heart beat quick—all again was still. “Foolish girl!” she half muttered: “dupe of thine own passionate fancy: because here we met; because seated here I have expected, and sounds like these have announced, his dear approach; so now every covey as it stirs, and every bird as it awakens silence, speaks of him. O Gaspar!—mine once—never again will this beloved spot be made glad by thee—never more!”

Again the bushes were stirred, and footsteps were heard in the brake. She rose; her heart beat high: it must be that silly Manon, with her impertinent entreaties for her to return. But the steps were firmer and slower than would be those of her waiting-woman; and now emerging

from the shade, she too plainly discovered the intruder. Her first impulse was to fly :—but once again to see him—to hear his voice :—once again before she placed eternal vows between them, to stand together, and find the wide chasm filled which absence had made, could not injure the dead, and would soften the fatal sorrow that made her cheek so pale.

And now he was before her the same beloved one with whom she had exchanged vows of constancy. He, like her, seemed sad, nor could she resist the imploring glance that entreated her for one moment to remain.

“I come, lady,” said the young knight, “without a hope to bend your inflexible will. I come but once again to see you, and to bid you farewell before I depart for the Holy Land. I come to beseech you not to immure yourself in the dark cloister to avoid one as hateful as myself: one you will never see more. Whether I die or live in Palestine, France and I are parted for ever !”

“Palestine !” said Constance ; “that were fearful, were it true ; but King Henry will never so lose his favourite cavalier. The throne you helped to build, you still will guard. Nay, as I ever had power over thought of thine, go not to Palestine.”

“One word of yours could detain me—one smile—Constance—” and the youthful lover knelt before her ; but her harsher purpose was recalled by the image once so dear and familiar, now so strange and so forbidden.

“Linger no longer here !” she cried. “No smile, no word of mine will ever again be yours. Why are you here—here, where the spirits of the dead wander, and,

claiming these shades as their own, curse the false girl who permits their murderer to disturb their sacred repose?"

"When love was young and you were kind," replied the young knight, "you taught me to thread the intricacies of these woods—you welcomed me to this dear spot, where once you vowed to be my own—even beneath these ancient trees."

"A wicked sin it was," said Constance, "to unbar my father's doors to the son of his enemy, and dearly is it punished!"

The young knight gained courage as she spoke; yet he dared not move, lest she, who every instant appeared ready to take to flight, should be startled from her momentary tranquillity; but he slowly replied:—"Those were happy days, Constance, full of terror and deep joy, when evening brought me to your feet; and while hate and vengeance were as its atmosphere to yonder frowning castle, this leafy, starlit bower was the shrine of love."

"*Happy?*—miserable days!" echoed Constance; "when I imagined good could arise from failing in my duty, and that disobedience would be rewarded of God. Speak not of love, Gaspar!—a sea of blood divides us for ever! Approach me not! The dead and the beloved stand even now between us: their pale shadows warn me of my fault, and menace me for listening to their murderer."

"That am not I!" exclaimed the youth. "Behold, Constance, we are each the last of our race. Death has dealt cruelly with us, and we are alone. It was not so when first we loved—when parent, kinsman, brother,

nay, my own mother, breathed curses on the house of Villeneuve; and in spite of all I blessed it. I saw thee, my lovely one, and blessed it. The God of peace planted love in our hearts, and with mystery and secrecy we met during many a summer night in the moonlit dells; and when daylight was abroad, in this sweet recess we fled to avoid its scrutiny, and here, even here, where now I kneel in supplication, we both knelt and made our vows. Shall they be broken?"

Constance wept as her lover recalled the images of happy hours. "Never," she exclaimed, "O never! Thou knowest, or wilt soon know, Gaspar, the faith and resolves of one who dare not be yours. Was it for us to talk of love and happiness, when war, and hate, and blood were raging around? The fleeting flowers our young hands strewed were trampled by the deadly encounter of mortal foes. By your father's hand mine died; and little boots it to know whether, as my brother swore, and you deny, your hand did or did not deal the blow that destroyed him. You fought among those by whom he died. Say no more—no other word: it is impiety towards the unrepining dead to hear you. Go, Gaspar: forget me. Under the chivalrous and gallant Henry your career may be glorious; and many a fair girl will listen, as once I did, to your vows, and be made happy by them. Farewell! May the Virgin bless you! In my cell and cloister-home I will not forget the best Christian lesson—to pray for our enemies. Gaspar, farewell!"

She glided hastily from the bower: with swift steps she threaded the glade and sought the castle. Once

within the seclusion of her own apartment she gave way to the burst of grief that tore her gentle bosom like a tempest; for hers was that worst sorrow which taints past joys, making remorse wait upon the memory of bliss, and linking love and fancied guilt in such fearful society as that of the tyrant when he bound a living body to a corpse. Suddenly a thought darted into her mind. At first she rejected it as puerile and superstitious; but it would not be driven away. She called hastily for her attendant. "Manon," she said, "didst thou ever sleep on St. Catherine's couch?"

Manon crossed herself. "Heaven forefend! None ever did, since I was born, but two; one fell into the Loire and was drowned; the other only looked upon the narrow bed, and returned to her own home without a word. It is an awful place; and if the votary have not led a pious and good life, wo betide the hour when she rests her head on the holy stone!"

Constance crossed herself also. "As for our lives, it is only through our Lord and the blessed saints that we can any of us hope for righteousness. I will sleep on that couch to-morrow night!"

"Dear, my lady! and the king arrives to-morrow."

"The more need that I resolve. It cannot be that misery so intense should dwell in any heart, and no cure be found. I had hoped to be the bringer of peace to our houses; and is the good work to be for me a crown of thorns? Heaven shall direct me. I will rest to-morrow night on St. Catherine's bed: and if, as I have heard, the saint deigns to direct her votaries in dreams, I will be

guided by her; and believing that I act according to the dictates of Heaven, I shall feel resigned even to the worst."

The king was on his way to Nantes from Paris, and he slept on this night at a castle but a few miles distant. Before dawn a young cavalier was introduced into his chamber. The knight had a serious, nay, a sad aspect; and all beautiful as he was in feature and limb, looked way-worn and haggard. He stood silent in Henry's presence, who, alert and gay, turned his lively blue eyes upon his guest, saying gently, "So thou foundest her obdurate, Gaspar?"

"I found her resolved on our mutual misery. Alas! my liege, it is not, credit me, the least of my grief, that Constance sacrifices her own happiness when she destroys mine."

"And thou believest that she will say nay to the gail-lard chevalier whom we ourselves present to her?"

"Oh! my liege, think not that thought! it cannot be. My heart deeply, most deeply, thanks you for your generous condescension. But she whom her lover's voice in solitude—whose entreaties, when memory and seclusion aided the spell—could not persuade, will resist even your majesty's commands. She is bent upon entering a cloister; and I, so please you, will now take my leave:—I am henceforth a soldier of the cross, and will die in Palestine."

"Gaspar," said the monarch, "I know woman better than thou. It is not by submission nor tearful plaints

she is to be won. The death of her relatives naturally sits heavy at the young countess's heart; and nourishing in solitude her regret and her repentance, she fancies that Heaven itself forbids your union. Let the voice of the world reach her—the voice of earthly power and earthly kindness—the one commanding, the other pleading, and both finding response in her own heart—and by my fay and the Holy Cross, she will be yours. Let our plan still hold. And now to horse: the morning wears, and the sun is risen.”

The king arrived at the bishop's palace, and proceeded forthwith to mass in the cathedral. A sumptuous dinner succeeded, and it was afternoon before the monarch proceeded through the town beside the Loire to where, a little above Nantes, the Chateau Villeneuve was situated. The young countess received him at the gate. Henry looked in vain for the cheek blanched by misery, the aspect of downcast despair which he had been taught to expect. Her cheek was flushed, her manner animated, her voice scarce tremulous. “She loves him not,” thought Henry, “or already her heart has consented.”

A collation was prepared for the monarch; and after some little hesitation, arising even from the cheerfulness of her mien, he mentioned the name of Gaspar. Constance blushed instead of turning pale, and replied very quickly, “To-morrow, good my liege; I ask for a respite but until to-morrow;—all will then be decided;—to-morrow, I am vowed to God—or—”

She looked confused, and the king, at once surprised

and pleased, said, "Then you hate not young De Vaudemont;—you forgive him for the inimical blood that warms his veins."

"We are taught that we should forgive, that we should love our enemies," the countess replied with some trepidation.

"Now by Saint Denis that is a right welcome answer for the novice," said the king, laughing. "What ho! my faithful serving-man, Dan Apollo in disguise! come forward, and thank your lady for her love."

In such disguise as had concealed him from all, the cavalier had hung behind, and viewed with infinite surprise the demeanour and calm countenance of the lady. He could not hear her words: but was this even she whom he had seen trembling and weeping the evening before?—this she whose very heart was torn by conflicting passion?—who saw the pale ghosts of parent and kinsman stand between her and the lover whom more than her life she adored? It was a riddle hard to solve. The king's call was in unison with his impatience, and he sprang forward. He was at her feet; while she, still passion-driven, overwrought by the very calmness she had assumed, uttered one cry as she recognised him, and sank senseless on the floor.

All this was very unintelligible. Even when her attendants had brought her to life, another fit succeeded, and then passionate floods of tears; while the monarch, waiting in the hall, eyeing the half-eaten collation, and humming some romance in commemoration of woman's waywardness, knew not how to reply to Vaudemont's look

of bitter disappointment and anxiety. At length the countess's chief attendant came with an apology: "her lady was ill, very ill. The next day she would throw herself at the king's feet, at once to solicit his excuse, and to disclose her purpose."

"To-morrow—again to-morrow!—Does to-morrow bear some charm, maiden?" said the king. "Can you read us the riddle, pretty one? What strange tale belongs to to-morrow, that all rests on its advent?"

Manon coloured, looked down, and hesitated. But Henry was no tyro in the art of enticing ladies' attendants to disclose their ladies' counsel. Manon was besides frightened by the countess's scheme, on which she was still obstinately bent, so she was the more readily induced to betray it. To sleep in St. Catherine's bed, to rest on a narrow ledge overhanging the deep rapid Loire, and if, as was most probable, the luckless dreamer escaped from falling into it, to take the disturbed visions that such uneasy slumber might produce for the dictate of Heaven, was a madness of which even Henry himself could scarcely deem any woman capable. But could Constance, she whose beauty was so highly intellectual, and whom he had heard perpetually praised for her strength of mind and talents, could *she* be so strangely infatuated! And can passion play such freaks with us?—like death, levelling even the aristocracy of the soul, and bringing noble and peasant, the wise and foolish, under one thralldom? It was strange—yet she must have her way. That she hesitated in her decision was much; and it was to be hoped that St. Catherine would play no ill-natured

part. Should it be otherwise, a purpose to be swayed by a dream might be influenced by other waking thoughts. To the more material kind of danger some safeguard should be brought.

There is no feeling more awful than that which invades a weak human heart bent upon gratifying its ungovernable impulses in contradiction to the dictates of conscience. Forbidden pleasures are said to be the most agreeable:—it may be so to rude natures, to those who love to struggle, combat, and contend; who find happiness in a fray, and joy in the conflict of passion. But softer and sweeter was the gentle spirit of Constance; and love and duty contending crushed and tortured her poor heart. To commit her conduct to the inspirations of religion, or, if it was so to be named, of superstition, was a blessed relief. The very perils that threatened her undertaking gave a zest to it;—to dare for his sake was happiness;—the very difficulty of the way that led to the completion of her wishes, at once gratified her love and distracted her thoughts from her despair. Or if it was decreed that she must sacrifice all, the risk of danger and of death were of trifling import in comparison with the anguish which would then be her portion for ever.

The night threatened to be stormy—the raging wind shook the casements—and the trees waved their huge shadowy arms, as giants might in fantastic dance and mortal broil. Constance and Manon, unattended, quitted the chateau by a postern, and began to descend the hill-side. The moon had not yet risen; and though the way was familiar to both, Manon tottered and trembled; while

the countess, drawing her silken cloak round her, walked with a firm step down the steep. They came to the river's side, where a small boat was moored, and one man was in waiting. Constance stepped lightly in, and then aided her fearful companion. In a few moments they were in the middle of the stream. The warm, tempestuous, animating, equinoctial wind swept over them. For the first time since her mourning, a thrill of pleasure swelled the bosom of Constance. She hailed the emotion with double joy. It cannot be, she thought, that Heaven will forbid me to love one so brave, so generous, and so good as the noble Gaspar. Another I can never love; I shall die if divided from him: and this heart, these limbs, so alive with glowing sensation, are they already predestined to an early grave? Oh, no! life speaks aloud within them. I shall live to love. Do not all things love?—the winds as they whisper to the rushing waters?—the waters as they kiss the flowery banks, and speed to mingle with the sea? Heaven and earth are sustained by, live through love; and shall Constance alone, whose heart has ever been a deep, gushing, overflowing well of true affection, be compelled to set a stone upon the fount to lock it up for ever?

These thoughts bid fair for pleasant dreams; and perhaps the countess, an adept in the blind god's lore, therefore indulged them the more readily. But as thus she was engrossed by soft emotions, Manon caught her arm:—"Lady, look," she cried; "it comes—yet the oars have no sound. Now the Virgin shield us! Would we were at home!"

A dark boat glided by them. Four rowers, habited in black cloaks, pulled at oars which, as Manon said, gave no sound; another sat at the helm: like the rest, his person was veiled in a dark mantle, but he wore no cap; and though his face was turned from them, Constance recognised her lover. "Gaspar," she cried aloud, "dost thou live?"—but the figure in the boat neither turned its head nor replied, and quickly it was lost in the shadowy waters.

How changed now was the fair countess's reverie! Already Heaven had begun its spell, and unearthly forms were around, as she strained her eyes through the gloom. Now she saw and now she lost view of the bark that occasioned her terror; and now it seemed that another was there, which held the spirits of the dead; and her father waved to her from shore, and her brothers frowned on her.

Meanwhile they neared the landing. Her bark was moored in a little cove, and Constance stood upon the bank. Now she trembled, and half yielded to Manon's entreaty to return; till the unwise *suivante* mentioned the king's and De Vaudemont's name, and spoke of the answer to be given to-morrow. What answer, if she turned back from her intent?

She now hurried forward up the broken ground of the bank, and then along its edge, till they came to a hill which abruptly hung over the tide. A small chapel stood near. With trembling fingers the countess drew forth the key and unlocked its door. They entered. It was dark—save that a little lamp, flickering in the wind,

showed an uncertain light from before the figure of Saint Catherine. The two women knelt; they prayed; and then rising, with a cheerful accent the countess bade her attendant good night. She unlocked a little low iron door. It opened on a narrow cavern. The roar of waters was heard beyond. "Thou mayest not follow, my poor Manon," said Constance,—“nor dost thou much desire: this adventure is for me alone.”

It was hardly fair to leave the trembling servant in the chapel alone, who had neither hope nor fear, nor love nor grief, to beguile her; but in those days, esquires and waiting-women often played the part of subalterns in the army, gaining knocks and no fame. Besides, Manon was safe in holy ground. The countess meanwhile pursued her way, groping in the dark through the narrow tortuous passage. At length what seemed light to her long-darkened sense gleamed on her. She reached an open cavern in the overhanging hill's side, looking over the rushing tide beneath. She looked out upon the night. The waters of the Loire were speeding, as since that day have they ever sped—changeful, yet the same; the heavens were thickly veiled with clouds, and the wind in the trees was as mournful and ill-omened as if it rushed round a murderer's tomb. Constance shuddered a little, and looked upon her bed—a narrow ledge of earth and a moss-grown stone bordering on the very verge of the precipice. She doffed her mantle—such was one of the conditions of the spell;—she bowed her head, and loosened the tresses of her dark hair—she bared her feet—and thus, fully prepared for suffering to the utmost the chill influence of the

cold night, she stretched herself on the narrow couch that scarce afforded room for her repose, and whence, if she moved in sleep, she must be precipitated into the cold waters below.

At first it seemed to her as if she never should sleep again. No great wonder that exposure to the blast and her perilous position should forbid her eyelids to close. At length she fell into a reverie so soft and soothing that she wished even to watch—and then by degrees her senses became confused—and now she was on St. Catherine's bed—the Loire rushing beneath, and the wild wind sweeping by—and now—O whither?—and what dreams did the saint send, to drive her to despair, or to bid her be blest for ever?

Beneath the rugged hill, upon the dark tide, another watched, who feared a thousand things, and scarce dared hope. He had meant to precede the lady on her way, but when he found that he had outstayed his time, with muffled oars and breathless haste he had shot by the bark that contained his Constance, nor even turned at her voice, fearful to incur her blame, and her commands to return. He had seen her emerge from the passage, and shuddered as she leant over the cliff. He saw her step forth, clad as she was in white, and could mark her as she lay on the ledge beetling above. What a vigil did the lovers keep!—she given up to visionary thoughts, he knowing—and the consciousness thrilled his bosom with strange emotion—that love, and love for him, had led her to that perilous couch; and that, while dangers surrounded her in every

shape, she was alive only to the small still voice that whispered to her heart the dream which was to decide their destinies. She slept perhaps—but he waked and watched; and night wore away, as, now praying, now entranced by alternating hope and fear, he sat in his boat, his eyes fixed on the white garb of the slumberer above.

Morning—was it morning that struggled in the clouds? Would morning ever come to waken her? And had she slept? And what dreams of weal or woe had peopled her sleep? Gaspar grew impatient. He commanded his boatmen still to wait, and he sprang forward, intent on clambering the precipice. In vain they urged the danger, nay, the impossibility of the attempt; he clung to the rugged face of the hill, and found footing where it would seem no footing was. The acclivity, indeed, was not high; the dangers of St. Catherine's bed arising from the likelihood that any one who slept on so narrow a couch would be precipitated into the waters beneath. Up the steep ascent Gaspar continued to toil, and at last reached the roots of a tree that grew near the summit. Aided by its branches, he made good his stand at the very extremity of the ledge, near the pillow on which lay the uncovered head of his beloved. Her hands were folded on her bosom; her dark hair fell round her throat and pillowed her cheek: her face was serene: sleep was there in all its innocence and in all its helplessness; every wilder emotion was hushed, and her bosom heaved in regular breathing. He could see her heart beat as it lifted her fair hands crossed above. No statue hewn of marble in monu-

mental effigy was ever half so fair; and within that surpassing form dwelt a soul true, tender, self-devoted, and affectionate as ever warmed a human breast.

With what deep passion did Gaspar gaze, gathering hope from the placidity of her angel countenance! A smile wreathed her lips; and he too involuntarily smiled, as he hailed the happy omen; when suddenly her cheek was flushed, her bosom heaved, a tear stole from her dark lashes, and then a whole shower fell, as starting up she cried, "No!—he shall not die!—I will unloose his chains!—I will save him!" Gaspar's hand was there. He caught her light form ready to fall from the perilous couch. She opened her eyes and beheld her lover, who had watched over her dream of fate, and who had saved her.

Manon also had slept well, dreaming or not, and was startled in the morning to find that she waked surrounded by a crowd. The little desolate chapel was hung with tapestry—the altar adorned with golden chalices—the priest was chanting mass to a goodly array of kneeling knights. Manon saw that King Henry was there; and she looked for another whom she found not, when the iron door of the cavern passage opened, and Gaspar de Vaudemont entered from it, leading the fair form of Constance; who, in her white robes and dark dishevelled hair, with a face in which smiles and blushes contended with deeper emotion, approached the altar, and kneeling with her lover, pronounced the vows that united them for ever.

It was long before the happy Gaspar could win from his lady the secret of her dream. In spite of the happi-

ness she now enjoyed, she had suffered too much not to look back even with terror to those days when she thought love a crime, and every event connected with them wore an awful aspect. "Many a vision," she said, "she had that fearful night. She had seen the spirits of her father and brothers in Paradise; she had beheld Gaspar victoriously combating among the infidels; she had beheld him in King Henry's court, favoured and beloved, and she herself—now pining in a cloister, now a bride—now grateful to Heaven for the full measure of bliss presented to her, now weeping away her sad days—till suddenly she thought herself in Paynim-land, and the saint herself, Saint Catherine, guiding her unseen through the city of the infidels. She entered a palace and beheld the miscreants rejoicing in victory; and then descending to the dungeons beneath, they groped their way through damp vaults and low mildewed passages, to one cell, darker and more frightful than the rest. On the floor lay one with soiled and tattered garments, with unkempt locks and wild matted beard. His cheek was wan and thin; his eyes had lost their fire; his form was a mere skeleton; the chains hung loosely on the fleshless bones."

"And was it my appearance in that attractive state and winning costume that softened the hard heart of Constance?" asked Gaspar, smiling at this painting of what would never be.

"Even so," replied Constance; "for my heart whispered me that this was my doing: and who could recall the life that waned in your pulses—who restore, save the destroyer? My heart never warmed to my living happy

knight as it then did to his wasted image, as it lay, in the visions of night, at my feet. A veil fell from my eyes ; a darkness was dispelled from before me. Methought I then knew for the first time what life and what death was. I was bid believe that to make the living happy was not to injure the dead ; and I felt how wicked and how vain was that false philosophy which placed virtue and good in hatred and unkindness. You should not die : I would loosen your chains and save you, and bid you live for love. I sprung forward, and the death I deprecated for you would, in my presumption, have been mine—then, when first I felt the real value of life—but that your arm was there to save me, your dear voice to bid me be blest for evermore.”

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

AN ANTIQUE GEM.

FROM THE POEMS OF THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THERE was once a gentle time
Whenne the world was in its prime ;
And every day was hollidaye,
And every month was lovely Maye.
Cupide then hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe ;
And in blossomed vale and grove
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheeke
And a blue eye fonde and meeke ;
And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,
Like hyacinthes on a bed of snowe ;
And a lowe voice silverre sweete
From a lippe without deceite :
Onlie those the heartes could move
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste ;
Canne the summerre always laste !
And the swaines are wiser growne,
And the hearte is turnede to stone,
And the maidenne's rose may witherre,
Cupide's fled, no manne knowes whitherre !

But anotherre Cupide's come,
With a browe of care and gloome
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullene golde :
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his back the household store,
That the bridalle colde muste buye ;
Uselesse nowe the smile and sighe :
But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.
Oh, for the old true-love time,
Whenne the worlde was in its prime !

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

IN REPLY TO CROLY.

BY THE EDITOR.

NAY! Deem not Love a miser, now,
Who finds in pelf his pleasure,
With weary tread and downcast brow
Oppressed beneath his treasure.

It is the same wild boy at heart
As when his bow he carried,
But, wounded by his own keen dart,
Poor Dan has lately married.

Now, of another's weal and wo
Most properly a student,
'Tis fit that he should wiser grow
And be a little prudent.

'Twere false to say he felt not sad,
Nor owned a transient flutter,
When Psyche—but a mortal mate—
First called for bread and butter;

But think not now his bliss more tame
Than when he used to lark it,
As, with his ducks, and geese, and game,
He trudges home from market.

He'd rather be in Psyche's eyes
A suitable protector,
Than with his mother in the skies
Get tipsy upon nectar.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE.

It is much to be lamented that we form too decided and hasty judgments of character upon slight grounds. We yield too much to first impressions; and if those happen to be bad, and circumstances prove them mistaken, I fear the generality of mankind feel more piqued than pleased, because their self-love is wounded by the discovered fallibility of their judgment; while, if they unfortunately turn out to be right, they exclaim in great triumph—"There! I told you so!—I always said so!—I don't know how it was, but I never could take to that person."—Alas! poor human nature!

If this were all, it would perhaps be of little moment; but the mischief is, that these rash and prejudging opinions respecting young persons too often fatally influence character; and many a man has been made bad by the obstinate disbelief around him of his possessing good qualities that atoned for those less praiseworthy. How bitter must be the feelings of a person so situated! He finds the worst interpretation put upon all his actions; till, at length, his kindly feelings blunted, his sympathy

with his fellow-beings destroyed, his bad passions predominate ; he becomes a vindictive misanthrope, and determines, since he receives no mercy, to show none.

This kind of injustice occurs much more frequently in small towns than in cities, and its ill effects are also more striking : the languor of a country life causes a greater appetite for, and enjoyment of, scandal, while the contracted limits of such society gives it universal circulation. Thus the whole village is inoculated with a prejudice, and the unfortunate object of it becomes literally an outcast.

In the capital, the multiplicity of business, the variety of amusements, and the great choice of subjects for scandal, prevent this dead set ; and, though a straggling deer is often started and worried, he is seldom run down : while society still can furnish thousands who have never heard of the delinquent's fault, and may heal his wounded self-love, and raise him in his own esteem by their love and approbation.

The following tale may, perhaps, serve to illustrate the too common practice expressed by the homely proverb, " Give a dog an ill name and hang him."

In a village situated on the coast of Sussex resided an opulent farmer, named Longfield. He was an upright excellent man : a scrupulous observer of his own duty, he was, perhaps, a little too rigid in exacting the same from others. He was severely just : but this severity was rather ingrafted than inherent in his nature. The loss of a beloved wife had added a deeper shade to a temper naturally melancholy, but which her gentle influence had long pre-

vented from becoming austere. She had left him two sons to join their regrets to his. The eldest, named Robert, was of a wild impetuous nature ; passionate, headstrong, and daring, yet frank, generous, and affectionate : ever acting from impulse instead of reason, his virtues did him as much mischief as the vices do to others ; while conscious of his own good intentions, and indignant at being misunderstood, he repaid the blame he knew he often undeservedly incurred, by haughty levity, or sullen scorn. Such a character needed a mother's fostering tenderness and care to soothe and check it : his father, good man as he was, and loving him sincerely, was ill calculated for the task ; he was too unbending, too apt to exact perfection ; his reprimands humiliated too much ; and by disbelieving his son's repentance when conscious of error, discouraged his proud spirit from seeking to make reparation. None but a woman, whose gentle nature ever pities while she blames, can guide a fiery but sensitive youth back to virtue. His pride does not revolt at *her* schooling as at that of a man ; she awakens his better feelings, without assuming a superiority ; and by seeming assured of the goodness of his heart wins him to confirm the opinion. But Robert had lost this gentle monitor : and, discouraged on all sides, his good qualities disbelieved and his bad exaggerated, he was provoked into being the scapegrace they called him—"Every man's hand was against him, and his against every man." In the whole village he had but one friend and companion, and this was his brother Edward, to whom he was passionately attached. Edward, who to his father's truth of character

added his mother's gentleness, fully returned this affection ; he entered into Robert's ardent nature, appreciated his virtues, and thought they redeemed his faults : hence they were linked together by the sincerest friendship as well as the ties of brotherhood.

There was one other being who sympathized with Robert, and more than shared the glowing feelings of his warm heart. Susan Grantley, the daughter of the village lawyer, had been the playmate of these brothers in childhood, and was the faithful friend and confidante of their youth. Lovely in person, and affectionate in nature, their boyish affection for this gentle girl had gradually deepened into passion, and unknown to each other Susan Grantley had become the object of their fondest hope. Her feelings towards them had long held the balance ; she appreciated the virtues of both, but the unjust prejudice against Robert turned it in his favour, and with the generosity characteristic of her sex she endeavoured to repair the injustice he suffered by the gift of her affections. They were secretly pledged to each other ; for Robert (though unconscious of his brother's love for her) held the knowledge of Susan's love too sacred to be intrusted even to him.

Time flew lightly on to the lovers : Robert was to succeed his father in the farm at his decease, and Edward was established in a cotton manufactory, of which his father had promised to pay the first year's expenses. Unfortunately, Robert, being impatient to marry, became dissatisfied at having no present provision ; and as his father

refused to settle him in another farm, he was rash enough to engage in play, in the hope that fortune would favour him, and enable him to rent one on his own account.

About this time Edward was drawn for a newly-ordered levy, and was obliged to find a substitute, or leave a business that was thriving well under his steady industry.

The end of the year had arrived, and Robert was despatched with the money to enable Edward to clear the debts he had contracted. On the morning of the day appointed, he rushed into his brother's room, and fell pale and breathless at his feet.

"Edward!" he at last gasped out, "I have ruined you! Fool!—madman that I was!—In the hope of doubling the sum, I engaged in play, and lost all! Miserable wretch that I am, born to disgrace and destroy my family!—But this will release them and me!"

With frenzied action he raised a pistol to his head. His brother sprang forward to seize the weapon—he resisted, and, in the struggle, the pistol went off and wounded Edward in the shoulder, who fell senseless on the ground.

When he recovered, he found himself surrounded by his servants, but Robert had disappeared.

The unfortunate young man, after summoning assistance, and ascertaining that he should not have the double horror of his brother's death to answer for, hastened to Susan, and confided the disastrous effects of his guilty imprudence to her. Overcome with grief, unwilling to

increase his agony by blame, and yet unable to suggest any remedy for the evils he had caused, the terrified girl heard him in silence.

"Susan," he at length mournfully exclaimed, "we must part!—I am unworthy of you!—but I will make what reparation I can by being myself the substitute for Edward. It little matters what becomes of so worthless a being, destined to be the scourge of those I most love. None will miss me; and my brother, at least—ay, though I treble the guilt I have already committed—my noble, confiding brother shall not be the sufferer. Susan!" he continued, as she clung, weeping, round him, "if you still think me worthy of a thought, I own it would cheer my exile if you would promise me never to marry another without my consent."

Susan solemnly pledged on a cross she wore the required promise, and gave it to him.

"Susan," he said, kissing the gift, which he placed next his heart, "when I return this, you are free!—And now, farewell!"

He still lingered, overpowered by grief; at length, mastering his feelings by a violent effort, he clasped her in a last embrace, and rushed from the house.

The next day all the gossips of the village were busy in commenting on two mysterious occurrences—Edward's wound, which he refused to account for, and a strange adventure that befell a rich farmer the evening before. Returning from a neighbouring fair, where he had disposed of his cattle for a large sum, in a dreary part of the road he encountered a man muffled up in a cloak, so as

entirely to conceal his face. Seized with terror at the sight of a supposed robber, he fancied the murderous knife already at his throat, or a bullet whizzing through his brains. Without staying to question, or be questioned, he threw his pocket-book, containing a hundred sovereigns, at the feet of the stranger, and, putting spurs to his horse, neither abated his speed nor ventured to turn his head till he reached home.

The next morning, recovered from his panic, and encouraged by the presence of some friends, he returned to the place whence he had made so precipitate a flight; but neither stranger nor pocket-book were to be found: no tidings arrived of it; and the farmer was forced to make up his mind to a loss his own cowardice had occasioned.

There was fresh food for wonder when it became known that Robert had disappeared; and his charitable neighbours were not slow in attributing both the infliction of the wound and appropriation of the farmer's money to him. However, as they had no proofs, they were obliged to keep their surmises on these points from the ears of the young man's family.

Meanwhile poor Edward was labouring under severe affliction, both of mind and body. Maimed in person, and ruined in fortune, by the hand of a loved brother, what remained for him in future but misery and disgrace? From fear of the last he was unexpectedly relieved. On the morning after his accident he received a packet containing a hundred pounds, with only the words, "For Mr. Edward Longfield," in a hand unknown to

him. Totally at a loss to know who could have sent him this timely aid (for Robert, who best knew his immediate need of the money, had none to give,) he applied to his father, supposing *he* might be the person; but he denied any knowledge of it, and his word was unquestionable. Edward, therefore, was left quite in the dark respecting his benefactor, as Farmer Ashby, ashamed of his pusillanimity, was not fond of mentioning his loss, which would have furnished the clue.

Edward, when he recovered from his wound, which was attended with the loss of all use of the left arm, waited on the mayor to inform him of his incapacity to serve. He learned, to his great surprise, that a substitute had presented himself, and had joined his future comrades fifteen days before.

Edward this time thought of his brother; none but Robert, he felt, could have been capable of so generous a sacrifice; though, unconscious of his love for Susan, he knew not its full extent.

Time passed on, but no tidings arrived of Robert. Grief for his absence, and the unhappy circumstances under which they parted, preyed heavily upon Susan's spirits. Sacredly pledged, yet not daring to avow it; loving sincerely, but taught to be ashamed of the object of her love. What can be more wounding to the heart of a feeling woman than to know that the man of her choice is disliked and contemned by all whose judgment she most values; while reason tells her, spite of the proverbial blindness of affection, that they have cause for disapprobation?

Her father wished her much to marry—but to Robert she feared he never would unite her, as he was strongly prejudiced against him. Of all her lovers (and she had many) Edward was the most devoted and assiduous and most approved by her father, who, in this approval, was guided by regard for his daughter's inclinations, as well as by the esteem he felt for his honourable character; and in thinking that she preferred him to all other suitors he was right, for her affection for Edward only yielded to that she felt for his brother—and the preference had arisen rather from pity than approbation. As his amiable temper, gentle manners, and unexceptionable conduct daily endeared him to all around, her maturer judgment could not but confess he was more worthy of her esteem and affection than his rash and misguided, though generous brother; she could not but feel how insecure was a woman's chance for happiness if linked to a character so impetuous; and her heart almost involuntarily turned to Edward, though she still held herself irrevocably bound to keep the promise she had made to Robert.

Six years had now passed since he left the village, and yet his friends had not once heard from him. His father, heart-broken by his conduct, and indignant at such unfeeling desertion, died, disinheriting him, and left every thing to Edward. He intrusted his will to the care of his old friend Lawyer Grantley, with some instructions respecting Robert, should he ever return home. But of this there seemed no likelihood;—indeed they once heard that he had lost his life in a quarrel at a gaming-table. The kind hearts of Edward and Susan refused to credit this;

and as the information was not authenticated, she still refused all his solicitations to marry, though she did not reject his suit.

Two years more elapsed, and still they received no tidings of Robert. Susan, at length yielding to the importunities of her father and lover, and now to the inclination of her own heart, rewarded Edward's persevering affection by confessing that she returned it. She still wished to defer the marriage; but her father was peremptory in his commands that she should no longer trifle with her lover, and preparations were accordingly made for its celebration.

A few days before the proposed nuptials, a vessel arrived in the harbour, and a stranger came on shore, whose appearance, and the inquiries he made after various inhabitants, excited great surprise in the village. The stranger seemed to be about thirty years of age, of an agreeable, expressive countenance, though his complexion (bronzed and roughened) showed long exposure to all variations of weather, and had an air of dignity and command in his deportment.

His first inquiries were of Farmer Longfield and Susan Grantley: when informed of the death of the first, and the approaching marriage of the last, he appeared much agitated; but when he proceeded to questions concerning Edward, and was told that he succeeded to all his father's property, who had disinherited his eldest son (to whom they kindly gave the appellation of Robert the Devil); that he was the most prosperous man in the whole place, and the intended husband of Susan,—the stranger's emo-

tions seemed to overpower him, and he rushed hastily from the observation of his busy informants.

Poor Robert!—for it was he;—what a welcome home!—disinherited by his father, deserted by his mistress, and forgotten by his brother, all his prospects in life were destroyed at one blow—the promised happiness which had cheered and sustained him through all his difficulties and dangers was snatched from his grasp, and by the hand of that brother for whom he had become a voluntary exile. “Be it so!” he at length exclaimed bitterly; “they drive me to become the being they call me!—With a heart formed for love and friendship, I am condemned to be an outcast from my fellow-beings;—those I have best loved are most faithless!—brother!—mistress!—would none avert a parent’s curse!—none plead for an absent friend?—No! they revel in his wealth, and care not what may be his fate—but I will mar their happiness, and triumph in turn.”

With the intention of asserting his right in his father’s property, and in the disposal of Susan’s hand, he hastened to her father’s house. In his way thither he saw that a handsome farm in the neighbourhood, including a great extent of land, was to be sold, and that Lawyer Grantley had the disposal of it. A few moments’ reflection had determined him not immediately to avow himself, and he resolved to make this the ostensible motive of his visit.

He found him at home, and after some conversation respecting the terms, Robert agreed to purchase the farm. He then told him, that he was informed he had in his

keeping a copy of the will of the late Farmer Longfield ; that he wished much to see it, as his son Edward was his debtor to a large amount. The lawyer manifested great surprise at this information, which he said he was sorry, both for his and Edward's sake, to hear, as he had just learned, on the best authority, that a person with whom the latter had extensive dealings had failed, and the consequence would be utter ruin to Edward, who was as yet entirely ignorant of his loss.

Thunderstruck by this news, Robert mechanically took the will offered to his inspection, and complaining of oppression from the warmth of the room, requested permission to breathe the fresher air of the garden while the lawyer prepared the deeds which he was to sign.

To the well-known scene he accordingly hastened to gain time to collect his thoughts, and compose the tumultuous and conflicting emotions that struggled in his mind. What he had just heard staggered all his resolutions of vengeance. Did his very presence bring misfortune upon Edward?—and could he have the heart to add misery to it?—He thought of their youthful days—of his brother's boundless affection for him, and what he had already suffered through his means—but Susan!—could he consent to give her up?—the very arbour in which he sat—how often had it witnessed their mutual vows!—the thought was madness!—His eye at this moment glanced on his father's will, which he still held.—He opened it with a trembling hand, and found the information he had received but too true. His father, after stating that he

was acquainted with the whole of his culpable conduct, which had embittered and shortened his life, added, that however a parent's heart might be inclined to lenity, he felt that the duty he owed to the interests of society, and his hitherto unsullied name, demanded that he should punish the offender by disinheritance.

"To your care, my old friend," he continued, "I intrust this copy of my will; preserve it as a memorial of my son's faults, and their punishment. But, if ever misery or repentance should bring him back to a home he deserted, if ever remorse should seize his heart, and lead him to repair his errors, I revoke its contents.—Yes, my child!" he had written, apostrophizing his son, "on this condition my blessing and forgiveness still are yours; hasten to annul a sentence blotted by a father's tears."

Lost in grief, Robert was not aware of the approach of two persons, till they were close upon him. He had but just time to conceal himself before Susan and his brother entered the arbour. Shaking with emotion at this sight, and at the sound of a voice so dear to him, he found himself compelled to become an unwilling listener to their conversation.

Susan first spoke. "Edward," he heard her say, "I must entreat you to use your influence with my father in persuading him to defer our marriage: he accuses me of caprice; as I fear you also must, but you will cease to do so when you learn what I am now going to impart. The secret has long preyed upon my mind, and though I

perhaps do wrong in divulging it—the fear of acting still more culpably compels me to it. You, in common with the rest of my friends, are ignorant that I loved Robert.” Edward started. “We were long contracted to each other, but secretly, as he feared my father would forbid our attachment. On the day his fatal imprudence risked your life, he came to me, told me all his guilt, and of his intention, by going abroad in your stead, to make you what little reparation he could. We parted! after I had solemnly promised not to wed another without his consent. I gave him the cross I always wore as a pledge that I never would marry, until, by returning it, he released me from my vow. And now, to your heart and honour I appeal, whether I *can* consider myself free?”

“Certainly not!” warmly exclaimed Edward. “Why, Susan, did you not intrust me with this secret before? it would have spared you much importunity, for never would I have selfishly sought my own happiness at the expense of his! Poor Robert! can I return the generous sacrifice he made by depriving him of his mistress? No! though I love you more than life! I have ever held the half of my fortune but in trust for him; I will now become the guardian of his love, and, should we be fortunate enough to see him return, cheerfully repay my debt of gratitude, and find my felicity in witnessing yours.”

“Edward!” cried Susan, reproachfully, “you have mistaken me; for your brother I feel pity and sisterly affection, but I should do injustice to you and to my own heart, if I did not confess that my long experience of your

worth and faithful love has gained you the preference. Robert has to all appearance forgotten me ; but if he were here, he would himself acknowledge the justice of my choice."

Tenderly thanking her for her affection, he added, "That whatever happiness might ultimately be in store for him, he would not burden her conscience or his own by marrying, until his brother's fate was ascertained." He then quitted her to inform her father of their determination, and Susan was left alone.

All the various emotions which Robert experienced during their conversation at length yielded to the admiration and gratitude he felt for his brother's conduct. Often had he been upon the point of rushing into his arms to thank him for his generous love ; but he restrained the impulse, being aware that in avowing himself he should only excite Edward to a useless contest of generosity, and frustrate his own good intentions. He had heard from Susan's own lips that she preferred Edward, and he determined, however bitter the sacrifice might be, that they at least should be happy.

His resolution was formed ; and, nerving himself to put it in execution, he entered the harbour, trusting that eight years of fatigue and anxiety, aided by the shades of evening, would prevent her recognising him.

At the sound of his voice she started, and gazing earnestly on him, thought that her fancy had conjured up a phantom, or that it was indeed her lover's spirit come to upbraid her broken faith. He inquired if her name was Susan Grantley ? Again she endeavoured to peruse his

features, but the uncertain light held her in doubt, and in a tremulous voice she uttered, "Do you not know me?"

Mastering his feelings by a strong effort, he coldly answered, "He was unknown to her, but had a message to deliver."

"Pardon me, sir," said Susan, "you cannot indeed be the person I supposed, for he could never have forgotten his early friend. Robert," she continued, extending her hand, "would never refuse Susan's offered hand."

Robert buried his face in his cloak, while his whole frame shook with emotion; but recovering his resolution, he answered, "That the name she mentioned explained her surprise; that he had a comrade called Robert, serving on board the same vessel, whom he greatly resembled, and that she was not the first person who had been deceived by the likeness; but *now*," he added, lowering his voice, "they can no longer make that mistake."

"Is he then dead?" shrieked Susan.

Robert made no answer; but taking the cross from his bosom, enclosed in a paper on which he had traced a few words with his pencil, he gave it into her trembling hand. She recognised the well-known token, and fell senseless in his arms.

Half frantic at the effects of his imprudence, Robert supported her to the seat, calling on her by the tenderest names, and conjuring her once more to bless her wretched lover with a word or look. But when he saw returning life animate her form and colour her pale cheeks, he became conscious that by remaining longer he should render useless the painful task he had compelled himself to per-

form, and releasing her gently from his arms, he imprinted a last kiss on her cold lips, and quitted the arbour.

The greatest trial was over: he had beheld Susan for the last time, and all he had left of pleasure in this world was to insure to her and his brother a portion of the wealth he had toiled hard to gain for them. He returned to the house and signed the deeds of purchase for the farm, which he made over to Edward, and telling the lawyer that he should hear from him again that night, hastily left him.

When Susan recovered her consciousness, and found herself alone, she fancied all that had passed must have been a fearful dream; but the cross and letter too soon convinced her of the reality of the scene. With tottering steps she returned to the house, and hurried to her room to examine the paper. In an almost illegible hand she found these words:

“When you receive this, all will be ended for me!—Susan, you are free! I return the pledge of your faith, and release you from your promise.”

Susan wept over what she believed to be the announcement of Robert's death. But was it not himself whom she had seen, or was she deceived by a mere resemblance? She remembered the stranger's emotion, and longed for Edward's return, that he might go in search of the mysterious messenger; but her perplexity was otherwise terminated. Late at night, a packet arrived for her father, comprising the purchase-money for the estate, the deeds of which were enclosed and directed to Edward Longfield, and an old pocket-book containing a hundred pounds,

with a request that he would transmit the same to Farmer Ashby, or his heirs; and, lastly, these words—

“My father’s dying wish is now fulfilled.—Be my errors forgiven.”

There was no longer any room for doubt. The morning’s light found Edward at the harbour, but the vessel had already sailed.

THE SULTANA.

WHY rest thy taper fingers in such complete abandonment upon the strings of thy neglected lyre, fair Georgian? That half-drooping eye, steady, and yet incognizant, betrays a spirit far away. Hast thou, in roving carelessly from chord to chord, by chance alighted upon some air beloved in childhood in thy mountain-home?

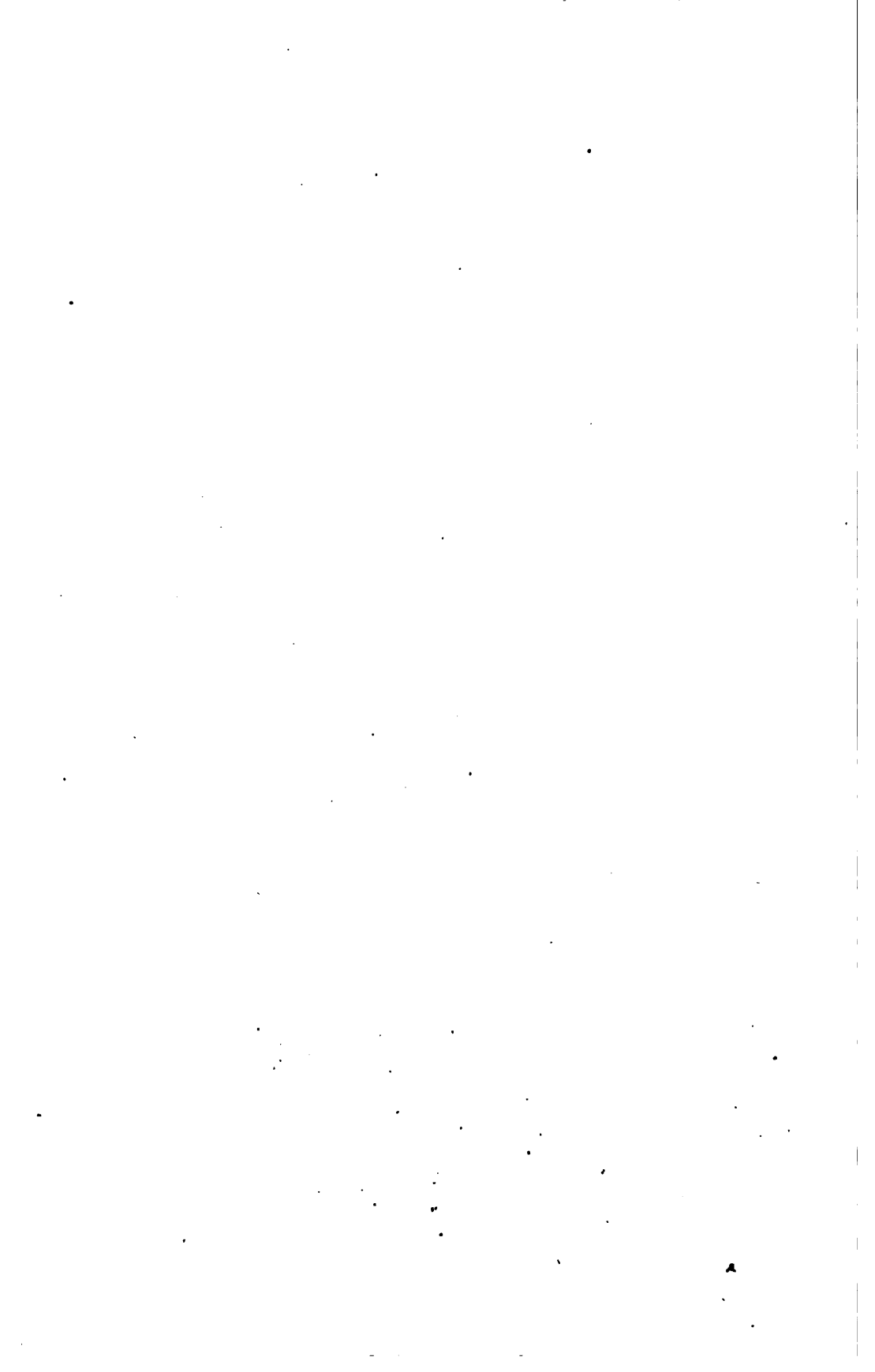
'Tis strange, here, amidst spicy groves and winds surcharged with odours, with all the luxury of the East before her, that she, the queen of this terrestrial paradise,—bride of its lord and mistress of its wealth—should long for the desert-hills, and caves, and barren rocks, that gave a savage shelter to her infancy! What tie thus binds her memory to the wilderness? 'Tis freedom! There she was free; but here, with all her pomp, she sighs to own herself a slave!

Grieve not, Sultana, at thy destiny. Alas! it is the fate of all thy sex! Flattered or oppressed, borne down by unjust laws or still more stern opinion, as daughter, sister, wife—still every where a slave! What boots it if the reins of tyranny be held by one or by the million? Cheer up, then, gentle Georgian! Seize on the pleasures that surround thee, and leave the haught, who rule, to answer to the Highest for thy many wrongs.



W. H. H. 1840

The Sultan's



MRS. ALLINGTON'S PIC-NIC.

BY LORD NUGENT.

Thou hast *a* speculation in thine eyes.

SHALL I own it at once, and at starting? Yes, I will. For it would be a shame to deceive people into supposing me better than I am, particularly those who are kindly disposed to read my story, and thus make acquaintance with me on my own terms. I certainly did deliberately set to work to listen to a conversation which was never intended for my ear, nay, worse, which was never intended for any ear except the conjugal, and rather reluctant, ear to which, in all the confidence of supposed privacy, it was addressed. I anticipate the animadversion.—It was a rascally, manifestly rascally, thing of me. But the temptation was strong; and I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, flesh is frail.

The day was sultry: the sun was still high. I had just assisted my hospitable friend and his lady and blooming progeny, below stairs, to despatch a substantial luncheon, and we were not to dine till six. I had retired to my own apartment, "as is my custom of an afternoon,"

for the declared purpose of severe study, but the real one of undisturbed idleness. My long chair (I hate French names for English furniture, and never use them) was at the open window. The window commanded a fine view of a country that smiled in its noontide slumber. The cattle slumbered too. An article on political economy lay open on my knee : it had already disproved its own theory ; for the demand, I felt, in no degree kept pace with the supply. The ivory knife had fallen from my hand, and the contagious repose was stealing fast over me, when the spirit-stirring voice of Mrs. Allington issued through the opened glass doors of the room beneath. The woman tempted me, and I listened. She was the wife of my host, honest John Allington ; so he was called by all that knew him. Every body loved him for a plain, good, honourable man ; and his house was popular with all persons of all ages, not less for the frankness of his character and of his welcome than for the sake of the never-failing amusements, and ever-thronging society, purveyed by the care of his adroit and busy lady. I will not say that to love her was an universal passion. Yet all were attentive to her, and all liked her dinners, and her suppers, and her dances, and her "little music parties," as ladies are wont very properly to denominate those occasions on which they open their houses for company, their windows for air, and their grand piano-fortes for "little music," God wot. And she had three pretty grown-up daughters, who—. But let the lady tell her own secrets in the following conversation, which I have already owned I over-

heard, and which, in strict confidence, ladies and gentlemen, I will repeat to you.

"Adey was twenty-two last March, though I call her two years younger; Maria will never see twenty again; and Julia will be nineteen to-morrow. Something must be done," continued she, after a long pause, during which it appeared she had failed of the answer to which she considered herself entitled. "Something must be done, Mr. A."

"And why?" answered the quiet man.

"Why?—Why because the little ones will be big ones soon; they are treading fast on their sisters' heels; and because my constitution is too weak to answer the claims of more than three daughters out at the same time. You never help me. Do, dear Mr. A., think of something that may get the girls off."

"Let them alone, my love," replied Mr. Allington, "let them alone, and you'll see they'll go off of themselves."

"Yes," rejoined the lady somewhat pettishly, "I suppose they will, but not *by* themselves. You'll have them go off with the tutor, Mr. Docet; or the curate, Mr. Proseit; or the bailiff's son, young Whistler; or—"

"I don't know a better man any where than our curate," said the unrelenting husband; "and as for the——"

"Pray, hold your tongue, Mr. A., unless you wish me to go into a fit."

There was a pause on both sides, and no fit was gone into. And then the pause was broken (as is so seldom the case) by the lady. But her voice had a coaxing tone, as she resumed the subject.

"My dear, dear John, they are your own children—think of that. Surely you must feel a little anxiety to see them happy?"

"Thank God, I do see them happy!" replied the contented gentleman, and drew the window-blind quite up. "And you shall see them happy, too. Look at them, my dear: three, four, five, six, well-grown, healthy girls, romping in the field there with their three little brothers. It's a fine sight, and I can't say I'm in a hurry to lose it. If they were not happy they would not laugh so heartily, and run and jump so."

"Just like the rest of your obsolete notions," answered the provident mother. "Happy, indeed!—Get them rich husbands, Mr. A., and then you *might* see them happy, and have something to be proud of.—Adelaide! Maria! Julia!" she screamed, putting her head so far out of the lower window that I thought it prudent to make a corresponding movement of mine in the inverse ratio of the upper; "come in directly!—You'll be ruined in the sun there without your bonnets!—My dear Mr. A.," lowering her voice, and resuming the dialogue, "we must think of something for them: we must get some of them married."

"Nothing is easier," replied the husband in a dry, business-like tone, lowered, whether by design or not, to a whimsical unison with that in which her last words were spoken; "nothing is easier, my dear Mrs. A. Surely, surely you were not asleep last night—no, I am sure you were not—when I told you that I had had a good offer for Adey. Our neighbour, Tom Burton, proposed to me for her yesterday. If she were to marry

him, she would only go a couple of miles from us. We might see her every day—lovely, and happy, and dear to us, even as in this happy hour, with sunshine and home all around her, only with one more affection to sweeten the long life which, please God, is before her; and that need not make us jealous, my dear Mrs. A. She has known him from infancy, and I am sure she likes him.”

“I flatter myself a daughter of mine can like any man when I tell her he is a proper match for her,” said the justly proud mother. “But Mr. Burton won’t do, Mr. A., and you know it, and it is provoking of you. He is too poor: his rich cousin is the *partie*; it is he that swallows up the wealth and real respectability of the family. If we could manage Sir James Burton now!”

“God forbid!” said Mr. Allington. “Swallows them up, indeed!—Why, he drinks and he plays;—a drunkard and a sharper——”

“Some ill-natured people do hint that he *does* sometimes drink a little more than is good for his health, and *does* play a *leetle* bit more than necessary, but I don’t believe a word of it:—I won’t believe——”

“And a glutton,” continued Mr. A., as if in a humour to proceed in the statement of a sum in which the unit’s place was still far distant, “and a——”

“A glutton, Mr. A.!—What can you possibly mean?—Don’t you know that there never was a time when it was so absolutely essential a quality of a gentleman to understand cookery thoroughly?—But now, dear Mr. A., I wish you would be serious. If we could get *him*, indeed it would be something like a match. But the world has

given him away already, and I fear there is nothing very likely to break it off. Well, what a lucky woman Mrs. Carleton is, to get such a marriage for her ugly daughter!"

"Ugly daughter!" said Mr. Allington.

"Decidedly ugly," replied his wife: "as long and as pale as——"

"Pale!" said Mr. Allington.

"Pray don't repeat my words, sir; it is not well bred. I said pale, and I say so again. She is as pale as a sheet, except when she speaks or sings, and then she is altogether as much too red. I hate your changeable complexions and your bashful girls: just as if they had never been any where, and knew nobody but their own papas: I can't abide it. We were speaking of Mr. Burton: he's too poor. But we mustn't offend him neither; for you know the title and property are on the cards still, Mr. A. Tell him Adey is much too young. Say it would be the death of me to part with her, and that you must have time to break the offer to me. Leave it so; and then, in a year, suppose, if nothing better should turn up——"

"No, Mrs. Allington!" said honest John, rising: "no—I will refuse him if you really desire it. If, indeed, I were allowed to please myself, and, as I verily believe, Adey too, I should accept his offer directly. But, as for playing with the feelings of an honourable and frank-hearted young man, and gambling with his happiness as well as with our daughter's, it is what I will not do; so I will go and tell him the truth, and——"

"Tell him what?" shrieked Mrs. Allington in a voice of the utmost consternation, and then, bringing her hus-

band back to within confidential distance of my ear—"Tell him nothing, Mr. A.—dear Mr. A., if you love me, tell him nothing! Since you are determined not to be guided by my prudent tenderness for our child's best interests, do at least only refuse him; but tell him nothing. Oh, my dear Mr. A., how your indiscretion alarms me! But now that I have got your attention for a moment, do just sit down again, and let us consult a little farther as to what's to be done for our other poor dear girls. There's Maria and Julia, as well as Adey, plenty old enough and to spare. We *must* look about us."

Here there was so large a blank in the dialogue that I began to fear that I should learn no more of the secrets of the family. At length Mr. Allington for once broke silence, and in a more animated key than was usual with him.

"My dear," said he, "I have been thinking over all the young men who visit here, and I do believe I have my eye on one who would be a good husband for Maria.—Guess!—He's not far off. Of all the birds in the air, what do you say of young H——?"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a particular reason, which I may explain hereafter, for not mentioning more than the initial of this very respectable name.

"I say he is a poor, pitiful fool," sharply replied the odious matron, "and that he shall have no daughter of mine. He spends on himself all he has, and only thinks how to maintain his idle profusion, instead of how to get on in the world by means of his excellent connexions. He is overhead in debt already, and his income is not so good

by one half as he is unprincipled enough to represent it to those who, like us, Mr. A., have an interest in knowing. But still the creature has his use. He brings others, and will do no harm to the girls, for he philanders only with married women. He does not want a wife—that is to say, not a wife of his own; and, moreover, I know it, Mr. A., if he does like one of our girls better than another, it is Adey, and not Maria. Take my word for that.”

I said I had a particular reason for not mentioning more than the initial of this last-described gentleman’s name. Out upon the malicious old witch!—I, ladies and gentlemen, I—the blushing author—am young H——. There is an English proverb touching the nature of the personal topics which listeners are oftenest fated to hear. There is also a French one which says, that “only truth can wound.” Every word this detestable woman said is true. I *do* spend more than I shall ever be able to pay. I *am* given to talk mysterious nonsense to married persons of the other sex. For I find I cannot hold my tongue; and I have, in my time, discovered that, if one talks much to a young unmarried lady (and I have not much fancy for talking to old ones), one’s discourse is apt to be noted down with a degree of precision quite disagreeable by a certain married lady of great authority in these matters—her mother. But, if ever I *could* think of sacrificing myself to matrimony—if ever I *could* think of “altars and homes,” in any but the widely patriotic sense—if I *could* reconcile myself to give up all the thousand indulgences of celibacy—if, as Alcides did when he married, I *could* surrender my Club—if I *could* compromise my love of

ascension turtle, and mock turtle, and of every other turtle for that of one faithful turtle, of one little happy nest—oh! how I *should* jump at that respectable way of life, shared with the pretty, and amiable, and good, and dear Adelaide Allington.

But, albeit this is true, too true, how could that plaguy woman, her mother, have known it? for I have never breathed it to mortal. I do not talk, that I know of, in my sleep. And if I did, how should *that* have enlightened Mrs. Allington? Adelaide herself never, but once, caught me off my guard; and I have no knowledge of Adelaide's character, if her mother could have obtained from *her* any sanction to her surmises.

Ladies and gentlemen, I must digress. Digress, if you please, with me. If you don't like my goings on, shut me, leave me, and there's no harm done.

In honest John's own den in Allington House there is a picture of his dear—my dear, dear Adelaide, when she was but a child. "How I do love," says the Ettrick Shepherd (and how I do agree with him), "how I do love a well-educated little girl of twelve." It is an age worth so much more than all other ages;—when the young heart is so entirely occupied with the warm visitings of its own innocent gladness, (and at that age the tenderest heart is always the most joyous, for it has never known a stain or a sorrow.) It is a merry, because a pure and honest age, and because its affections seem to it to be immortal;—death has never severed, nor unkindness blighted, one bud of their sweet stock. Alas! that such an age should ever lose its charm,—for lose that charm it will and must.

There is the presence, and the consciousness, and the love, of all good—and the absence and the ignorance of all ill. There is the fair and full promise of all that hope can paint (and hope paints well); there is the fair and full apology (and how seldom is the apology required!), for that mystic, undisputed power, which, never claimed by the feebler sex as a right, is sure to be yielded by the other, as much from impulse as from courtesy. At that age the features repeat, with ready truth, the blameless story of the eager mind. How modestly are the outpourings of a buoyant spirit tempered by the deepening tinge of that bashful yet dimpled cheek, and how eloquently are they pleaded for in the stealthy glance of that half-penitent, half-laughing eye. There is nothing under the sky like the clear deep beauty of the eye which I am thinking of, unless it be the ocean when it lies calm and open to the sunshine, and reflects only the brightness and the colours of heaven, on which it looks.

Do you understand me, ladies and gentlemen? If you do not, I pity you, all and equally.

It was from a long, steadfast gaze upon this picture, that I was one day roused by the gentle voice of the original herself, then but a few years older, who had been sent by her father to desire my company during his ride. She had approached quite close to me before I perceived her; and probably she had already spoken unheeded. A playful but diffident look claimed identity with that recorded on the canvass, and, as her eye followed mine to what had been the cause of my abstraction, the glow on her cheek became as deep as in childhood. We were

silent. I felt like a detected thief—yet why?—It was no offence;—and if it were, surely I was before a judge who had no great reason to be severe. At length, with a sigh, she said, “Do you know I was very happy when that was painted? A dear friend, a very dear friend, the companion of my infancy, was drawn at the same time. They were romps, I believe, rather than sittings, and we were sorry when they ended.”

“And who was your very dear friend, Adelaide?” quoth I, with an awkward prophetic anxiety.

“Our neighbour, Mr. Burton,” she half whispered.—It was enough. The tone and look told me the secret of her ingenuous heart, and the hopelessness of what mine had begun to cherish;—and fie on the heart which, from that hour, could beat for her with any but a brother's love.

She put her arm within mine, and led me to her father.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, suffer me to lead you back to Mrs. Allington and the window. I was in the act of leaving my ambuscade, from very anger at the discovery which that perspicacious lady had thus made of my best secret, and her pitiless disclosure of it to her husband, when honest John again riveted me to my chair by asking, with his wonted simplicity, the very question I longed to put.

“And how do you know all this?” said he.

“I know it,” replied his obliging partner, “I know it all beyond a doubt. For Mademoiselle questioned Mr. H.'s confidential Swiss, by my direction, about his master's habits and fortune. Broullion affected to be diplomatic with her, but La Crepe was too much for him, and out it

all came. Every one with eyes can see how it is, and I myself spent half a morning joining together some torn bits of paper which I watched him throw under the great library table, and they turned out to be some very bad verses entitled 'The Irresolute, addressed to A. A.' Now don't fly off, Mr. A.," continued she, in a tone of soothing remonstrance, "for now I think of it, I must have a little quarrel with you. When we were discussing my projected little pic-nic last night, I fancied you inclined to throw a little cold water upon my little scheme. Now wasn't that a leetle unkind?"

"Mrs. Allington," her husband answered gravely, "it is long since I ventured to have a voice in such matters. You may still do, as I believe you will own you have ever done, pretty much as you like, respecting your own amusements; but I must be permitted at least a remark, when I see my girls put into disadvantageous positions, and made to form indiscreet intimacies. In the first place, you must know I have no particular fondness for your pic-nics, Mrs. Allington; they are generally (forgive me) apt to be composed of good, bad, and indifferent, which you will allow to be odds, my dear, of just two to one in favour of not very desirable society. (Be kind enough, my love, to hear me out.) They generally end in a romp; and I have as yet never seen any remarkable advantage accrue from the practice of romping among grown people. (One word more, and I have done.) I think that you said your new acquaintance, Mrs. Eglantine, was to have the direction of your party."

"Well!" said Mrs. Allington, "now you have done."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have; and now hear my reply. As for romping, oh, Mr. A., how often have I been obliged to tell you you know nothing at all about it; and as for my new acquaintance, as you choose to call Mrs. Eglantine, she happens to be my very dear friend; a young, innocent, interesting, unprotected widow, whose situation is singularly romantic. A husband, whom she adored, left her, for his health, to travel in Italy. He was taken by banditti, robbed and murdered—poor little sufferer! she looks up to me for direction. Indeed, my chief object in giving a party at all, next to showing my own girls, is to find some amusement for that dear little woman, who never means to take off her mourning (how well she looks in it!), and, if she had her own way, would shut herself up for the rest of her life. She is too young to do it, Mr. A.—"

"Nor does she do it, Mrs. A. All the officers from the barracks at B. go tame about her house. There is the German colonel, Baron Oldmansogle, with the white whiskers, and the red-headed Irish riding-master, Macgillycuddy, with the black whiskers, and bald Lieutenant Coot, with the false whiskers, and Cornet Macassar, with the little whisker on his under-lip, and Cornet Rosebud, with no whiskers at all, and there is—"

"Poor, dear, little, injured, disconsolate creature!" whined Mrs. Allington, in interruption of the muster-roll. "Oh, Mr. A., you know not your own ingratitude; she does that merely to oblige you and me—(as for those pretty, pretty mustaches, by the way, I can only vow and protest I hope we may never have a king of this

country who will have the barbarity to cut them off, and make those dear officers look like mere Englishmen.) Her house is one of the few where our girls can make a new acquaintance, and for their sakes she does admit these pleasing persons of a morning."

"She admits that dissipated boy of a lord of an evening," said Mr. Allington, drily.

"She does," returned the lady; "but, as you say, he is but a boy. She protects the poor young man; she sees him entering an evil world exposed to temptations; she makes him occupy his time; she gives him good advice; she gives him good books; he is safe when at Eglantine Bower. And, to tell you the honest truth (but do not compromise us), she and I think he will do for our Adey. And now you have the whole secret: I am to give a pic-nic. Mrs. Eglantine will bring Lord D., and you must ask the other officers from B. barracks."

"I'll see B. barracks and all the officers at the—"

"For shame, for shame, Mr. A.!" interrupted his helpmate.

"I'll be hanged first!" proceeded honest John, out of all patience; and his helpmate was silent; "and I'll write by this day's post to Lord D.'s guardians; and I'll tell them what I think of the Widow Eglantine; and I'll speak with my dear Adey my own self,"—and slap went the door.

"Stop, stop!" roared his helpmate; but her far better half was far beyond her voice, or deaf to it. "Go, then," continued she, "for an old obstinate fool, with your stupid, troublesome honesty. I'm not afraid. The guardians

are both abroad : France—Italy.—My pic-nic ;—I'll hurry it.—Sir James Burton—not married yet !—here—Adey ! —Maria !—where are you ?—Get some pink note-paper and blue sealing-wax directly—out of the perfumed case, and come to my boudoir to write invitations.”

And so the pic-nic was launched. And there's the first half of my story. I have an invincible repugnance to a long story, and therefore I have given a long dialogue, which tells the story rather more glibly than I could have done. But what remains must needs be narrated in the style called the pure historical ;—heaven help me !

Now might it not be reasonable to conclude that the good man's objections were treated with a little respect in the course of the arrangements—that the widow and the young lord, at least, and perhaps a few of the officers from B. barracks were surrendered, however reluctantly, as a peace-offering to the master of the feast ? Not a bit of it ?

Mrs. Allington was one of those strong-minded ladies who act on principle, and who owe it to their consciences and to themselves (and very punctual they are in those payments), to do to the full all that their strong minds tell them ought to be done, at no matter what sacrifice of others' feelings, to mark their discountenance of opinions they disapprove. So the invitations were sent, and accepted. Few could refuse Mrs. Allington. Mrs. Eglantine was consulted daily, hourly ; Adelaide was sent backwards and forwards with hints and suggestions ; and, on more than one occasion, it was voted a wonder by the widow that Miss Allington had been allowed to walk alone from Allington Park to Eglantine Bower, and so

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Lord D. walked back with her from Eglantine Bower to Allington Park. I saw the whole game. I watched Mrs. Allington with all the keenness of deep dislike, and vowed the discomfiture of her. My own conscience had been seared from the moment at which I heard her confess the countless meannesses she had been guilty of, aggravated, perhaps, in my estimation, by the seduction she had practised upon the virtue of my confidential Swiss, and by the punishment she had inflicted upon my vice of listening, and I now resolved upon setting my wits fairly against hers. Fairly, did I say?—No! By all means, fair, and the reverse. To abet in whatever could annoy and expose her; to listen and peep wherever an occasion should present itself, and even to betray her without ruth or remorse, should it ever happen to suit my convenience. It is astonishing to one who has ever made it his amiable occupation, how short a time will acquaint one with all the whites and blacks of a vain and ambitious heart, and with the game which skilful players, who have a stake in it, may play, for their own advantage or amusement, on that chequered board. Vain and ambitious was the heart of Mrs. Allington, and a very few days' private practice enabled me to thoroughly dissect, anatomise, and lecture upon it. Thought, design, suspicion, all, all were laid bare to me, before she in whom they rose, sunk, and rankled, was aware of even their existence. I had little leisure to speculate upon the acts of the rest of the family, or to resolve them to their hidden motives. Yet I was angry with Adelaide. Her heart had suddenly become to me a sealed book; and (hang it!) as is the case with

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many wiser men in greater affairs, I mystified myself by looking too deep for what I have since had reason to believe lay very much on the surface. She seemed to allow herself to be played upon in ways which to me, who knew her good sense, and, above all, who knew her large share of that on which all good sense is founded, good feeling, were quite unintelligible. Her good humour was impenetrable. She smiled without distinction or measure on all the world; even on young Lord D. But I was absolutely mad with honest John. There he sat in his great leathern chair, with his younger children crowding round him and climbing over him, amusing himself with their babble, and seemingly deaf and blind to all the politics of his indefatigable wife, and of Lord D., who flirted with his daughter before his very face, and of the Widow Eglantine, who came every day to dinner. A stranger, who knew nothing about it, would have said, "How Mr. Allington does enjoy Mrs. Allington's preparations for one of her delightful pic-nics!"

And so the day arrived on which Mrs. Allington was to make her grand display of hospitality, taste, and daughters. The morning was fine, "the day unclouded, the earth all verdure, and the sky all song," as Sir Namby Pamby improvised, who had occupied himself through a whole wet St. Swithin's in composing this delicious sentence. In short, "had Mrs. Allington selected it out of all the days of the year," as old Mrs. Emery laboured to tell her, whose trade it was to brighten all things, "she could not have made a more favourable choice." The same laudatory lady was heard to declare—"That Mrs.

Allington was the most fortunate of women ; not only in having the finest days for her parties (although that alone was a great blessing), but in every thing. She had the best and easiest husband in the world, and nobody's daughters were so popular ; she was sure to get rid of them. All she undertook succeeded to her utmost wish. Who but Mrs. Allington, in that scanty neighbourhood, could have assembled so many people ? and such good society too ! All B. barracks ! and, besides Mr. Wortly the great brewer, and Sir Twaddly Maresnest, the colonial judge, she had herself counted at one time five baronets, and two lords, young Lord D. and old Lord E. !”

Mrs. Allington was indeed a lady eminently qualified to give effect to the social principle. Happiness, according to Byron, was born a twin. Happiness, according to Mrs. Allington, lives in an omnibus.

The festivities began with an excursion to a very romantic spot, only four miles from Allington Park. Here an old ivied castle lingered in the last, the longest, and most picturesque stage of its being, repaying with its beautiful frowns the lady of Allington, who had not failed, by judicious props and repairs, to stay the dilapidations of time and wintry weather among her favourite ruins. A low rough range, of modern growth, nestled under its walls. This was built, in good unobtrusive taste, out of fragments of the fallen parts, and clinging like a faithful nursling to the ancient pile, served to buttress with its kindred strength the shelter of the parental roof. It formed two rooms. One spacious enough for a large party to dine in. The other a sort of boudoir. I



cannot tell what that was fit for ; there was scarcely room for more than two persons. A lawn of fine turf was kept short and smooth as velvet for dancing ; and, at a small distance, concealed by an intervening wood, was a farmhouse, which afforded cantonments and picketings for grooms and horses.

The company had been invited to meet at the ruins by two o'clock, there to open the solemnities with a sort of a meal, which is on the cards of fashionable people expressed by four emphatic French words, signifying that one is expected to eat not with one's fingers only. "War to the knife!" was the memorable exclamation of the defenders of Saragossa : "Breakfast to the fork !" was the no less determined proposal of Mrs. Allington. Each lady had provided, as directed, one cold dish ; each gentleman two bottles of wine. Intemperately proportioned feast ! Of course all the usual calamities happened, were lamented, and straightway subsided into jest. There was a remarkable preponderance of pigeon pies ; hams were seen, a scarcely less stupendous assemblage, pointing at each other through their paper ruffles, from one end to the other of the table ; "every leaf had a tongue," (as a living poet says ;) and there was a "beggarly account," (as an immortal one says,) of countervailing chickens. Salad, salt, and bread, had been forgotten, and all the wine was champagne. But Mrs. Allington had thought of every thing. Deficiencies were allowed to appear only as long as they were voted a good joke, and presently all were repaired from an unexpected dépôt at the farm ; and honest John's wines had as good a flavour, and were in

as great variety and plenty, amongst the ruins as at his own hospitable board at Allington Park.

While Mrs. Allington was playing the "most kind hostess" to all, all were variously engaged. Many in their own little businesses; more on the little businesses of others. Some speculating on the largest and solemnest considerations of county politics; many making matches for their neighbours, a few making matches for themselves. While at a side-table, and happy in their convivial seclusion, sat the colonial judge, with Mr. Docet the tutor and Mr. Proseit the curate, making common cause in a reversionary pigeon pie, with the next presentation of a peregraux in prospect, and an actual incumbency over three long-necked bottles, which stood, unnoticed of the multitude, in a corner. Not far off, Doctor Shudderpool, M. D., smit with the horrid mysteries of the Regent Street Solar Microscope, and solicitous equally for the general health and for his own, was occupied in passing through a process of purification the water of a beauteous spring which bubbled by, and which came improved from Mr. George Robins' smallest-sized patent royal filter, which costs but 1*l.* 5*s.*, and "renders crystal the worst water, at the rate of twelve gallons per day." Of the other sex, crouching in an ivied window, and single, as she long had lived, sat Lady Venena Adderly, compounding pencil notes for a descriptive letter to Poet Peeper, who furnished lampoons to a Sunday paper. "Memoranda of some of the *voted pretty persons*.—The three Miss S——s, crooked in three different ways (deformity voted a *petite figure*). Miss W. a beard (voted a

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duvet or *shade*). And little red Miss T. (voted *auburn*, and like *Jane Shore*) runs about chattering like a magpie that has finished its education in the back yard of an ill-managed boarding-school." Thus wrote this detestable woman; for, in my character of overlooker as well as overhearer, I stood behind the window at which she drove her abominable trade.

But let us turn to happier parts of the scene. Eating, drinking, laughing, syllabubing under the cow, and dancing, occupied the time till dusk. Then the whole party adjourned to Allington Park, to spend the evening and beguile the night, amidst the varied charms of tea, music, supper, more dancing, fireworks, and moonlit rambles.

And you, Mrs. Allington, you were a prosperous gentlewoman! Every thing went on according to your fondest wish. The realities of the present hour, the prospects of an indistinct future, all, all were of the rosiest rose-colour. At the dawn of this auspicious day your looks had commenced with the opening uncertain sky. Hope was then balanced by fear on your careful brow. But, when you had thought and rethought, reviewed your mines, and in fancy baffled the countermines of the foe, and with wondrous skill had placed and ordered every thing and every body to your own liking, then, in your meridian joy, did there seem a rivalry between the broad sun and your expanded countenance, which should shine the brighter, and spread the greater gladness around.

And Mrs. Eglantine took possession of old Lord E.,

and gave her chaperonage to Adelaide and young Lord D. Miss Carleton, whose marriage was fixed for the following day, sent an excuse; but she sent it by the hands of her intended, Sir James Burton, who was never known to absent himself from an occasion of good eating and drinking. It is important to mention, as it was much remarked upon, that, whether out of civility to the hostess, or out of pure carelessness, or for some other reason, and many were the probable reasons that underwent discussion, Sir James Burton did actually offer, and some did say with a significant look, his arm for the day to Miss Maria Allington.

The concerns of the rest of the company were soon arranged, and apparently to general satisfaction; for the majority were pleased, and who ever cared for the feelings of a minority? Who had leisure to attend to the history of a pouting quivering lip, or an anxious wandering eye? I was one, probably of the very few, sufficiently disengaged to admit the consciousness that such things were. There is a forward communicativeness in Joy which ever makes it seen.—It is at once known by its mien from every thing but what it is; it looks around for sharers, and (thank Heaven!) seldom looks in vain; while Disappointment hangs back from the crowd, is doomed often to be mistaken for moroseness or for petulance, and never to find a willing sympathy. In the rear of even this merry party there were looks, and I saw them, which bore no testimony to Mrs. Emery's repeated declaration, that "every creature there *must* be pleased and satisfied." Alas! this was not assented to by the poor,

timid, mortified girl, who, in her desertedness, sees one whom she expected (perhaps very tenderly wished) to be her partner, laughing, shrieking, and whisking, with another; while deep and cankering envy of the blue-bodied rival who has displaced her, and perhaps as deep resentment against Mrs. Allington for the thwarting officiousness of an ill-timed introduction, now first found entrance into her hitherto peaceful bosom:—Ay, now for the first time. But who shall say that the malignant passions of such a day will cease with the exciting cause? And who shall say that the home of that pensive husband will ever again shine upon him as it did before? Sad man! With nods, and winks, and becks, he dissented from the proposal of his pretty, vain wife to take a seat in that phaeton to Allington Park:—of small account were nods, and winks, and becks, when weighed against such considerations as a phaeton, a bearded captain, and his wild horses, acting on a mind already heated with waltzing and champagne. And who will assert that old Mr. Creeper, whom a rheumatic gout had imprisoned at home, really felt the obligations he expressed to Mr. H., of the Priory, for his special care of little Mrs. Creeper, who was never known to take care of herself? And small comfort was it to him that Mrs. H., of the Priory, in a fit of what might be mistaken for jealousy, bestowed her company, and all the smiles she could summon, upon that dissipated wretch Mr. G. of the Deanery.

But let us leave the melancholy minority. “Look at that dear interesting creature! Look at Mrs. Eglan-

tine," said our hostess. "How lovely she is! Whose appearance but hers could stand it in that deep, deep mourning? How kindly she forces her spirits and strength to aid to make our little *projet* agreeable! I never can be sufficiently grateful!" Mrs. Eglantine did indeed seem to justify these praises, and merit this gratitude. There she sat, in weeds; weeds of grace indeed! And who, if that were mourning, could ever regret to see the loveliest of that sex in the garb of grief? it looked so like joy.

Mrs. Eglantine (I borrow the eloquent words of her friend, Sir Namby Pamby) "is one of those sensitive beings, the children of impulse, unable to control her sympathies, and varying ever under the varying influences of gleam and shadow." She complains of weak health and uncertain spirits. She describes to you her griefs, and she describes to you her medicines; neither of them of the vulgar sort. Her all is in the tomb, or rather worse, out of the tomb; for it lies murdered and a-bleaching in the Pyrenees. But she *must* do her duty to society. For Mrs. Allington (and who knows and feels these things better?) says so, and tells her she must not bury herself in her loved retirement. Mrs. A. hopes indeed to see her make a second choice: but that is impossible, absolutely impossible. Mrs. Eglantine fulfils, therefore, a generous, painful task to the public, and permits herself to be led forth before it. She begins the day, languid and lounging, plaintive and platonic. As it advances her spirits improve. By dinner-time she assumes the attractive, retaining still much of the ab-

stracted, the inconsequent, and the simple. But, during that exhilarating season, her reserve subsides, and she becomes very agreeable, and loves her neighbour. After dinner she is exceedingly confidential, and from that time she frankly takes her part in whatever may be the amusement of the evening.

"There is nae white but hath its black." And this, even Mrs. Allington was doomed to find. Her pic-nic was tending to its close—her schemes all promising to take effect—when something, one of the few things over which she had no control, came to damp the general joy. The time for the fireworks had arrived. They were displayed at a distance from the house, on the opposite bank of a fine piece of water. Fireworks never show so well as when, repeated in that element, they "float double," as the poet says, "squib and shadow." But another and a greater motive occupied the ample bosom of the hostess, and directed her in the choice of this spot. To this motive Mrs. Eglantine was party, and so indeed was I. By much listening and prying I had discovered, and had in vain tried my best to circumvent it. It was agreed between Mrs. Allington and her friend that the latter should arrange matters with Lord D. for his elopement with Adelaide. And now, as I heard it whispered, the travelling chaise and four was waiting at the park gate nearest to the lake. The fond and careful mother was but to shut her eyes, and leave all to the widow. The other parent was supposed to be sufficiently secured by his ignorance of the plot, and by the habitual uninquiring indolence of

his nature. But, whether from hatred of Mrs. Allington, or from jealousy of Adelaide, or from a real good and upright feeling towards honest John, I know not; this I know, that I had not failed to open his eyes and rouse his mind to all that was going on. And what got I for it? Thanks—yes, thanks, after a fashion; but absolutely nothing more. Honest John seemed scarce to hear me; and, when urged to comprehend the whole extent and force of the information, little seemed it to interest him. Was it then possible he could indeed countenance by his criminal neglect so disgraceful a proceeding?

The exhibition had begun. The first few bars of "God save the king" (imposing overture! which, much to the credit of our loyalty, is always appropriate on every occasion of public rejoicing, from the election of a churchwarden, upwards) sounded from the full band of B. barracks; and, already, among the shouts of the peasantry, the first rockets rushed upwards to the sky. But they were the signals only of disappointment. The night had become unusually dark, the air unusually still and sultry. By short-sighted and sanguine mortals the latter circumstance had been hailed as one of comfort to the spectators; the former as favourable to the effect of what they were soon to be dazzled withal. But after a vivid flash or two of sheeted lightning, which embraced and shamed all that man could do in the way of coruscation, the thunder began to growl, and large, heavy drops were now heard to plash upon the calm, blackened water. And scarcely had the band, surmounting its second stanza, begun to

give effect to the prayer of the third, "On him be pleased to pour; long may he reign;" when rain it did in right earnest; and it soon poured.

All thoughts were turned, instantly and eagerly, towards the house. But fear misleads judgment, and the greater part of the company hurried in directions wide of that which led to shelter. Mrs. Allington was standing in her Gothic porch distributing umbrellas, shawls, and cloaks, to go she knew not whither; and long was it ere she was joined by more than a very inconsiderable number of her friends. Nor was her solicitude for the general welfare more remarkable than her entire disinterestedness touching the fate of her husband and daughter. Not once did the name of honest John escape those lips which once had vowed to him so much of cherishing and of obedience; and when not a few friends offered to search for the general favourite, Adelaide, their services were declined by the mother, with an assurance that Adelaide was quite safe; that Maria was comfortable in a summer-house with Sir James Burton, and Julia snug under a tree with several young men, who would of course take care of her. In the general need, sundry and various were the destinies of each; and tedious it were to recount them. Suffice it to say that the Reverend Mr. Proseit, and his friend the Colonial Jurist, faithful now in their partnership of water, as before of wine, were seen, together still, slowly returning, midway of the lawn, disdaining the pudder o'er their heads, each imprisoning, with tenacious gripe, a button of the other, as in act of argument, as he enforced, with the protruded finger of

the other hand, his still unfinished syllogism. Lady Venena, alone still, and shunned of all, was providing singly for the refuge of that hated self, in whose comfort none but self bore any interest; and Mr. Docet, the tutor, mindful of classic precedent, had fled, like another *Æneas*,

“As Love or Fortune guides,”

with the elder Miss Di Doleman, to the inviting shelter of Dripstone Cave.

At last the storm subsided, and the victims began to arrive, wet to the skin, and draggled with dirt. But that was now past all help. And if hot blankets, dry clothes, negus, and punch, had any restorative virtue, every restorative was there, and in plenty. They began inquiries concerning absentees. Then did Mrs. Emery, maugre Mrs. Allington's considerate efforts to stop her, lest she should needlessly alarm fond parents by proclaiming who was missing, insist on calling over the muster-roll. All, save three, answered to their names. These three were Adelaide, Mrs. Eglantine, and young Lord D.

Every eye turned to Mrs. Allington—every tongue conjured her not to be uneasy. But she, “mistress of their passions and her own,” was perfectly at ease, and retaliated their entreaties to her to be composed with a corresponding command to them to think nothing at all about it: “Lord D. was so good-natured; he would take care of her dear child, who was as safe as with her;—and was not Mrs. Eglantine there?” She even proposed that the dancing should recommence, if it were only to remove

all chance of chill from the rain. The music was summoned into the hall for the young ones, and more shawls and more negus for the chaperons. But it would not do. The effort to renew the festivities was vain. No Adelaide appeared, and no Lord D.; and, what seemed really to surprise and annoy Mrs. Allington, no Mrs. Eglantine. "She must be gone home to the Bower," said Mrs. Allington; "and she has taken her companions with her. Her judgment is so correct, I cannot be uneasy."

Morning dawned. All were tired, and glad to get home. So all departed, kindly hoping that nothing fatal had happened; and several, in their solicitude, suggesting for consideration well-authenticated histories of death by lightning. It was clear that Mrs. Allington had her won springs of comfort in her own strong mind. How she slept I know not, but slumber was a stranger to me. The more I reflected on what I had seen, the more was I astonished at the conduct of each of the parties concerned. I was at a loss which most to admire: the daring reach of the mother's ambition—the criminal supineness of the father—the heartless vanity and inconstancy of the daughter, or the officious interference of the female friend, for mere mischief's sake. I was, however, so thoroughly out of temper with all things and persons, that I felt ill prepared for the scene of deep dissimulation which awaited me at the family breakfast. So I walked out, early and alone, to indulge myself in bad humour and useless meditation.

I returned about the middle of the day. More wonders: Mrs. Allington was in fits. Her younger daughters

ministering salts and sympathies. Adelaide, on both knees, smiling, weeping, blushing, and begging pardon and a blessing, all together. Accompanied she was, and supported by a husband—not Lord D., but the playmate of her infancy, and the lover of her choice, Tom Burton.

And all was soon explained. Honest John had known a trick worth two at least of his wife's. He had received her peremptory orders to shut his eyes to the elopement of his daughter. He had done more—he had abetted in it. He had played the practical diplomatist. He had procured a license, and had given his formal consent to the two parties the most interested, that the marriage should be solemnized privately, but very thoroughly, that morning in his own parish church. Adelaide, on the preceding night, had only appeared to elope. She had, indeed, left the house with Lord D. and the widow, but had returned alone, before the storm, and had taken refuge in her father's study, where she remained, alone with her father, till the canonical hours of the morning enabled him to give away, to his young friend and neighbour, a hand almost as dear to the giver as to the receiver.

Poor Mrs. Allington! On the same morning, but a few hours later, another marriage was performed in the same church—Sir James Burton with Miss Carleton. Still later, in that eventful day, news of Mrs. Eglantine reached her dear friend at Allington Park. She and young Lord D. were far on their road to Scotland. Poor Mrs. Allington!—her fits returned. “Well, who would have thought it! Oh! never, never was I so deceived in

woman! And yet, somehow, I always saw *that* in her which made me think it prudent not to repose too much confidence in her—the artful, unprincipled, poor, despicable creature!” And then, so sincerely did Mrs. Allington pity the poor, despicable creature, that she stamped and burst into a passion of tears.

But Mrs. Allington was not wholly unfortunate. She had a little feeling of gratified vengeance to enjoy. After the first transports of her mortification were past, she had the merit of sufficiently subduing her anger to write some good news, and she was the first to communicate it, to her dear, sensitive, friend. Very late on the evening of that same day a most unexpected visiter arrived at Eglantine Bower, the report of whose arrival spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood—Mr. Eglantine of that ilk;—the supposed defunct, happily restored, lord of that bower;—never having been murdered at all, only detained, and a little the worse for a few wounds and other slight severities, from which, with a few months’ assiduous nursing, there was every prospect of an entire recovery, and a long life. There, in the midst of his own bower, he sat him down, awaiting, with commendable patience, and, as the civilians have it, *in animo maritali*, the return of his lady from her premature and now unprofitable journey to the connubial border of North Britain.

And Mrs. Allington has not given a pic-nic since.

THE LAST LETTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THEY tell me, I am greatly changed,
From that which I have been ;
So changed, it would have passed belief,
Had they not known—not seen :
They tell me my once graceful form,
Is waning—pale and thin—
Alas ! these blighted looks scarce speak,
The deeper blight within !—

They tell me in one little month,
I seem to have lived years ;
My ringlets have the shade of age,
My eyes are worn with tears :
They say the beauteous cheek you praised,
Now wears a *deathly* hue ;
And, oh ! I feel within my breast,
My heart is dying too !—

I do not *wish* to send one pang
Of sadness to thy soul ;
But there are feelings—deep and strong—
We may not quite control ;

I do not—do I love reproach ?
O ! if—forgive—forgive ;
'Tis wo to think of thee—and die !
'Tis worse than wo—to live !—

My sleep is wild and dark to me,
My dreams are of the dead ;
I wake—and bless the light of day,
Though day brings its own dread :
The visions and the tongues *of home*,
Haunt all my steps with pain ;
'Till fire is in my aching sight !—
And madness in my brain !—

This may not—will not—long endure ;
I know death's hour is nigh,
And, oh ! 'tis all on earth I ask,
To see thee—ere I die !—
Is it too much for all my tears,
For all my anguish past,
To grant me this—my parting prayer—
My last—my very last !

ON A FADED BLUE-BELL.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

AND art thou fallen, fair flower, e'en so low
That nameless things upon thy beauty feed,
And riot o'er the charms that used to throw
A modest splendour on the verdant mead?
Who could have plucked thee, yet let fall again
Thy form, whose colour might with heaven vie,
And let thee lie neglected on the plain,
To e'en excite the passing stranger's sigh?
Or wert thou plucked, a present for the hand
Of some gay beauty; but to be displaced,
Because thy modest charms could not command
The love with which the donor wished thee graced?
I cannot brook to see thee drooping there,
Formed as thou art to flourish in the day;
It must not be—a flower so sweet and fair
Shall not thus wantonly be cast away.
“Yes, for a time,” the flower seemed to say,
“Thy sun of kindness may the damp dispel;
But canst thou place me on my parent spray,
And canst thou make that parent love as well?
If thou canst rob reflection of its pain,
If retrospection ends at thy command,
Then bid me in thy kindness blush again,
And take me, gentle stranger, in thy hand.”



THE HALL OF THE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

NOTWITHSTANDING that the castle of Kilkenny generally held a strong garrison, upon an October evening, in the year 1390, its bastions, towers, and other points of defence were almost unmanned; its courts almost silent; and but a few very old or very young domestics sat in its great hall, with arms in their hands, and with doubt and anxiety impressed on their features. It had sent out its last regular soldier, together with all of its able-bodied serfs, to support their lord, James, Earl of Ormonde, in a battle against the Desmond, touching the rights and bounds of certain lands; and intelligence of the result of the fray was, upon this evening, every moment expected at its gates.

The lady of the fortress knelt in her private chapel, at "the altar of the holy stone," in fervent, but not faltering prayer. The pride of name, the pride of feudal animosity, and the pride of her love of her martial husband, equally kept her heart unconscious of fear. The utmost condescension of her anxiety was to doubt; but nothing did she, or would she, doubt upon the subject which engrossed

her soul, so far as regarded its issue by mortal means. Uncontrolled by a superior power, the Botiller, the Ormonde, the lord of her heart and her life, ever commanded success against a Desmond; and she knelt, therefore, only to pray that the will of God might not, on this occasion, fight against her, and hers.

Her orisons ended, she slowly arose, and after bending her head, and crossing her calm and high forehead before the altar, paced along the solitary chapel, and issued from it through a low, arched door. Many flights of narrow stone steps, twining upward from the foundations of the castle, upon a level with which was the chapel-floor, then conducted her to the suite of small rooms leading into her sleeping-chamber; thence she gained a lobby, which gave entrance to what was called "The Long Gallery" of the edifice; where, finding herself alone, the lady of Ormonde blew a shrill and loud call upon the little silver whistle which hung from her neck.

But no person answered her; and while her commanding brow assumed a severe expression, she was again about to put the whistle to her lips, when the notes of a trumpet, sounding the signal for defence, reached her from, as she believed, the embattled wall which faced and fell down to the Nore, full forty feet, although its top was still much lower than the foundation stone of the fortress it helped to defend. The point from which the martial strain seemed to arise was fully commanded by the spacious end window of the long gallery; and thither the lady of Ormonde now repaired, with a more rapid step than was habitual to her.

Arrived at the window, she boldly flung open its case-ments, and gazed directly downward. Two figures only met her view, those of the individuals whom she had reckoned upon meeting in the gallery after her return from the chapel; namely, Simon Seix, the half-witted foster-brother of her only son (and only child, too), and that only son, himself, mounted on Simon's shoulders, who galloped, or pranced, or curveted, along the terra-plane of the wall.

"The poor born-natural!" she muttered; "again will he disobey my commands not to leave the castle with his young lord? and leave it for such antics, too, and to be played upon that perilous wall; and doubtless it was he who erewhile mimicked the sound of trumpet which so challenged us!"—

The lady recollected Simon's talent for imitating the tones of all the instruments of music which he had ever heard played, as well, indeed, as of the voices of many animals; and even at the moment her surmise was confirmed; for, after he had exceedingly well performed the loud neighing and snorting of an enraged battle-charger, as an accompaniment to a devious and (still the lady thought) perilous caracole, she saw and heard him blow a second trumpet-blast through the hollow of his hand, which might well be mistaken for the martial music it faithfully copied. It was a strain of victory and triumph; and Simon seemed enamoured of his own execution of it; for he prolonged the sounds, as though he would never end them, until, at last, they suddenly stopped, breaking

off in a ludicrous cadence of terror as the overmastering shrillness of his lady's whistle cut them short.

Turning up his large gray eyes to the open window far above him, he saw the awful figure of his offended mistress half bending from it. Her arm was raised, her hand clenched, and she stamped her foot, and pointed to him to re-enter the castle. The Lord Thomas—so was called the little boy of seven or eight years on his back—looked up also; but while Simon assumed a face of the utmost fright and affliction, he only laughed merrily and graciously, in answer to his mother's signs; and then, resisting his foster-brother's preparations to place him on his own feet, he obliged Simon still to bear him on his shoulders.

In a few moments, the little Lord Thomas appeared before his mother in the gallery. Her first look towards him was one of grave reprehension; but when, presuming on her love for him, as well as prompted by his own love for her, the boy came bounding forward; his perfectly amiable, and intelligent, countenance wearing smiles, which at once deprecated her anger and admitted error, but made light of it; the stately lady's brow relaxed, and, thinking of his father, she opened her arms to receive him.

"But where tarries Simon Seix, boy? with him, at the least, the overgrown adviser and contriver of all thine antics, I shall call a strict reckoning," she said, after some previous words between them.

Lord Thomas made a gleeish signal to his mother of a

confidential understanding sought at her hands, and then composing his features, spoke in a voice of mock solemnity, as he turned towards the door by which he had come in, "Enter, Simon, and face my lady mother."

The ill-contrived figure of Simon, short, thick, and bandy-legged, dragged itself through the doorway, and stood still a few paces past the threshold. His long arms dropt at his sides; his jaw fell; his crooked eyebrows became proportionately elevated; his heavy-lidded eyes turned sideways upon the floor; and altogether he presented a very ludicrous caricature of repentance, fear, and self-abasement, of which one-half was, however, only affected: for, with his young lord for an advocate, he really apprehended no bad consequences.

"So, knave," the lady began, "neither your respect for my commands, nor your love and fear of the lord of Ormonde, exposed, at this moment, to utmost peril, can keep you within the castle, with Lord Thomas, sage and sedate, as the time requires him and you to be?"

Simon whiningly, yet with a certain sly expression of tone and manner, replied—"I wot not, gracious lady, wherefore, at this time, aught is required from Lord Thomas, his father's son, or from me, his poor simple servitor and body-man, save the bearing which bespeaks joyousness and trouble past."

"And why, sirrah, wot you not?"

"Because, by this hour of the day, our good battle hath surely been fought and won, and a Botiller's foot again planted on the neck of a Desmond," answered Simon, confidently.

"Say you so?" continued the lady, her eyes brightening; "and whence come your tidings, sir?"

"From our common thought of what ever must be the fortunes of the Ormonde against his present foe, lady," said the reputed fool; and while he spoke, he gave his noble foster-brother an anxious sign to second his interested sycophancy, in consequence of which, as well, indeed, as in assertion of what he really felt, the boy answered:

"True, Simon; and it would, in sooth, ill become the Ormonde's only son to show, by wearing of a sad face, this even, a doubt of his own gallant father."

"List, excellent lady!" adjured Simon, "his nobleness repeats the very words which drew me from the castle by his side."

"Peace, knave!" said the lady, her face, voice, and manner suddenly changing into great energy as she heard the well-known sounds of lowering the drawbridge before the principal gate in the walls of the castle: "Nay, by my holy saint!" she went on rapidly, while a burst of wailing voices reached her from the hall below—"here I have been sinfully bandying words with an idiot, at the moment that I should have bent my knee to heaven! Who comes to greet us? who waits below?" she cried, pacing towards a side-door of the gallery; and she was about to issue through it, when the sound of many feet echoed on the lobby without. She paused, and grew pale. Presently old John Seix, the father of Simon, clad in complete mail, and looking jaded and agitated, presented himself before her: the few servants left in the

castle crowded at his back. Her eyes met his, and during their short but eloquent glance, she drew in her lips hard, crossed one hand over her bosom, and with the other, extended at full length, motioned him to speak.

"The noble Ormonde lives, dear lady," answered the old man; and there he paused.

"But the battle is lost, John Seix?" she said, apparently with calmness. Evasively, he replied, that his lord, in quick retreat upon Kilkenny, close pressed by the Desmond, had despatched him to bid his lady summon the citizens of the town to arms; that some of them might help to garrison the castle, and some hasten to join his army at Green's Bridge, a mile up the river, where he purposed making a last brave stand against his old foe.

"All things shall be tried," answered his lady; and thereupon she despatched one domestic to the civil authorities of the town, over whom the house of Ormonde held despotic sway; and another to the steeple, which held the great clock, in the courtyard, with orders to ring the alarum. "John Seix," she resumed, walking up and down the gallery—"however may betide this last struggle at the bridge, I give way to no fears for the dear and precious life of the Ormonde; supposing him a war-prisoner at the present moment, a Desmond hath never lived who dares to harm a hair of his head."

"Nor ever shall live, to but think of it, mother," said the almost infant Lord Thomas, coming to her side and taking her hand; his childish tears, which had flowed at John Seix's first news, being now almost dried up. She raised him in her arms and pressed him to her bosom,

but she did not weep. After setting him on the floor again, she continued :

“No, old and faithful servant ; I fear not the poor Desmond on my lord’s account ; but—should he a second time prove fortunate at yonder bridge, and afterwards break his rude way into our castle, here—then, John Seix, ungarrisoned and lone as we are—then would I fear him on mine own account.”

“And wherefore, mother ?” demanded the boy at her side, while old Seix sighed heavily and assentingly.

“It needs not that I inform you of the broad grounds of my fear,” she resumed, still addressing her old house-steward : “before my marriage with my noble lord, you remember his bold pretensions to my favour—they were plain to all the world : nathless, no living creature, save myself, can now tell you the especial reason why—woman, wife, lady, and—mother, as I am”—her accents trembled ; she stopped her rapid walk, and put her hand on her son’s head, while he looked up into her face most intently, though not as if he comprehended her present discourse—“the especial reason why my soul begins to shrink before the Desmond.”—

“Hark to the noise which comes faintly down the river, lady,” said, to her great surprise, Simon Seix, the half-fool, speaking seriously and steadily, as he gracelessly moved from a corner in which he had hitherto been standing unnoticed, though, perhaps, not without noticing all he saw and heard ; and edging round by the wall, approached the end window of the gallery.

“Ay, and so it does !” exclaimed his mistress, hurrying

to the point of observation before him ; "and, for the nonce, Simon, well have you spoken."

She gained the open window. Quick as a flash her glance shot at once up the river, to the bridge, and there fixed itself. The October evening began to close in, and it was sunless and heavy ; yet the twilight did not so much prevail as to hinder her from distinguishing the general features of things at a good distance.

The faint shouting and uproar still came down the Nore ; but nothing to interest her as yet occurred upon the bridge. In a very short time, however, the wild tumult growing louder, she saw a large body of armed men pour over it, rapidly and in disarray ; and some rallied at the country side of the bridge, some between its battlements, and some at its town side. The lady of Ormonde knew that these were her husband's men, hotly pursued by the Desmond ; and that they now prepared to make the last stand of which old Seix had spoken to her. Nor were they allowed much time to prepare themselves ; nor did they long resist the fierce attack of their assailants. The particular incidents of the struggle she could not see ; but in the furious shouts of the Desmond, at first confident and insulting, and then cruel and triumphant ; in the haughty blasts of their trumpets ; in the gradual receding from the bridge of her lord's bands, as those of his enemy thronged thick upon it ; and in the frequent plunge of men and horses into the river, at that point evidently possessed at first by her friends :—in all these occurrences, the unhappy lady saw, too plainly,

signs of discomfort and of woe to her husband, his child, and herself.

Old Seix, watching her from the interior of the gallery, needed nothing but her action, and the expression of her countenance, to tell him the issue of the fray, and to impart to his own bosom the successive emotions which agitated hers. When she first looked out from the window, he knew by her bending attitude, extended neck, and unwinking eyes, that, as yet, she saw nought which she had expected to see. Suddenly, in answer to the rush of the Ormondes over the bridge, she stood upright, and clenched her hands at her sides: then she bent low again, and her fingers grasped her knees; and then she started, a second time, to her full height, stamped with one foot, waved an arm round her head with a quick, chucking action of impatient command; and, finally, in observance of a termination which has not been described by us, she threw up her hands, locked them together, and dropped her head between her arms.

"All is over, lady of Ormonde?" demanded Seix.

"It is, John," she answered; "our base hinds fly like the poor deer they are only fit to tend, scattered and wild, over the distant country."

"Do the Desmonds pursue?" again asked the house-steward.

"Gallantly!" replied the lady; "and all in a body—not a man stays on the bridge."

"Then we have some pause, dear mistress; since none of them hasten this way."

"Ay, I grant you, if our townsmen enter the castle in time. But where linger they? false, bourgeois churls! Begone, thou, John Seix, and assay to rouse their sluggish spirit! But no—hold an instant—it may—it may be so!" She interrupted herself, by speaking these last words in a joyous, hopeful tone, as she again looked up the river.

"The Ormondes, lady?" questioned the old man.

"By Heaven! I do believe it is, John Seix! Some five or seven mounted men have parted from the confused body of pursuers and pursued, beyond the bridge—and now regain it—now spur fiercely over it—and one keeps ahead of the others—and now I lose him and them as they turn into the town—Quick, quick, John Seix, and mount the turret over the grand gate—thither they repair, whoever they be—quick, old man! I wait you here."

The house-steward did as he was commanded. In a short time after he had taken his position in the turret, seven horsemen galloped up the ascent which led from the near end of the town to the castle; and one, of noble bearing, led the rest. But as it was now deep twilight, and as the riders kept their vizors down, he could not, at a first look, pronounce whether they were friends or foes. Coming nearer, he fixed his glance upon a banner which they bore, and his heart beat with joy, for it was the banner of the Ormonde. He challenged them, as they pulled their reins before the gate; they, one and all, shouted the gladdening word; and he hastened from the turret to admit them within the walls of the castle.

Meantime, his lady impatiently, pantingly, awaited his return to the gallery. Leaving the window, she cast herself at first into a seat; then quickly arose; paced the gallery; stopped; listened; took her son's hand, and rapidly walked with him to the door at the remote end.

She had again heard the unbarring of the gate, and the lowering of the drawbridge. Now she distinguished hasty steps ascending through the castle to the gallery. A few paces from the end door, she stood still: a knight clad in full armour entered. In height and figure, he resembled her husband: but his vizor was down. Upon that she fixed her eye. An instant passed in silence, neither moving. The knight slowly raised his hand, and put up his vizor—it was the Desmond!

She did not scream nor start, nor even step back, for her heart had misgiven her, and spared her a surprise which might have betrayed the heroic lady into some weakness which she would have scorned to show.

“I know you, Desmond,” she only said, nodding her head, and endeavouring to look down his deep and fearful stare; “ay, and I knew you, before you put your hand to your casque.”

“You did, Petronilla?” he asked, in a low voice.

“Call me by my own name, here in mine own castle, Desmond;—the lady of Ormonde is that name; none other have you license to utter; and then tell me, what would Piers Gerald of Desmond with the lady of Ormonde—with her, and with her son, whom she holds by the hand?”

"It pleasures me," he answered, evasively, "that you knew me, as you say."

"And wherefore should it?"

"Because the knowledge so little angered you towards me, when I feared far otherwise of our meeting, lady of this castle."

"And is that all? Then I tell you, Desmond, build nought upon such a seeming. Learn, rather, that there be some in the world, who deeply feel, though they despise much outward show of *what* they feel; and who leave actions in the stead of words to decide between them and those they love or hate, honour or spurn."

"And 'tis well, passing well, that thus calmly we *do* meet," he resumed; "for it hits the fashion of the time, and the change of——"

"Of what?" she interrupted, for a woman, almost sternly—"the change of what? what change? Think you, Desmond, that, for an hour's mishap, the first he ever knew from *your* hand, at the least—the lord of Ormonde, or I, his wife, will brook that word? think you that spirit bends or snaps so soon? think you that the cowards who fled from you on yonder bridge make a tithe of the Ormonde's truer and loyaler vassals and fighting men? or, granting that he stood alone to-night, in some nook of his own wide lands, think you no other friends may be near, although come from far, to take his part and give you back to him, hand to hand, and foot to foot?"

"What other friends?" asked Desmond.

"Hark in your ear—true English friends! ay, Desmond, and with one who loves the Ormonde to bid them on—with England's king to bid them on!" she continued exultingly.

"Who hides behind this arras, to witness our discourse?" demanded Desmond, striding to the place of which he spoke, his hand placed on his sword.

"Harm not my poor jester, black Desmond!" cried the little Lord Thomas, springing after him from his mother's side; "none but he, Simon Seix, the half-witted, is there, and he has only crept behind the arras to sleep."

The child pulled aside the arras as he spoke, and discovered, indeed, Simon Seix sitting behind it, his clumsy, bony knees crippled up into his mouth, and his whole figure curiously twisted into the smallest possible size, while he seemed, at least, to sleep profoundly.

"Bid him awaken, and to the hall with you, for pastime, my brave man," said Desmond, shaking Simon with his mailed hand till he opened his eyes, uttering a strange cry, and starting to his feet. "May they not leave the gallery, lady?" resumed Desmond: "our speech grows of import."

"But surely of no value to an infant and a simpleton," answered the lady of Ormonde; "wherefore, Desmond, they may not leave the gallery for the hall."

"Dicken Utlaw, my proved body-man, will there do service and ward upon your fair son," continued Desmond.

"And is he there? *he*? Dicken Utlaw, your *proved* body-man?" asked the lady. "I know of him; in my

days of unwedded youth, I had a reason to know of him, the which you can tell; and, oh! heaven forgive you, Desmond, the intents, in furtherance of which you bring that stony-hearted Dicken into this castle!"

"If the child and the fool are to rest here," rejoined Desmond, "I pray you let it be at the end of the gallery, out of hearing."

To this she assented, and the young Lord Thomas and Simon Seix accordingly withdrew to the window.

"And now, lady, touching your wild speech of the English king's coming to Ireland—"

"He lands to-day at Waterford, Desmond: 'tis as wild as that—England's second Richard—at Waterford."

"Hush!" cried Desmond, as he perceived that Simon had again drawn near them, alone, so cautiously, that his steps were not heard: "now, sirrah, do you dare to pry into the discourse of your lady and myself?"

Simon humbly and earnestly denied any such bold and sinful design; and, reproved and chidden, he again withdrew, while Desmond went on with what he had to say.

"Lady, 'tis passing strange I should not have heard of this; but, let the king be at Waterford; I shall have loyal friends to wait on him there before midnight; you can have none—"

"The Ormonde may think of having some there before midnight, Desmond."

"Alack the day, lady!" said Desmond, sighing.

"Ha!" she cried, receding from him, "when *you* put on that seeming grief, there must be a black tale for *me* to hear, in good sooth!—Speak, man! you have jumped

upon his body,—laid prostrate by thousands for you,—and then passed your coward knife through his noble heart.”

“The Ormonde forced me to the field, lady, in just defence of my bounds of lands; but, otherwise, I bore him no ill blood: his life I never sought; and, had I seen it threatened, would have saved it: but the last *mêlée* was fierce upon the bridge, and he fell ere I knew that—”

“Dead! my Ormonde dead!” she cried, clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes on Desmond.

“I bore his banner to your gate—please you to see it in the hall?—Could he have drawn living breath when that was done?”

“I think, no,” she answered; “and you have reached him, then? And now, Desmond, ’tis in your mind that all looks clear for the fulfilling of an old oath.”—Stern despair was in her tones, as she uttered these words.

“Sweet lady, pass we that worthless matter—an error of mere youth, and nought besides—unless we add an out-breaking of passionate love, as pure and true as—”

“Insolent fool as well as villain!” again interrupted the lady: “where are you, boy? Come hither to my side, and hold fast by my hand—hither, hither! ha!” as she turned round, and looked towards the end of the spacious and dusky apartment. “My child hath left the gallery—with his poor fool, too! and left it, for what company!—for what chances! Desmond, I leave you to go seek him; and aid me in the task; and promise not to part us, when I find my boy, and I will kneel down to bless you.”

Terrible fears of Desmond’s designs began to press on

her mind, and she scarce knew what she said. Her unwelcome visiter earnestly promised to do as she requested of him; and they left the gallery by different doors. Desmond hastened to the hall, where, taking Utlaw aside, he said to him in a whisper—"Dicken, if by some secret outlet the young spawn of the Ormonde hath evaded us, we nearly lose our present game. Search well the courts and outbuildings—"

The calls and cries of the afflicted mother, echoing through the castle, interrupted his speech. She rushed into the hall, still uttering the name of her child. "You have murdered him, too!" she exclaimed, wildly, stopping before Desmond. "Ay, you! even while we spoke, above, some devils in your service spirited him away. Give place!" She darted past him, and left the hall, to engage in another search.

Desmond followed close in her steps to receive the child, for himself, if he should be found. His confidential follower explored every hiding-place out of doors. None of them succeeded: and then Dicken and some trusty comrades mounted their horses to ride to the town, and through all the surrounding country.

Half an hour before the lady of Ormonde missed them, Simon Seix, stealing on tiptoe to the nearest side-door, had carried the child out of the gallery in his arms. By private and obscure passages which, as he whispered to his young charge, the Desmond's men would not be found to have yet mounted guard upon, they then gained nearly the same spot, under the window of the long gallery,

where, some hours before, he had enacted, together, the parts of battle-charger and of trumpeter to the little Lord Thomas. Here he put the boy on his feet, and stooped down upon the terra-plane of the wall. "John, the father of Simon, showed it to me more than once," he said : and, while speaking, he contrived to loosen a small stone, and extract it from the surrounding ones. A ring appeared : he tugged at it with all his strength, and a square portion of the smooth, small flags, moved, were displaced, and discovered narrow steps winding down in darkness through the thickness of the wall.

"Now, noble son of the noble Ormonde, and most noble foster-brother of a born natural, remember all you promised me while we whispered together at the window over our heads," resumed Simon.—"Here be the steps which will free us of the castle ; and, though it seemeth somewhat dark a little way downward, still trust to my guidance, for the sake of thy dear lady-mother, and of thy——"

"I am not afraid, witless," interrupted the child ; "take my hand, and lead me after you."

Without another word, Simon safely conveyed him to the bottom of the turning steps. Here they stood in utter darkness ; the misnamed fool groping with his two hands over the rough surface which temporarily opposed their further progress. A joyful exclamation soon told, however, that he had found what he sought ; and the next moment a part of the wall (here but of a slight thickness), framed in iron, moved inward on hinges, and they saw,

through a low arched opening, only a few feet from them, the river whose rapid dash and chafe had come on their ears as they descended.

A rugged bank, often interrupted by eddies and little coves of the river, fell from the foundation of the wall into the Nore. Along this, his back turned to John's bridge and the town, and his young foster-brother once more astride on his shoulders, Simon was soon hurrying. The wall made an abrupt turn, striking off at right angles, inland: he turned with it, and still pursued its course.

"There is the paddock, truly; but where is my lord's favourite horse for the chase?" he said, after having made considerable way—"nay, I see him—and now for a hard ride, without saddle, and a *suggaun* bridle in hand."

Some hay was piled in the paddock: from it he adroitly and quickly spun his *suggaun*—fastened it on the head of the fleet courser—placed the child on the animal's back—vaulted up behind him—and a few minutes, over hedge and ditch, brought them to a highway.

"For Waterford, Raymond!" cried Simon, shaking his hay bridle: "and we have need to see the end of the twenty-and-four Irish miles in little more time than it will take to count them over!"

"'Tis well to be a fool, ay, and a sleepy fool, too, at times, Simon, else neither Raymond, nor his riders for him, would know the road so well," said the child.

"There be tricks in all born crafts, your little nobleness," replied Simon; "else how would fools, or even wise men, win bread? In sooth, I deemed I might catch a needful secret behind the arras; though I wot not of the

road till I bethought me of treading lightly back from the window to hear another word..”

It was night—but a moonlight one—when the hoofs of their courser beat hollowly along the banks of the Suir: they had avoided the town, and followed the widening of the river a little distance beyond it. Unpractised as were his eyes to such a sight, Simon soon was aware that a great many ships floated on the moonlit water; that boats moved to and from them; and that large bodies of soldiers, destined for taking the field against the formidable young Irish chief, Arthur Mac Murchad O’Kavanah, were every moment landing. While he looked, a sentinel challenged him. He reined up his foaming horse, and answered, by giving the name of the Lord Thomas of Ormonde, and demanding to see the king. The soldier scoffed at his request; and, as Simon insisted, his words grew rough and high. A group of noble-looking men, who, from a near elevation of the bank, had been watching the disembarkment, were attracted towards the spot; and one, a knight completely clad in splendid armour, advanced, alone, from the rest, saying, “The Lord Thomas of Ormonde to have speech of the king?—where bides this Lord Thomas, master mine?”

“I am the Lord Thomas of Ormonde!” answered Simon’s little charge, spiritedly, and as if in dudgeon that he had not been at once recognised.

“Thou, gramercy, fair noble?” continued the knight, good-naturedly, as he touched his helmet. “And on what weighty matter wouldst thou parley with King Richard?”

"An you lead me to him, like a civil knight and good, Richard himself shall learn," replied the child.

"Excellent well spoken," whispered Simon to his charge; "abide by that fashion of speech."

"By our lady, then, like civil knight and good, will I do my devoir by thee, Lord Thomas of Butler," resumed the knight; "little doubting that the king will give ready ear to thy errand, for passing well he affects one of thy name, the Lord James, Earl of Ormonde."

"Which noble earl is mine own father," said the boy.

The knight showed real interest at this intelligence; and commanding the horse which bore Simon and the child to be led after him, walked towards the town of Waterford.

Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a fresh steed, and accompanied by their patron and a body of well-armed soldiers, our adventurers galloped back to Kilkenny. The knight had pressed their stay till morning; but Lord Thomas and Simon convinced him that for the sake of the lady of Ormonde this ought not to be. She required not only to have her son restored to her, but also to be protected against the Desmond, who, ere morning's dawn, might work her irremediable harm. Finding these reasons good, the friendly knight resolved to bear them company.

Upon the road, he arranged with Simon various plans of proceeding; and upon a particular point was wholly governed by the simpleton's advice. Simon said that there was but one vassal of the Desmond in Kilkenny Castle, who, after the tidings they had to communicate,

would at all hazards attempt to spill blood. "Then can ye not make free with his, before I enter the castle-hall?" demanded the knight. Simon demurred, but proposed an alternative.—"We will make him drunk with wines, till he sleeps soundly," said Simon; "and then, upon hearing of my signal, a child may enter the hall."

The knight assented; but added, "Good success still rests upon the chance of the Desmond's army not having yet marched from the field to greet their lord in the Ormonde's fortress; for, though our liege comrades here may well suffice to master the knaves already within its walls, they could not withstand thousands."

Notwithstanding this chance against them, the travellers held on, however, and by midnight gained the secret door through which Simon had escaped from the castle wall upon the rough and scanty bank of the Nore. Previously, all had dismounted, and, conducted by him, were now ushered, stealthily, into the interior of the castle; and their hopes grew high, when it appeared evident that Desmond's army had not yet come to garrison it.

Few moments then elapsed until Simon entered the hall of the castle, leading his foster-brother by the hand. By the light of a tripod, suspended from the arched roof, he saw his old father stretched on the tiled floor, mournfully supporting his head upon his hand, and guarded by a soldier; at the oak table, immediately under a Scottish broadsword and buckler, won by the Ormonde, some years before, in a battle against the Bruce, when that chieftain made pretensions to the crown of Ireland, sat Dicken Utlaw, the man whom Simon had meant when

he spoke of the single follower of Desmond, whose hand would be prompt to shed the blood even of his liege king, in defence of his lord, or in revenge of his discomfiture. A wine-cup and a flagon stood at the ruffian's hand, by means of which he had already anticipated, half-way, Simon's designs upon him.

Utlaw's voice was high and angry, as the two truants appeared before him; and in fact, he was roundly expressing his wrath against them for the useless chase they had led him over all the neighbouring roads, and from which he had only lately returned. So soon as his eyes met theirs, he started up, roaring forth commands to the armed man who stood guard over old Seix, to secure the door of the hall.

"It does not need," answered the boy; "we come hither to be your prisoners, good Dicken."

"Ay, thou vagrant imp! and whence come ye so suddenly, after all our chase, as if ye grew out of the ground, or were blown in upon a wind?" asked Utlaw.

"Perchance even as thou sayest, we come," answered Simon, "for, all this evening, we have footed it merrily with the fays of Brandon Hill; and be patient now, sweet Dicken Utlaw," as the bravo raised his sheathed sword, "and but suffer us to enact for your pleasure one of the good dances they taught us, and I will bribe my father here, the house-steward, to whisper thee in what corner of the cellar thou mayest chance on a magnum of such renowned wine as has scarce filled to-night the empty flagon at thy hand."

Dicken became somewhat soothed; and growling an

exhortation to the sentinel to guard all his prisoners well, strode off to avail himself of the ready instructions of old Seix. During his short absence, Simon studied the features of the soldier who rested on his tall spear near the door, and drew comfort from their tranquil and even benevolent expression. Utlaw returned to his seat at the oak table, called the wine good, and gulped it down rapidly: it was of great power, and Simon knew the fact well. But it also seemed capable of making him obliging, for he consented to see the fashion of the dance practised by the hill-elves; and accordingly, Simon, with a whisper to the child, performed a vagary so grotesque that the drunken savage laughed hoarsely in his cup, and the guard smiled quietly on his post.

Simon continued his frolics, till the critical powers of Dicken began rapidly to desert him. Very soon afterwards, he slept profoundly, snorting like the swine he was. Simon now preparing for his most important feat, proposed that Lord Thomas should take a war-horse, namely, an old weapon at hand, and ride it about the hall to the notes of the trumpet. The boy was soon mounted, and Simon taking up an useless scroll of parchment, and rolling it loosely, applied it to his mouth.

Before he would blow his signal blast, however, he glanced into the face of the sentinel, and afterwards to the half-open door of the hall. The man was still smiling good-naturedly at the gleeish gambols of the little Lord Thomas; and, in the gloom without the hall, Simon caught glimpses of armed men, one of whom presently entered, unseen by the soldier, and bent watchfully over

the snoring Dicken.—“Now to the charge!” cried Simon, addressing his foster-brother; and, to the astonishment of the sentinel, of the knight who had just stealthily come in (Simon’s friend at Waterford)—and of every one in the castle—a perfect trumpet-sound rang through the spacious building.

Dicken sprang to his feet, half conscious, and was instantly felled to the ground by a blow of the knight’s battle-axe, who had been watching him. Old Seix arose, and seized his sword. Simon armed himself with the weapon upon which the child had been astride, and placed himself spiritedly, though grotesquely, before him. The sentinel quickly brought his spear to his hip, and stood upon the defensive, regarding the stranger knight (who wore his vizor down) with a threatening look; but a second knight now gaining that person’s side, rendered his hostility vain. Almost at the same instant, an uproar and a clash was heard through the castle—presently the lady of Ormonde ran shrieking into the hall,—and she shrieked wildly again, though not in the same cadence, as she caught up her child to her bosom. She was quickly followed by Desmond, now the prisoner of some of Simon’s friends. The bold lord had fought desperately, and bled from his wounds, though the rage which was upon him did not allow him to think of them.

“What treachery is this? and what villains be these?” he exclaimed, as he came in; “who calls himself chief here?”

The knight who wore his vizor down raised his arm, and touched his breast in answer.

“Then call thyself by such name no longer!” continued Desmond; and with that he suddenly freed himself from his guards, snatched the sentinel’s long spear, and aimed a thrust at the knight.

“Traitor! stay thy hand!” exclaimed his antagonist, in a voice of high and dignified command; “thou knowest not what thou doest—nor that indeed thy feudal sceptre is here broken in pieces—Look at me now!”—He exposed his face.

“Richard, the king!” faltered Desmond, dropping on his knee, as the lady of Ormonde and all in the hall knelt with him.

FAME.

BY JOHN CLARE.

WHAT's future fame? a melody loud playing
In crowds where one is wanting, whose esteeming
Would love to hear it best—a sun displaying
A solitary glory, whose bright beaming
Smiles upon withered flowers, and, lone delaying,
Lingers behind its world—a crown vain gleaming
Around a shade whose substance death hath banished;
A living dream o'er which hopes once were dreaming;
A busy echo on each lip delaying,
When he that woke it into life is vanished;
A picture that, from all eyes, praise is stealing;
A statue towering over glory's game,
That cannot feel, while he that was all feeling
Is past and gone, and nothing but a name.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

BY CHARLES F. STERLING, ESQ.

WHILE falls the evening curtain the dim-seen landscape
o'er,

And from the dark'ning window we musing gaze no more;
When hears the list'ner only the breathing winds go by,
With sounds like mournful music from the spirits of the
sky,

Or storm-foretelling murmurs upon some distant shore,
Where, beating and retreating, the ceaseless billows
pour—

Or ere the lighted candle shines for the sunken sun,
And by the flick'ring fire-light, we sit, our labours done;
Then 'tis the memory passeth far back through length-
ened years,

And to our sight uprise the loved forms we mourn in
tears—

Old scenes of childhood's pleasure, when by the parlour
fire,

In even such a twilight, sate mother, son, and sire;
Sate list'ning to some story the father told the child,
Of what had been on earth done, of wondrous and of
wild;

How Robert Kidd the pirate had sail'd along the shore,
And how his ghostly semblance keeps guard his treasures
o'er ;

Or of the olden war-time—revolutionary days,
When tyrant bands of red-coats march'd o'er the king's
highways ;—

How men rose up opposing, and fought on Bunker Hill,
And hand in hand went over against the royal will ;—
Or how, in dead of winter, they camp'd at Valley Forge,
While warmly housed in cities the army of King George.
We fancy that we hear him in simple parlance tell
Those tales of days of trial we loved to hear so well.

We think we hear again, too, the solemn evening psalm,
The Sabbath psalm at twilight, of spirits pure and calm.
Or comes, of seasons later, some dim remembrance sweet
Of eyes we used to gaze in, of lips we loved to greet,
Of low and whispering voices, of gently-brushing curls,
Of soft and pleasant laughter, from snowy-breasted girls.
Or comes some gay assemblage, where grace and beauty
throng,

And wit gives zest and sparkle to music, wine, and song.
And often memory changeth the scene, and all is drear,
And bands of mourners passing weep o'er the loved and
dear ;

They pass on—and they pass on !—How numerous are
the trains !

Son—sister—wife—and brother—sire—mother—Who
remains ?

Thus memory recreateth, at twilight's hour, *the past*,
And holds apart the veilings that time hath o'er it cast.

I love the hour to linger, when thus at my command
These spirit-ranks come gathering, to people Fancy-land :
But not with *every sunset* my soul is clothed with power
To make the past returning, a present—*living*—hour :
When Melancholy leads me, with Memory, by the hand,
Then only may I visit the pleasant spirit-land :
With them full oft I wander amid the scenes of youth,
With long-loved friends communing in spirit and in truth.
O ! may this blest hour ever continue thus to bring
Before my yearning fancy my life's delightful spring.
E'en till the old-age twilight foretells its setting sun,
And the dark day allotted on earth for ever done,
May I retrace the pathway I trod so long ago,
Ere yet I knew the fulness of life's weariness and wo.

THE END.

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